THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustr[illegible]eekly
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FEB. 10, 1912 5cts. THE COPY

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

The "hundred-point" cigar

HERE is a cigar that really is different. Different because it combines two virtues in an unusual marriage, the marriage of "Full flavor" and "Mildness."

It is easy to get mildness alone; it is possible to get full flavor (at a price); but tell us honestly, did you ever get both together? You can get it in the **Girard** cigar for 10 cents—a rich, full-flavored, satisfying smoke, yet with a mildness and innocence that will commend it to your physician.

The entire filler is pure Havana tobacco, **Cuban grown,** and matured for use by the slow, old-fashioned Cuban method. We are not up-to-date where that up-to-dateness means an inferior product. Our method, often requiring four months, seasons the tobacco evenly and thoroughly in a natural way. It eliminates all rankness and bitterness, and retains all the fine native quality and aroma. And the aroma is all in the tobacco; we use no flavoring of any kind.

Every **Girard** cigar is hand-made from beginning to end.

We have discovered and improved a method of combining and blending the leaf for the **Girard** cigar which makes flavor and quality absolutely uniform. This method is one of the most important discoveries in the whole history of cigar-making and is known only to us. The cigars produced by it cannot be obtained by any other means. Believe us, when we say that the **Girard** cigar "really is different."

GIRARD Cigar

Made in the following standard shapes

"Brokers" 5¼-inch Perfecto. Shown in the box above.

"Mariners" 5⅝-inch Panatella. Shown in cut.

"Founders" 5-inch Blunt. Shown in cut.

The "MARINER." Actual Size

The Girard cigar is sold by dealers generally. Ask for it where you usually buy. But if your dealer can't supply you today, fill out the coupon below, enclose a dollar bill and we'll send you, prepaid, a box of ten Girard cigars of the shape and color you prefer. If you do not like these cigars better than your dollar, we will send the dollar back to you on request. We know they will make good.

We are not in the mail order business. The Girard cigar is sold through dealers only, but we do want you to try them and will therefore send you the first box direct if necessary.

This coupon is merely for your convenience. A letter will do as well.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
217 N. Seventh Street
Philadelphia

I enclose one dollar, for which please send me, charges prepaid, one box of 10 Girard cigars.

Shape_____

Color_____

My dealer's name is_____

Address_____

My name is_____

Address_____

Girard cigars sell on merit alone. We offer no premiums or prizes. We put the value into the cigar. The **Girard** cigar is a quality proposition and on quality alone we want it to stand or fall. As a matter of fact, it is not only standing but its sales are growing by leaps and bounds. And the explanation can be found at the beginning of this page—it combines a satisfying full flavor with mildness.

Send along the coupon today. It isn't merely that these cigars will be worth your dollar, so much as that this is the way for you to discover the smoke that will hereafter be your own particular favorite.

The "FOUNDER." Actual Size

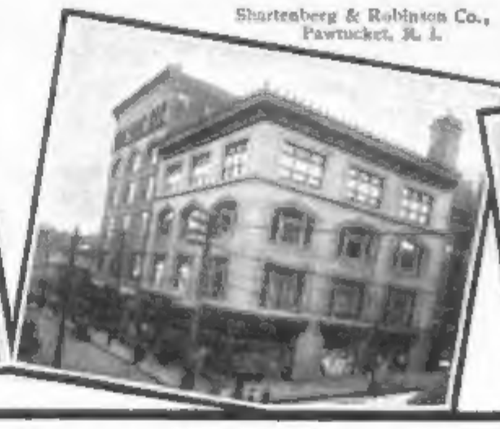
ANTONIO ROIG & LANGSDORF

Established 1871

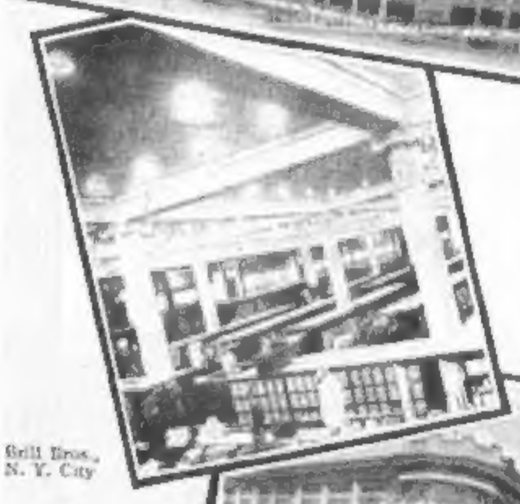
PHILADELPHIA

The Fair, Chicago

Linn & Scruggs, Decatur, Ill.


Shartenberg & Robinson Co., Pawtucket, R. I.

Gimbel Bros., N. Y. City


Grill Bros., N. Y. City

Stone & Thomas Department Store, Wheeling, W. Va.

Mullen-Blastt Clothing Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Boggs & Buhl, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Crutcher & Starks, Louisville, Ky.

Jos. Stern & Sons, Quincy, Ill.

The Hub, Chicago

J. Bloch & Sons, Birmingham, Ala.

Block Bros., St. Joseph, Mo.

The Mabley & Carew Co., Cincinnati, O.

Roshek Bros. Co., Dubuque, Iowa

The Kleinhans Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Goldenberg's Washington, D. C.

McNaughton, Muncie, Ind.

O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

J. Goldsmith & Sons Co., Memphis, Tenn.

The Country's Greatest Stores

Are Selling Holeproof Hosiery

This can mean but one thing—that Holeproof Hose are the most popular hose; the modern hose; the kind that most thinking people want. More than *a million* men, women and children now know what "Holeproof" saves, how it feels to the foot, how it looks and wears. *You* ought to know. As long as you don't, you are missing a modern convenience.

These stores choose "Holeproof" because they're the original guaranteed hose—the kind backed by 40 years of hose-making experience—because they are the utmost in hosiery, guaranteed or unguaranteed.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Use a Trial Box

Please learn these important facts for yourself. A trial box of six pairs, guaranteed six months, costs but $1.50 up to $3.00, according to finish and weight. There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades. You can have the lightest, sheerest weights—the gauzy kind—if you want them. You can try them in silk—three pairs guaranteed three months—for men, three pairs $2.00; for women, three pairs $3.00.

The Costliest Yarn

We are able to guarantee these hose because of the way we make them. We pay for our yarn an average of 70 cents a pound. It is three-ply Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the longest fibred—the strongest that grows. It makes the strongest, most *flexible* yarn. *That* makes soft, strong and flexible *hose*. We could buy common yarn for 30 cents, but it would be cumbersome, heavy and coarse. We could make hose of it that would wear—but *you* wouldn't wear them.

So careful are we of Holeproof Hose that now we spend $80,000 a year to inspect them—to see that they're right before they are shipped. You won't find better hose at any price. You may as well have these with their guarantee. You'll never wear anything else once you try them, so try them today. Get the trial box of your dealer. Go back to the old kind *then*—if you wish.

Carl Freschl

The above signature appears on the genuine Holeproof Hosiery. The genuine is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Holeproof Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl

Write for free book "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., 986 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada, Distributors for Canada
Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic.

Are Your Hose Insured?

(275)

One Woman's Experience

"At last you convinced me that home-baked beans were not nearly so good as yours.

"What you say is true—they are mushy and broken. Some are baked to a crisp, some hardly baked at all. Also they are hard to digest.

"It is also true about those sixteen hours—about starting today to get a meal for tomorrow.

"Every woman likes to have some meals ready to serve. So I decided to try Van Camp's.

"But my grocer didn't have them that day, so I tried another brand.

"Perhaps I was spoiled by the pictures you painted of the goodness of Van Camp's. In any event, the factory-baked beans did not please me at all.

"They lacked that zest—that flavor—which your ads taught me to expect. So I went back disappointed to the old home dish.

"Then, one day in a magazine you told me the difference between other baked beans and Van Camp's. So I decided to try again.

"That time I got Van Camp's.

"But my grocer didn't have them"

"Well, the difference you claim is hardly one-tenth the difference that I discovered.

"Can't you find some way to better tell people what a wonderful dish you prepare?

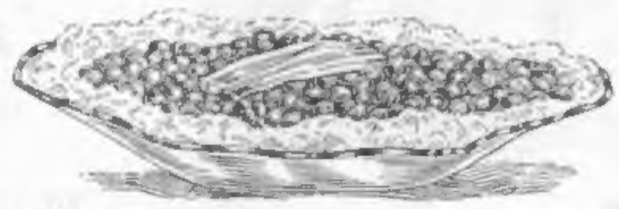
"Now we eat Van Camp's Beans in some way four or five times a week.

"We serve them hot and we serve them cold. We even serve them for breakfast, in croquettes fried with ham. We serve them in salads.

"One day in a magazine"

"This has become the most popular dish we serve. And one result is that our meat bills have come down about one-third.

"You say you bake for only a million homes. Evidently others are as slow as I was, but they'll find you out."



"The National Dish"

Van Camp's

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Let us tell you again the reasons for Van Camp's.

We have spent fifty years in building the fame which is based on this single dish.

This dish is not a mere incident—not a side issue. All our prestige is at stake on it.

So we buy for this dish only "choice" Michigan beans. The "prime" and "screened" grades which are generally used are not good enough for Van Camp's.

From these choice beans we pick just the whitest and plumpest—beans all of one size.

Our tomato sauce is made from Livingston Stone tomatoes, ripened on the vines. Not tomatoes picked green—not scraps from a canning factory.

We could buy common sauce for just one-fifth what we spend in making ours. But that sparkling zest—that wondrous flavor—is worth what it costs, we think.

The beans, pork and tomato sauce are all baked together, so the flavor goes all through.

They are baked in steam ovens, not in dry heat. So we bake without bursting or crisping. The beans come out nut-like, mealy and whole.

Our ovens are heated to 245 degrees. The beans are baked in small parcels, so the full heat goes through.

That's why Van Camp's are so easy to digest. The food granules are broken to pieces.

Beans are 84% nutriment—richer than beef. They are 23% nitrogenous. When rightly baked they are Nature's choicest food.

They are our racial food. There is no common dish which most folks like so well.

We believe that it pays, in a dish like this, to serve it at its best. And the best is cheap enough.

If you agree with us, insist on Van Camp's. There is no other way to get anywhere near what you get in this premier dish.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 Indianapolis, Ind.

(202)

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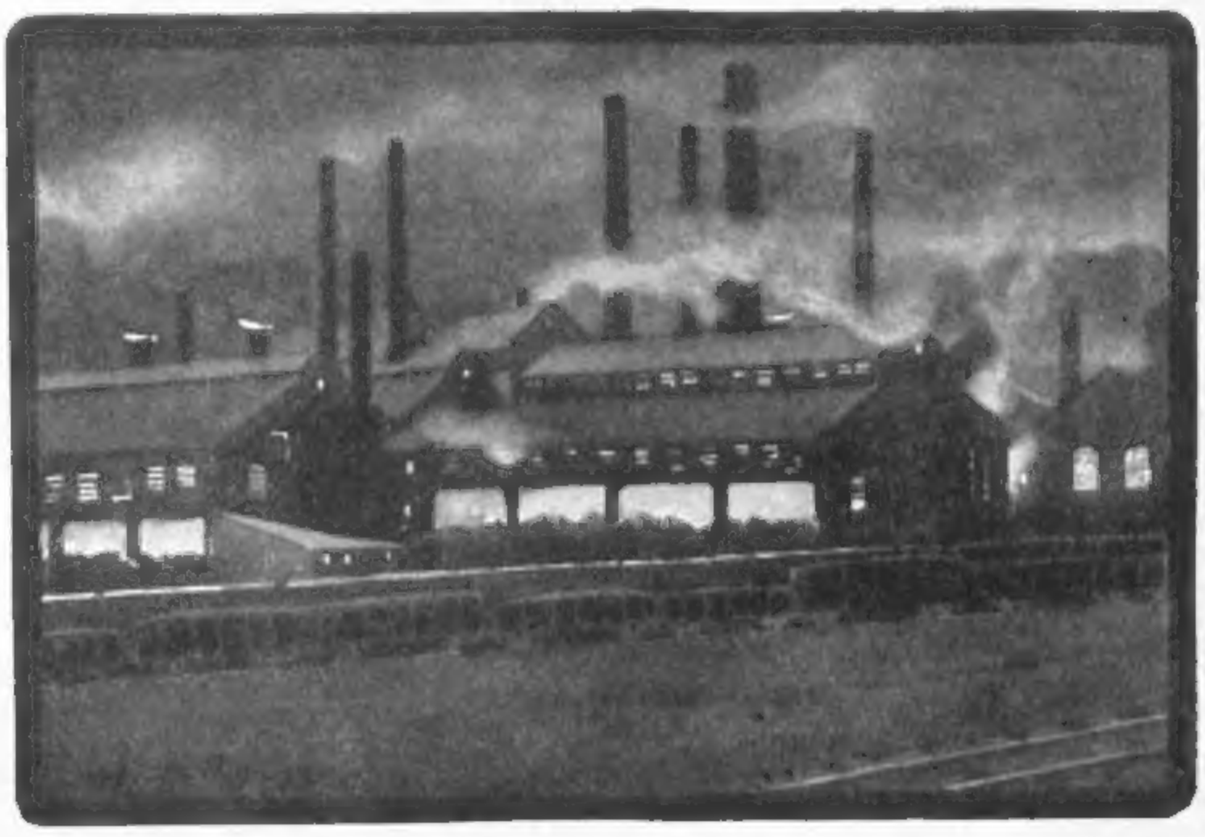
Congress in the Twilight Zone

A GREAT ADO ABOUT TRUSTS—AND LITTLE DOING



By Henry Beach Needham

A BANKER of New York and a senator of the United States were discussing the public welfare. Quite naturally, perhaps, the banker's thoughts were centered in the problems affecting Big Business; while the senator, a Democrat, was seeking light on the action that Congress, in its wisdom, ought to take in regard to trust legislation. The banker was not groping in darkness.

"The first thing Congress should do," declared the banker with thorough assurance, "is to repeal the Sherman Law."

"Without arguing that point," said the senator good-naturedly, "I must tell you that there is not the slightest possibility of the repeal of the anti-trust law."

"That's it—that's just it—that's Congress all over!" exclaimed the banker; "cowardice! cowardice!"

"Hold on a minute," urged the senator, deftly pulling a high card from his sleeve, unnoticed by the banker. "Didn't you give out an interview in the New York press recently that comprised your solution of the trust problem?"

"Yes; I gave such an interview."

"As I recall it," said the senator, "you did not publicly advocate the repeal of the Sherman Law."

"Of course I didn't!" said the banker. "That wouldn't have been prudent."

The legislator is *cowardly*, whereas the man concerned with Big Business is *prudent*. Perhaps it's only a difference in terms. But at this writing the trust question is overburdened with terms, surcharged with "views," dissolved in "solutions," vexed with remedies—practical, legal, economic and quack—and about as clear as mud. It's no wonder that in every discussion of the troublesome problem there is invariably some mention of the "Twilight Zone."

The Twilight Zone! No one, not even the Supreme Court, has surveyed and staked out this territory of doubt, this region of legal miasma, this psychological *Hinterland*.

A twilight conscience lighted thro' a chink.

It must be a spooky spot, where captains of industry tread softly—if one may judge from their testimony—where corporation counsel guess rather than advise their clients, and where the Government Trustbuster, certainly prior to the year of dissolution nineteen hundred and ten, was wont to wield his big stick with nerveless uncertainty. But if the term "Twilight Zone" refers merely to an area abounding in fog then its capital has been moved from New York to Washington. "Groping" fittingly describes the attitude of Congress toward the trust question at the present time, and for the term I am indebted to the men who make our laws. The Goddess Uncertainty not only rules trade today but governs a large majority of our legislative agents.

"I am giving careful study to the great question"; or, "My ideas have not become crystallized so far"; or, "We must wait for the courts to work out this serious problem"; or, "The courts have failed to give the people adequate relief, therefore Congress must act—but act after due deliberation"—these are samples of the opinions expressed—"not for publication"—by senators and representatives. Constitutionally, Congress should look to the President for leadership. But, in the first place, Congress is divided against itself, with a Democratic House and an Insurgent-Standpat Republican Senate; and, in the second place, there appears to be in the Chief Executive's mind a Twilight Zone. Going back no farther than the first of the President's popgun messages to the second session of the Sixty-second Congress we find these two warring observations: "It [the Sherman Law] is not intended . . . to prevent the accumulation of large capital in business enterprises. . . . Mere size is no sin against the law." "When men attempt to amass such stupendous capital as will enable them to suppress competition, control prices and establish a monopoly they know the purpose of their acts."

Consistency is the argument of unprogressive minds. It should never be demanded in a public career if one looks for a growing man. But it might reasonably be expected in a single presidential utterance. From many of the statements contained in the President's message on trusts one might logically conclude that the Sherman Law ought to be repealed. Mr. Taft's conclusion is to the contrary. But he seems to believe, now, that it was a bad law until the Supreme Court interpreted it and thereby cleared the way for untrammeled competition. Notwithstanding, he also believes in supplemental legislation—sees in it "decided advantages"—legislation that will define what acts are lawful and what acts criminal under the conclusive rulings of the Supreme Court. Finally, he inclines to the belief that the courts should be relieved of the burden of regulating business, and that the executive branch of the Government should supervise and control through the medium of voluntary Federal incorporation.

A wide-awake theatrical press agent could glean from the President's message a variety of opinions calculated to bolster up any and every side of the trust question. That is why, perhaps, this many-sided document does not carry more weight with Congress. In the Senate the President's recommendations are practically ignored. By praising the Tobacco Trust decree as the "best ever" Mr. Taft seriously weakened any influence he might possibly have exerted. In the House the message is condemned by the Democrats, who are opposed to an extension of the Federal power. Standpat Republican congressmen called it an "admirable state paper"—and then willingly saw it pigeonholed because, as one leader expressed it, "Taft's Federal incorporation is deader'n a doornail." Obviously, therefore, leadership in trust legislation is not to come from the Titular Recommender.

For three weeks I followed the hearings before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate. Every monopolistic enterprise, from the Bathtub Trust to the Money Trust, came in for a lashing. Kings of finance, talking much about the common good, and college professors, preaching efficiency in "big units," coincided in their recommendations to the committee. Senators interrogated, and from the form of their questions one could approximate the drift of the legislative mind. Up to the adjournment of Congress for the holidays this inquiry had resulted in 1430 pages of testimony. Averaging 530 words to the page, the grand total would amount to 757,900 words.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

In this wilderness of type one is particularly struck with the propensity of practical men to theorize—notably, George W. Perkins, formerly of the House of Morgan. Mr. Perkins is regarded as a practical business man of very wide experience, because of

his prominent part in the formation of the Steel, Harvester and International Shipping combinations. But in his testimony the former Morgan partner appears as the theorist. Either he lacked the facility to draw on his own experiences for pertinent illustrations, or he felt constrained to clothe in mystery the trust formations in which he had been a masterbuilder.

"I have spent most of my life in what you might call corporation work," Mr. Perkins told the committee, "such as insurance companies, with the steel company and the harvester company and others like that. . . . While I was a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company it was all in connection with corporation problems. Therefore I have had an exceptional opportunity to look into them and become acquainted with such problems; and they took me all over the world and I saw not only our problems but the other problems. And I gradually came to believe they are going to be the problems of our time and our country, and that they can be solved only by men who have had practical experience with them. As I was not especially ambitious to become—I am speaking quite frankly now—to become an enormously wealthy man, I thought I would be more interested in trying to lend a hand to the solution of some of these problems than to go on just simply from the standpoint of making money the rest of my life."

As Mr. Perkins made this statement with apparent sincerity it "listened well," and promised valuable assistance in the solution of the trust problem. And Mr. Perkins was not backward with his solution. He advised Congress to create "a business court or controlling commission, composed largely of experienced business men," with power to license corporations doing an interstate or international business. This license, he recommended, should "depend on the ability of the corporation to comply with conditions laid down by Congress . . . and with such regulations as may be prescribed by the commission itself." He insisted that a corporation so licensed should "secure the approval of said commission of all its affairs, from its *capitalization* to its *business practices*." He was prepared to "make the violation of such rules and regulations punishable by the *imprisonment of individuals*." The italics are the writer's.

Still he listened well. But on cross-examination Mr. Perkins proved a disappointment as a problem solver. The interrogatories of senators were largely devoted to the subject of overcapitalization; this was entirely warranted, inasmuch as Mr. Perkins had proposed to give his industrial commission power to pass on the corporations' capitalization. When the question of watered stock was raised Mr. Perkins lost his frankness. He began to hedge. Asked if the Steel Corporation, when launched, was not overcapitalized, he replied:

"My judgment is that it was not too much, in view of all that has been worked out. . . . It will always remain an interesting question of discussion as to whether the price that was paid for the companies that entered into that Steel Corporation was too much or too little."

How Mr. Perkins Hedged

MR. PERKINS preferred that it "remain an interesting question of discussion!" But the business of the committee was not to embalm in the record interesting questions of discussion. There followed then this colloquy:

SENATOR POMERENE: Assume that we had this industrial commission or court that you speak of, and you were one of the judges sitting on that court, and an application had been made to you by the promoters of the United States Steel Company for a license to do business. Do you think that, in view of the method in which these plants were taken in, a license should have been issued to them to organize that large concern?

MR. PERKINS: That exactly covers one of my points about a court. I think that if at that time we had had such a court the situation that existed could not have existed.

SENATOR POMERENE: But assuming that it did exist just as it did?

MR. PERKINS: I beg your pardon, sir; it could not have existed.

SENATOR POMERENE: That still does not answer my question. Were you sitting as a judge on that court, would you have issued a license to that combination?

MR. PERKINS: That is a question that it is impossible for me to answer unless I could have all the collateral evidence pertaining to the question before me and act on it.

SENATOR POMERENE: I ask you because I regard you as one of the greatest experts we have on that question.

MR. PERKINS: Thank you. But I think one of the hardest things to do is to put your mind back even in the frame it was a moment ago.

Mr. Perkins declined to answer—that's the point. He boasted of his wide experience; put himself forward as a practical business expert; and then refused to answer a vital question relating to a combination of which no one man knows more than he. The effect was to discredit utterly his testimony. In future when George W. Perkins essays to solve the trust problem he should be written down as a Pecksniffian theorist.

Louis D. Brandeis, the Boston lawyer, may be regarded by some practical business men as a theorist. He followed Mr. Perkins as a witness before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate. For three days he held the attention of the committee. In all that time, unlike Mr. Perkins, he discarded theory and pounded away at the facts—incontrovertible facts. Incidentally, he demolished the theories of Mr. Perkins. For one thing—and this is of great importance in considering the trust problem—Mr. Brandeis demonstrated that efficiency does not necessarily go with corporate bigness; indeed there is a point in business expansion where efficiency breaks down.

"Success or failure of an enterprise," said Mr. Brandeis, "depends usually upon one man, upon the quality of one man's judgment and, above all things, his capacity to see what is needed and his capacity to direct others. Now, while organization has made it possible for the individual man to accomplish infinitely more than he could before, aided as he is by new methods of communication, by the stenographer, the telephone and system, still there is a limit to what one man can do well; for judgment must be exercised, and in order that judgment may be exercised wisely it must be exercised on facts and on a comprehension of the significance of the relevant facts. . . . When, therefore, you increase your business to a very great extent and the multitude of problems increase with its growth, you will find, in the first place, that the man at the head has a diminishing knowledge of the facts and, in the second place, a diminishing opportunity of exercising a careful judgment upon them. Furthermore—and this is one of the most important grounds of the inefficiency of large institutions—there develops a *centrifugal force greater than the centripetal force*. Demoralization sets in; a condition of lessened efficiency presents itself. These manifestations are found in most huge businesses—in the huge railroad systems as well as in the huge industrial concerns. These are disadvantages that attend bigness."

The Falling Off of Trust Business

MR. BRANDEIS proceeded to prove his case by concrete illustrations. First, the trusts that could not secure a domination of the industry—trusts that lacked the ability to control prices—have failed, like the Whisky, Cordage and Malting combinations; or have shown no marked success, like the Print Papers Trust (the International Paper Company), the Writing-Paper Trust (the American Writing-Paper Company), the Upper Leather Trust (the American Hide and Leather Company), the Union Bag Trust and the Sole Leather Trust. "You will find daily evidence of their lack of success," said Mr. Brandeis, "in market quotations of the common stock where they are quoted at all, and the common stock of some has even fallen below the horizon of a quotation."

Second, the trusts that have been markedly successful, like Standard Oil, the Shoe Machinery Trust and the Tobacco Trust, have succeeded through their monopolistic position. "To this monopolistic power in the main," he argued, "and not to efficiency in management, are their great profits to be ascribed.

"Leaving the realm of industry for that of transportation, compare the failure of Mr. J. P. Morgan's creation—the International Mercantile Marine—and the astonishing success of the Pullman Car Company. The trans-Atlantic steamship trade was open to competition, and could not, in spite of its price agreements, fix rates at an elevation sufficient to be remunerative. The Pullman Company, possessing an absolute monopoly, has made profits so large as to be deemed unconscionable."

Third, take the combinations that have not controlled the market alone, but that have exerted control through price agreements or understandings—as the Sugar Trust and the Steel Trust. According to Mr. Brandeis, those trusts have paid large dividends because they were able to fix remunerative prices for their products, but neither has been able to hold its own against its competitors. "At the time of the Knight case," he said, "a little less than twenty years ago, the Sugar Trust had practically the whole business of the country—I think the Supreme Court report shows something like ninety-five per cent. The company's report to the stockholders of 1910, as I recall it, shows that the company now controls only forty-two per cent of the production of the country. . . . Profits were maintained, not only through price agreements, but through methods that were vulgarly criminal—through false weighing; through stealing of city water; through extensive railroad rebating.

"In the Steel Trust you have a similar manifestation of ebbing prestige. In spite of the control of raw material, the control of transportation, the control of certain trade through its railroad associations, the control of other trade through its money power—and the addition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company—in spite of all this the Steel Trust has been a steady loser in percentage of the iron and steel business of this country. And not only has it been a steady loser in the percentage of business in this country, but despite its ability to largely maintain prices, notably of steel rails, throughout that period, the later years show a diminishing return upon the capital invested as compared with the earlier years of the trust.

"What does that indicate? Does it not indicate a lessened efficiency, either actually or relatively, to other businesses?"

Mr. Brandeis then pointed out that efficiency is manifested with respect to quality, and he took up the manufacture of steel rails and fence wire. He called attention to the marked increase, during the life of the Steel Trust, of derailments due to defective rails. As reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission, in 1902 there were seventy-two derailments due to broken rails; in 1911 there were 249; and although a greater test has been put to rails in recent years with the increase in size of locomotives and weight of cars, as Mr. Brandeis says, "This great and powerful Steel Trust, with its huge earnings, the huge resources which enable it to develop the art in which it was engaged, has failed to meet the needs of commerce, the needs of transportation in this respect"—to safeguard the community against railroad accidents, loss of human life. A somewhat similar condition exists in respect to fence wire. The farmers of America found that their fence wire lasted very much less time than it used to do. So numerous were the complaints that the Department of Agriculture made an investigation and found the complaints to be well founded.

"Another test of efficiency to which the United States Steel Corporation has been subjected," said Mr. Brandeis, "and which it has failed to meet, is this—it has shown itself unable to maintain its prestige in the world's competition." In the ten years of the Steel Corporation's life our foreign steel and iron tonnage increased from 1,154,000 to 1,533,000 tons; Germany's tonnage increased from 838,000 to 4,868,000; and the United Kingdom's tonnage increased from 3,213,000 to 4,594,000 tons. The figures show that, coincident with the existence of the Steel Trust, we have been losing our prestige in the world's steel market. Germany has been running away from us. During the last four years, notwithstanding the fact that Germany and England were acquiring most of the increasing world's trade, the plants of the United States Steel Corporation have been utilized to an extent varying from fifty-five to seventy-five per cent of their capacity only; for much of the time the trust has had thirty-three and one-third per cent of unused capacity.

The Enormous Profits of Promotion

MR. PERKINS emphasized the supposed benefits that "combination" enables a business to confer upon workingmen. He stated that the Steel Corporation had distributed among its employees, during the last ten years, twelve million dollars. Commenting upon this testimony, Mr. Brandeis said:

"Twelve million dollars in ten years is one million two hundred thousand dollars a year. Judge Gary tells us that the number of employees in the Steel Corporation is about two hundred thousand. If that be the number of the employees, and had been the number during this whole period, that profit share would amount to six dollars a year or to fifty cents a month for each employee, if divided equally among all the employees.

"In connection with the alleged fairness of that course consider these facts, found upon an official investigation by the Commissioner of Corporations. He found that the profits—the clear profits—of the syndicate that undertook the promotion of the United States Steel Corporation were sixty-two million five hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Perkins' firm, J. P. Morgan and Company, received, not for their participation in the syndicate, but as managers, and purely as managers of the syndicate, a commission of twenty per cent, or twelve million five hundred thousand dollars, for a few months' work. As members of the syndicate they received another very large amount, variously estimated from seven million dollars to thirteen million dollars. Is that Mr. Perkins' idea of justice to be attained through these great corporations by applying profit sharing?"

Mr. Brandeis demonstrated that the Steel Trust's so-called "profit sharing" isn't profit sharing at all, and he cited a number of Massachusetts companies to illustrate real profit sharing between employer and workman. He presented figures of wages in the steel industry and showed that they have been relatively lower since the trust was formed. Then he took up the hours of labor in the steel industry.

"What are the conditions?" he asked. "Approximately one-fourth of the ninety thousand workers reported on by the Commissioner of Labor are employed eighty-four hours a week—twelve hours a day for seven days a week. And, what is worse even—if anything worse is conceivable—note that in making the shift at the end of a week or two weeks, men work not twelve but eighteen and at times twenty-four hours on a stretch. Approximately one-third of all the employees reported on had a regular working week of more than seventy-two hours, which practically

(Continued on Page 33)

THE MOB FROM MASSAC

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

YOU might call it a tragedy—this thing that came to pass down in our country here a few years back. For that was exactly what it was—a tragedy, and in its way a big one. Yet at the time nobody thought of calling it by any name at all. It was just one of those shifts that are inevitably bound to occur in the local politics of a county or a district; and when it did come, and was through and over with, most people accepted it as a matter of course.

There were some, however, it left jarred and dazed and bewildered—yes, and helpless too; men too old to readjust their altered fortunes to their altered conditions even if they had the spirit to try, which they hadn't. Take old Major J. Q. A. Pickett now. Attaching himself firmly to a certain spot at the far end of Sherrill's bar, with one leg hooked up over the brass bar-rail—a leg providentially foreshortened by a Minie ball at Shiloh, as if for that very purpose—the major expeditiously drank himself to death in a little less than four years, which was an exceedingly short time for the job, seeing he had always been a most hale and hearty old person, though grown a bit gnarly and skewed with the coming on of age. The major had been county clerk ever since Reconstruction; he was a gentleman and a scholar and could quote Latin and Sir Walter Scott's poetry by the running yard. Toward the last he quoted them with hiccups and a stutter.

They Made a Hard Fight of It, Spouting Arguments and Oratory Like So Many Inspired Human Spigots

Also there was Captain Andy J. Redcliffe, who was sheriff three terms handrunning and, before that, chief of police. Going out of office he went into the livery-stable business; but he didn't seem to make much headway against the Farrell Brothers, who owned the other livery stable and were younger men and spry and alert to get trade. He spent a few months sitting at the front door of his yawning, half-empty stables, nursing a grudge against nearly everything and plaintively garrulous on the subject of the proverbial ingratitude of republics in general and this republic in particular; and presently he sickened of one of those mysterious diseases that seem to attack elderly men of a full habit of life and to rob them of their health without denuding them of their flesh. His fat sagged on his bones in unwholesome, bloated folds and he wallowed unsteadily when he walked. One morning one of his stable hands found him dead in his tiny office, and the Gideon K. Irons Camp turned out and gave him a comrade's funeral, with full military honors.

Also there were two or three others, including ex-County Treasurer Whitford, who shot himself through the head when a busy and conscientious successor found in his accounts a seeming shortage of four hundred and eighty dollars, which afterward turned out to be more a mistake in bookkeeping than anything else. Yet these men—all of them—might have seen what was coming had they watched. The storm that wrecked them was a long time making up—four years before it threatened them.

There had grown up a younger generation of men who complained—and perhaps they had reason for the complaint—that they did nearly all the work of organising and campaigning and furnished most of the votes to carry the elections, while a close combine of aging, fussy, autocratic old men held all the good county offices and fatted themselves on the spoils of county politics. These mutterings of discontent found shape in a sort of semi-organized revolt against the county ring, as the young fellows took to calling it, and for the county primary they made up a strong ticket among themselves—a ticket that included two smart young lawyers who could talk on their feet, and a popular young farmer for sheriff, and a live young harnessmaker as a representative of union labor, which was beginning to be a recognized force in the community with the coming of the two big tanneries. They made a hard fight of it, too, campaigning at every fork in the big road and every country store and blacksmithshop, and spouting arguments and oratory like so many inspired human spigots. Their elderly opponents took things easier. They rode about in top buggies and democrat wagons from barbecue to rally and from rally to schoolhouse meeting, steadfastly refusing the challenges of the younger men for a series of joint debates and contenting themselves with talking over old days with fading, grizzled men of their own generation. These elders, in turn, talked with their sons and sons-in-law and their nephews and neighbors; and so, when the primaries came, the young men's ticket stood beaten—but not by any big margin. It was close enough to be very close.

"Well, they've licked us this time!" said young Dabney Prentiss, who afterward went to Congress from the district and made a brilliant record there. Dabney Prentiss had been the younger element's candidate for circuit-court judge against old Judge Billy Priest, the incumbent. "They've licked us and the Lord only knows how they did it. Here we thought we had 'em outorganized, outgeneraled and outnumbered. All they did was to go out in the back districts and beat the bushes, and out crawled a lot of old men that everybody else thought were dead twenty years ago. I think they must hide under logs in the woods and only come out to vote. But, fellows"—he was addressing some of his companions in disappointment—"But, fellows, we can afford to wait and they can't. The day is going to come when it'll take something more than shaking an empty gray sleeve or waving a crippled old leg to carry an election in this county. Young men keep growing up all the time, but all that old men can do is to die off. Four years from now we'll win sure!"

The four years went by, creakingly slow of passage to some and rolling fast to others; and in the summer of the fourth year another campaign started up and grew hot and hotter to match the weather, which was blazing hot. The August drought came, an arid and a blistering visitation. Except at dusk and at dawn the birds quit singing and hung about in the thick treetops, silent and nervous, with their bills agape and their throat feathers panting up and down. The roasting ears burned to death on the stalk and the wide fodder blades slowly cooked from sappy greenness to a brittle dead brown. The clods in the cornrows were dry as powder and gave no nourishment for growing, ripening things. The dust powdered the blackberry vines until they lost their original color altogether, and at the roadside the medicinal mullein drooped its wilted long leaves, like lolling tongues that were all furred and roiled, as though the mullein were suffering from the very fevers that its steeped juices are presumed to cure. At night the moon shone full and red, with two rings round it; and the two rings always used to mean water in our country—two rings for drinking water at the hotel, and for rainwater two rings round the moon—but week after week no rain fell and the face of the earth just seemed to dry up and blow away. Yet the campaign neither lost its edge nor abated any of its fervor by reason of the weather. Politics was the chief diversion and the main excitement in our county in those days—and still is.

One morning near the end of the month a dust-covered man on a sorely spent horse galloped in from Massac Creek, down in the far edge of the county; and when he had changed horses at Farrell Brothers' and had started back again there went with him the sheriff, both of his deputies and two of the town policemen, the sheriff taking with him in his buckboard a pair of preternaturally grave dogs of a reddish-brown aspect, with long, drooping ears, and long, sad, stupid faces and eyes like the chief mourners' at a funeral. They were bloodhounds, imported at some cost from a kennel in Tennessee and reputed to be marvelously wise in the tracking down of criminals. By the time the posse was a mile away and headed for Massac a story had spread through the town that made men grit their teeth and sent certain armed and mounted volunteers hurrying out to join the manhunt.

Late that same afternoon a team of blown horses, wet as though they had wallowed in the river and drawing a top buggy, panted up to the squat little red-brick jail, which stood on the county square alongside the old wooden white courthouse, and halted there. Two men—a constable and a deputy sheriff—sat back under the overhanging top of the buggy, and between them something small was crushed, huddled down on the seat and almost hidden by their broad figures. They were both yellowed with the dust of a hard drive. It lay on their shoulders like powdered sulphur and was gummed to their eyelashes, so that when they batted their eyelids to clear their sight it gave them a grotesque, clownish look. They climbed laboriously out and stretched their limbs.

The constable hurried stiffly up the short gravel path to the jail and rapped on the door and called out something. The deputy sheriff reached in under the buggy top and hauled out a little negro, skinny and slight and seemingly not over eighteen years old. He hauled him out as though he was handling a sack of grits, and the negro came out like a sack of grits and fell upon his face on the pavement, almost between the buggy wheels. His wrists were held together by a pair of iron handcuffs heavy enough to fetter a bear, and for further precaution his legs had been hobbled with a plowline, and his arms were tied back with another length of the plowline that passed through his elbows and was knotted behind. The deputy stooped, took a grip on the rope across the prisoner's back and heaved him up to his feet. He was ragged, barefooted and bareheaded and his face was covered with a streaky clayish-yellow caking, where the sweat had run down and wetted the dust layers. Through this muddy mask his pop-eyes stared with a dulled animal terror.

Thus yanked upright the little negro swayed on his feet, shrinking up his shoulders and lurching in his tethers. Then his glazed stare fell on the barred windows and the hooded door of the jail, and he realized where he had been brought and hurried toward it as toward a welcome haven,

stretching his legs as far as the ropes sawing on his naked ankles would let him. Willing as he was, however, he collapsed altogether as he reached the door and lay on his face kinking and twisting up in his bonds like a stricken thing. The deputy and the constable dragged him up roughly, one lifting him by his arm bindings and the other by the ropes on his legs, and they pitched him in flat on the floor of the little jail office. He wriggled himself under a table and lay there sniffling out his fear and relief. His tongue hung out of his mouth like the tongue of a tied calf, and he panted with choky, slobbering sounds.

The deputy sheriff and the constable left him lying and went to a water bucket in the corner and drank down brimming dippers, turn and turn about, as though their thirsts were unslakable. It was Dink Bynum, the deputy jailer, who had admitted them and in the absence of his superior he was in charge solely. He waited until the two had lowered the water line in the cedar bucket by a matter of inches.

"Purty quick work, boys," he said professionally, "if this is the right nigger."

"I guess there ain't much doubt about him bein' the right one," said the constable, whose name was Quarles. "Is there, Gus?" he added.

"No doubt at all in my mind," said the deputy. He wiped his mouth on his sleeve, which smeared the dust across his face in a sort of pattern.

"How'd you fellers come to git him?" asked Bynum.

"Well," said the deputy, "we got out to the Hampton place about noon I reckon it was. Every man along the creek and every boy that was big enough to tote a gun was out scourin' the woods and there wasn't nobody round the place exceptin' a passel of the womenfolks. Just over the fence where the nigger was s posed to have crossed we found his old felt hat layin' right where he'd run out from under it and we let the dogs smell of it, and inside of five minutes they'd picked up a trail and was openin' out on it. It was monstrous hot going through them thick bottoms afoot, and me and Quarles here outrun the sheriff and the others. Four miles back of Florence Station, and not more'n a mile from the river, we found this nigger treed up a hackberry with the dogs baying under him. I figure he'd been hidin' out in the woods all night and was makin' for the river, aimin' to cross, when the dogs fetched up behind him and made him take to a tree."

"Did you carry him back for the girl to see?"

"No," said the deputy sheriff. "Me and Quarles we talked it over after we'd got him down and had him roped up. In the first place she wasn't in no condition to take a look at him, and besides we knowed that them Massac people jest natchelly wouldn't listen to nothin' oncet they laid eyes on him. They'd 'a' tore him apart bodily."

The bound figure on the floor began moaning in a steady, dead monotone, with his lips against the planking.

"So, bein' as me and Quarles wanted the credit for bringin' him in, not to mention the reward," went on the deputy, without a glance at the moaning negro, "we decided not to take no chances. I kept him out of sight until Quarles could go over to the river and borrow a rig, and we driv in with him by the lower road, acrost the iron bridge, without goin' anywhere near Massac."

"What does the nigger say for himself?" asked Bynum, greedy for all the details.

"Huh!" said the deputy. "He's been too scared to say much of anything. Says he'd tramped up here from below the state line and was makin' for Ballard County, lookin' for a job of work. He's a strange nigger all right. And he as good as admits he was right near the Hampton place yistiddy evenin' at milkin' time, when the girl was laywaid, and says he only run because the dogs took out after him and scared him. But here he is. We've done our duty and delivered him, and now if the boys out yonder on Massac want to come in and take him out that's their lookout and yourn, Dink."

"I reckon you ain't made no mistake," said Bynum. Cursing softly under his breath he walked over and spurned the prisoner with his heavy foot. The negro writhed under the pressure like a crushed worm. The under jailer looked down at him with a curious tautening of his heavy features.

"The papers call 'em burly black brutes," he said, "and I never seen one of 'em yit that was more'n twenty year old or run over a hundred and thirty pound." He raised his voice: "Jim—oh, Jim!"

An inner door of sheet-iron opened with a suspicious instantaneousness, and in the opening appeared a black jail trusty, a confirmed chicken thief. He ducked his head in turn toward each of the white men, carefully keeping his uneasy gaze away from the poor negro lying between the table legs in the corner.

"Yes, suh, boss—right here, suh," said the trusty.

"Here, Jim"—the deputy jailer was opening his pocket-knife and passing it over—"take and cut them ropes off that nigger's arms and laigs."

With a ludicrous alacrity the trusty obeyed.

"Now pull him up on his feet!" commanded Bynum. "I guess we might as well leave them cuffs on him—eh?" he said to the deputy sheriff. The deputy nodded. Bynum took down from a peg over the jailer's desk a ring bearing many jingling keys of handwrought iron. "Bring him in here, Jim," he bade the trusty.

He stepped through the inner door and the negro Jim followed him, steering the manacled little negro. Quarles, the constable, and the deputy sheriff tagged behind to see their catch properly caged. They went along a short corridor, filled with a stifling, baked heat and heavy with the smell of penned-up creatures. There were faces at the barred doors of the cells that lined one side of this corridor—all black or yellow faces except one white one; and from these cells came no sound at all as the three white men and the two negroes passed. Only the lone white prisoner spoke out.

"Who is he, Dink?" he called eagerly. "What's he done?"

"Shut up!" ordered his keeper briefly, and that was the only answer he made. At the far end of the passage Bynum turned a key in a creaky lock and threw back the barred door of an inner cell, sheathed with iron and lacking a window. The trusty shoved in the little handcuffed negro who groveled on the wooden floor upon all fours. Bynum locked the door and the three white men tramped back through the silent corridor, followed by the sets of white eyes that stared out unwinkingly at them through the iron-latticed grills.

The Sheriff Taking With Him a Pair of Preternaturally Grave Dogs

It was significant that from the time of the arrival at the jail not one of the whites had laid his hands actually upon the prisoner.

"Well, boys," said Bynum to the others by way of a farewell, "there he is and there he'll stay—unless them Massac Creek folks come and git him. You've done your sworn duty and I've done mine. I locked him up and I won't be responsible for what happens now. I know this much—I ain't goin' to git myself crippled up savin' that nigger. If a mob wants to come let 'em come on!"

No mob came from Massac that night or the next night either; and on the second day there was a big basket picnic and rally under a brush arbor at the Shady Grove schoolhouse—the biggest meeting of the whole campaign it was to be, with speaking, and the silver cornet band out from town to make music, and the oldest living Democrat in the county sitting on the platform, and all that. Braving the piled-on layers of heat that rode the parched country like witch-hags half the town went to Shady Grove. Nearly everybody went that could travel. All the morning wagons and buggies were clattering out of town, headed toward the west. And in the cooking dead calm of the midafternoon the mob from Massac came.

They came by roundabout ways, avoiding those main traveled roads over which the crowds were gathering in toward the common focus of the Shady Grove schoolhouse; and coming so, on horseback by twos and threes, and leaving their horses in a thicket half a mile out, they were able to reach the edge of the town unnoticed and unsuspected. The rest, their leader figured, would be easy. A mistake in judgment by the town fathers in an earlier day had put the public square near the northern boundary, and the town, instead of growing up to it, grew away from it in the opposite direction, so that the square stood well beyond the thickly settled district.

All things had worked out well for their purpose. The sheriff and the jailer, both candidates for renomination, were at Shady Grove, and the sheriff had all his deputies with him, electioneering for their own jobs and his. Legal Row, the little street of lawyers' offices back of the square, might have been a byroad in old Pompeii for all the life that showed along its short and simmering length. No idlers lay under the water maples and the red oaks in the square. The jail baked in the sunlight, silent as a brick tomb, which indeed it somewhat resembled; and on the wide portico of the courthouse a loafer dog of remote hound antecedents alternately napped and roused to snap at the buzzing flies. The door of the clerk's office stood agape and through the opening came musty, snuffy smells of old leather and dry-rotted deeds. The wide hallway that ran from end to end of the old building was empty and echoed like a cave to the frequent thump of the loafer dog's leg joints upon the planking.

Indeed, the whole place had but a single occupant. In his office back of the circuit-court room Judge Priest was asleep, tilted back in a swivel chair, with his short, plump legs propped on a table and his pudgy hands locked across his stomach, which gently rose and fell with his breathing. His straw hat was on the table, and in a corner leaned his inevitable traveling companion in summer weather—a vast and cavernous umbrella of a pattern that is probably obsolete now, an unkempt old drab slattern of an umbrella with a cracked wooden handle and a crippled rib that dangled away from its fellows as though shamed by its afflicted state. The campaigning had been hard on the old judge. The Monday before, at a rally at Temple's Mills, he had fainted, and this day he hadn't felt equal to going to Shady Grove. Instead he had come to his office after dinner to write some letters and had fallen asleep. He slept on for an hour, a picture of pink and cherubic old age, with little beadings of sweat popping out thickly on his high bald head and a gentle little snoring sound, of first a drone and then a whistle, pouring steadily from his pursed lips.

Outside a dry-fly rasped the brooding silence up and down with its fret-saw refrain. In the open spaces the little heat waves danced like so many stress marks, accenting the warmth and giving emphasis to it; and far down the street, which ran past the courthouse and the jail and melted into a country road so imperceptibly that none knew exactly where the street left off and the road began, there appeared a straggling, irregular company of men marching, their shapes more than half hid in a dust column of their own raising. The Massac men were coming.

I believe there is a popular conception to the effect that an oncoming mob invariably utters a certain indescribable,

"Judge Priest, Please, Suh, Wake Up—the Mobbers is Comin'!"

sinister, muttering sound that is peculiar to mobs. For all I know that may be true of some mobs, but certain it was that this mob gave vent to no such sounds. The mob came on steadily, making no more noise than any similar group of seventy-five or eighty men tramping over a dusty road might be expected to make.

For the most part they were silent and barren of speech. One youngish man kept repeating to himself a set phrase as he marched along. This phrase never varied in word or expression. It was: "Goin' to git that nigger! Goin' to git that nigger!"—that was all—said over and over again in a dull, steady monotone. By its constant reiteration he was working himself up, just as a rat-terrier may be worked up by constant hissed references to purely imaginary rats.

Their number was obscured by the dust their feet lifted. It was as if each man at every step crushed with his toe a puffball that discharged its powdery particles upward into his face. Some of them carried arms openly—shotguns and rifles. The others showed no weapons, but had them. It seemed that every fourth man, nearly, had coiled upon his arm or swung over his shoulder a rope taken from a plow or a well-bucket. They had enough rope to hang ten men or a dozen—yes, with stinting, to hang twenty. One man labored under the weight of a three-gallon can of coal-oil, so heavy that he had to shift it frequently from one tired arm to the other. In that weather the added burden made the sour sweat run down in streaks, furrowing the grime on his face. The Massac Creek blacksmith had a sledge-hammer over his shoulder and was in the front rank. Not one was masked or carried his face averted. Nearly all were grown men and not one was under twenty. A certain definite purpose showed in their gait. It showed, also, in the way they closed up and became a more compact formation as they came within sight of the trees fringing the square.

Down through the drowsing town edge they stepped, giving alarm only to the chickens that scratched languidly where scrub-oaks cast a skimpy shade across the road; but as they reached the town line they passed a clutter of negro cabins clustering about a little doggery. A negro woman stepped to a door and saw them. Distractedly, fluttering like a hen, she ran into the bare, grassless yard, setting up a hysterical outcry. A negro man came quickly from the cabin, clapped his hand over her mouth and dragged her back inside, slamming the door to behind him with a kick of his bare foot. Unseen hands shut the other cabin doors and the woman's half-smothered cries came dimly through the clapboarded wall; but a slim black darky darted southward from the doggery, worming his way under a broken, snaggled fence and keeping the straggling line of houses and stables between him and the marchers. This fleeing figure was Jeff, Judge Priest's negro bodyservant, who had a most amazing faculty for always being wherever things happened.

Jeff was lithe and slim and he could run fast. He ran fast now, snatching off his hat and carrying it in his hand—the surest of all signs that a negro is traveling at his top gait. A good eighth of a mile in advance of the mob, he shot in at the back door of the courthouse and flung himself into his employer's room.

"Jedge! Jedge!" he panted tensely. "Jedge Priest, please, suh, wake up—the mobbers is comin'!"

Judge Priest came out of his nap with a jerk that uprighted him in his chair.

"What's that, boy?"

"The w'ite folks is comin' after that there little nigger over in the jail. I outrun 'em to git heah and tell you, suh."

"Ah-hah!" said Judge Priest, which was what Judge Priest generally said first of all when something struck him forcibly. He reared himself up briskly and reached for his hat and umbrella.

"Which way are they comin' from?" he asked as he made for the hall and the front door.

"Comin' down the planin'-mill road into Jefferson Street," explained Jeff, gasping out the words.

As the old judge, with Jeff in his shadow, emerged from the shadows of the tall hallway into the blinding glare of the portico they met Dink Bynum, the deputy jailer, just diving in. Dink was shirtsleeved. His face was curiously checkered with red-and-white blotches. He cast a backward glance, bumped into the judge's greater bulk and caromed off, snatching at the air to recover himself.

"Are you desertin' your post, Dink?" demanded the judge.

"Jedge, there wasn't no manner of use in my stayin'," babbled Bynum. "I'm all alone and there's a whole big crowd of 'em comin' yonder. They'll git that nigger anyhow—and he deserves it!" he burst out.

"Dink Bynum, where are the keys to that jail?" said Judge Priest, speaking unusually fast for him, who usually drawled his words with a high singsong.

"I clean forgot 'em!" he quavered. "I left 'em hangin' in the jail office."

"And also I note you left the outside door of the jail standin' wide open," said the judge, glancing to the left. "Where's your pistol?"

"In my pocket—in my pocket, here."

"Git it out!"

"Jedge Priest, I wouldn't dare make no resistance single-handed—I got a family—I ——" faltered the unhappy deputy jailer.

The moving dustcloud, with legs and arms showing through its swirling front, was no more than a hundred yards away. You could make out details—hot, red, resolute faces; the glint of the sun on a gunbarrel; the polished nose of the blacksmith's sledge; the round curve of a greasy oilcan.

"Dink Bynum," said Judge Priest, "git that gun out and give it to me—quick!"

"Jedge, listen to reason!" begged Bynum. "You're a candidate yourse'f. Sentiment is aginst that nigger—strong. You'll hurt your own chances if you interfere."

The judge didn't answer. His eyes were on the dustcloud and his hand was extended. His pudgy fingers closed round the heavy handful of blued steel that Dink Bynum passed over and he shoved it out of sight. Laboring heavily down the steps he opened his umbrella and put it over his shoulder, and as he waddled down the short gravel path his shadow had the grotesque semblance of a big crawling land terrapin following him. One look Judge Priest sent over his shoulder. Dink Bynum and Jeff had both vanished. Except for the men from Massac there was no living being to be seen.

They didn't see him, either, until they were right upon him. He came out across the narrow sidewalk of the square and halted directly in their path, with his right hand raised and his umbrella tilted far back, so that its shade cut across the top of his straw hat, making a distinct line.

"Boys," he said familiarly, almost paternally—"Boys, I want to have a word with you."

Most of the Massac men knew him—some of them knew him very well. They had served on juries under him; he had eaten Sunday dinners under their rooftrees. They stopped, the rear rows crowding up closer until they were a solid mass facing him. Beyond him they could see the outer door of the jail gaping hospitably and the sight gave an edge to their purpose that was like the gnawing of physical hunger. Above all things they wished to hurry forward the thing they had in their minds to do.

"Boys," said the judge, "most of you are friends of mine—and I want to tell you something. You mustn't do the thing you're purposin' to do—you mustn't do it!"

A snorted outburst, as of incredulity, came from the sweating clump of countrymen confronting him.

"The hell we mustn't!" drawled one of them derisively, and a snicker started.

The snicker grew to a laugh—a laugh with a thread of grim menace in it, and a tinge of mounting man-hysteria. Even to these men, whose eyes were used to resting on ungainly and awkward old men, the figure of Judge Priest, standing in their way alone, had a special emphasis. The judge's broad stomach stuck far out in front and was balanced by the rearward bulge of his umbrella. His white chin-beard was streaked with tobacco stains. The legs of his white linen trousers were caught up on his shins and bagged dropsically at the knees. The righthand pocket of his black alpaca coat was stretched away down by some heavy unseen weight.

None of the men in the front rank joined in the snickering, however, they only looked at the judge with a sort of respectful obstinacy. There was nothing said for maybe twenty seconds.

"Jedge Priest," said a spokesman, a tall, spare, bony man with a sandy drooping mustache and a nose that beaked over like a butcher-bird's bill—"Jedge Priest, we've come after a nigger boy that's locked up in that jail yonder and we're goin' to have him! Speaking personally, most of us here know you and we all like you, suh; but I'll have to ask you to stand aside and let us go ahead about our business."

"Gentlemen," said Judge Priest, without altering his tone, "the law of this state provides a proper ——"

"The law provides—eh?" mimicked the man who had laughed first. "The law provides, does it?"

"—— provides a fittin' and an orderly way of attendin' to these matters," went on the judge. "In the absence of the other sworn officials of this county I represent in my own humble person the majesty of the law, and I say to you ——"

"Jedge Priest," cut in the beaky-nosed man, "you are an old man and you stand mighty high in this community—none higher. We don't none of us want to do nothin' or say nothin' to you that mout be regretted afterward; but we air goin' to have that nigger out of that jail and stretch his neck for him. He's one nigger that's lived too long already. You'd better step back!" he went on. "You're just wastin' your time and ourn."

A growling assent to this sentiment ran through the mob. It was a growl that carried a snarl. There was a surging forward movement from the rear and a restless rustle of limbs.

"Wait a minute, boys!" said the leader. "Wait a minute. There's no hurry—we'll git him! Jedge Priest," he went on, changing his tone to one of regardful admonition, "you've got a race on for reëlection and you'll need every vote you kin git. I hope you ain't goin' to do nothin' that'll maybe hurt your chances among us Massac Creekers."

"That's the second time that's been throwed up to me inside of five minutes," said Judge Priest. "My chances for election have nothin' to do with the matter now in hand—remember that!"

"All right—all right!" assented the other. "Then I'll tell you somethin' else. Us men have come in broad daylight,

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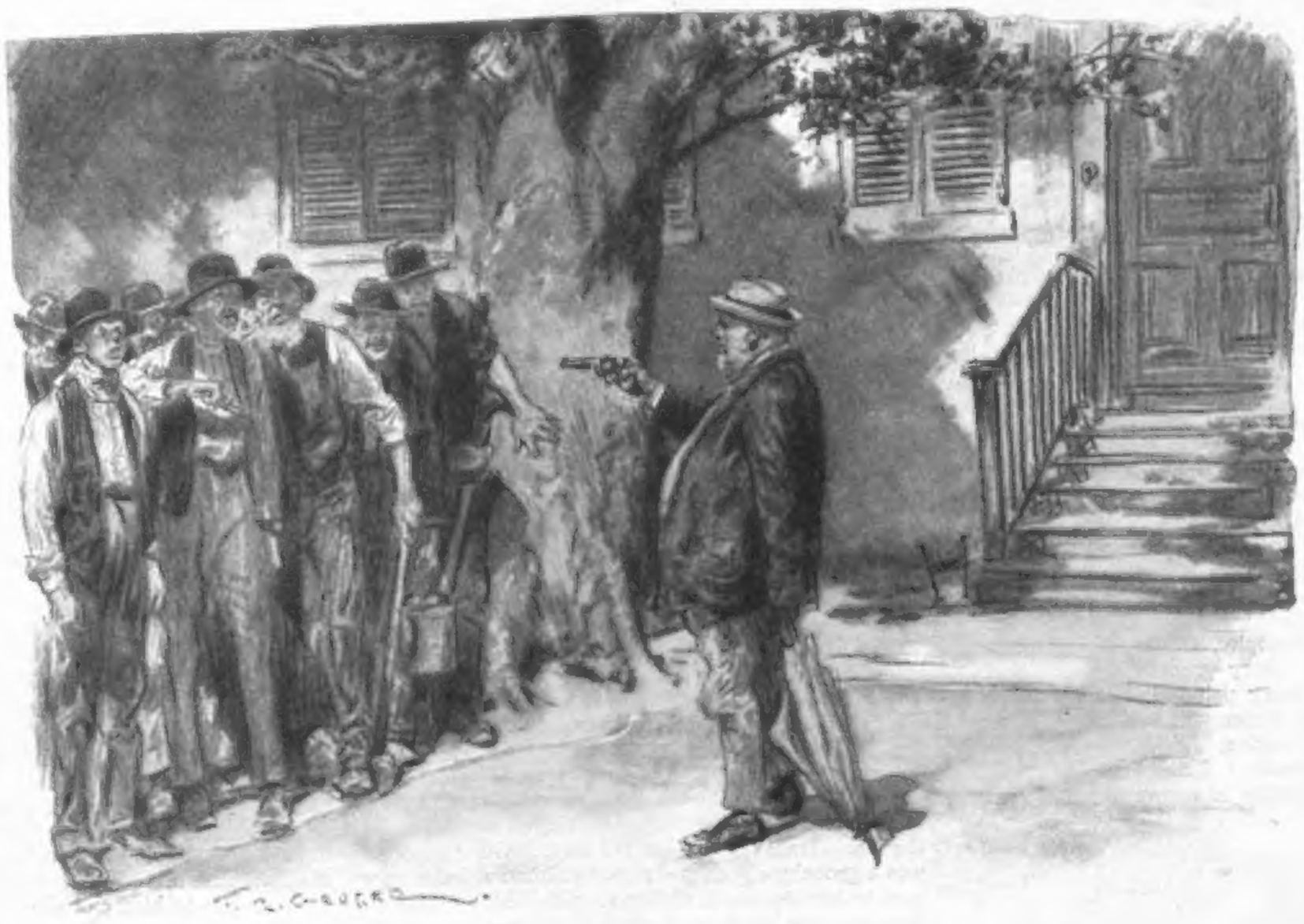

"I Will Now Kill the First Man Who Puts His Foot Across That Line!"

THE SECRETS OF A RAILROAD EXECUTIVE'S RISE

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

TWENTY years ago I was a brakeman on a railroad running into Jersey City. I braked for several years on freights and finally was advanced to the passenger service, if advancement I may call it, for I received no increased pay. Further advancement, however, was so slow in coming that I almost despaired; more than once I came near quitting my job to hunt up something that would give me a better show in life. I liked railroading, but to ride up and down the line daily for five long years at fifty dollars a month or thereabout was not in keeping with the ambitions of a chap in his twenties. Besides, I had married and established a home at a division headquarters about a hundred and fifty miles from New York, and I didn't see how my increasing necessities could be met on such a meager salary. It was up to me to strike a lead somehow."

The man who uttered these words is a high railroad executive today, which is evidence enough that he did make a strike. After he made his first strike and got the hang of the thing, he went up very fast. Just how he did it he never told—until he told it for the present article. He would not have told it even then except for a casual remark he let slip to the effect that success in life, after all, is only the working out of a definite philosophy.

A very busy man is this executive, with weighty responsibilities that mean life or death to millions of passengers, perhaps, every year. He smiled his dissent when it was first suggested to him that he outline this magic philosophy. No; he regretted that he lacked the time. The traffic of a great railroad system was pivoted upon his office. Besides, his philosophy was action; success with him had been the acting of it.

The Chesterfield of the System

THIS was all the better. For the benefit of the multitudes of men who lack any philosophy of success, would he not reveal in narrative form the inner secrets of his rise?

There was an appeal in this. Most railroad executives are broad-gauge men. Show them a way to help their fellows and they want to do it. So, in the midst of duties that took his mind sometimes a thousand miles across the country, he unfolded his philosophy. There was not much of the abstract about it; every graphic incident was crowded with action and every point rang true to life. The hundreds of thousands of men who will read it must benefit, whatever their occupation.

"It was up to me to make a strike," he repeated. "Either I must quit railroading or secure a promotion.

"I Watched for Opportunities on the Train to Bestow Little Attentions on Passengers"

I thought the proposition over very carefully and my wife and I talked about it earnestly. She suggested that I go to the superintendent and explain that I had worked for years in a humble capacity and deserved something better—really needed it. I could tell him all the things I had done for the railroad and, by thus showing what a good man I was, force myself on the superintendent's attention.

"This seemed, at first, a fine idea. I would do the thing before I made my next run, I declared. So my wife laid out a white shirt and my reserve uniform, and off I started. In less than an hour I was back home.

"'Well?' asked Mary anxiously, as she met me on the steps.

"'I only got as far as the door of the superintendent's office,' I returned. 'You see, Mary, I—I sort of lost my nerve while I was waiting outside on the bench. I—I was trying to think up the speech I was to make to him; and somehow I couldn't frame it up to suit me. I—well, to tell the truth, Mary, I got up and ran away.'

"I saw the tears of disappointment and vexation spring to my wife's eyes. Upstairs in our cottage the baby was crying. I glanced about ruefully upon our meager little home. Everything spoke of our need of money.

"'Oh, John!' the poor girl cried—'Oh, John! I really thought you had more nerve!'

"'Well,' said I, sinking into a chair with a sigh. 'I'm not so sure that it's nerve I lack. Maybe it's something else. You suggested that I tell the superintendent all the things I had done for the railroad. Now that's just where all the trouble lay. When I came to framing up my speech I couldn't think of anything I'd done—not one solitary thing, Mary, beyond the things I was forced to do.'

"'But John,' she protested—'But John, you know you've always been faithful! How can you say such things about yourself?'

"'A dog can be faithful,' said I. 'Now I tell you, Mary, I've got a hunch that I've gone about this thing from a wrong philosophy. Before I hit the old man for a better job, I'm going to do something that he can see for himself!'

"Mary went upstairs to quiet the baby and I fell to thinking.

"I kept on thinking that day while I was out on my run. My train was a fast one; at some of the stations we stopped to discharge passengers from a distance, but not to take anybody on. At these stops we almost always had a lot of trouble with people who mistook our train for the local following it. To prevent their getting on, we had to use the whole train crew to bar the steps. Our conductor was a grouchy old chap—a good railroader, but a poor man to handle people diplomatically. Many a time I had seen him confront anxious travelers at these discharge stops and, without explaining, merely grunt: 'Nothin' doin'!' Sometimes he had to fight with them almost to keep them off the train.

"Well, I had fallen pretty much into the same habit myself—so had the rest of the crew; but now, on this particular day, a new light came over me. I wanted to do something for the railroad out of the ordinary, so it occurred to me to begin with politeness.

"'This is the special limited, madam; it is not allowed to take passengers from this station. Will you please wait for the local? It'll be along pretty soon.' This, or something like it, was the way I commenced to act upon my new philosophy.

"About a week later the superintendent was on the train. As he walked up and down the platform at one of these troublesome stops, I saw him glance at me sharply as I explained, with rather extraordinary elaborateness, that local tickets were not good on the special limited. I knew well enough that my bearing and politeness were unusual on our line. At that time the officials of the road had given the finer points of personal contact little thought.

"During the following month I broadened my scheme; I watched for opportunities on the train to bestow little attentions on passengers. I looked after the ventilators more carefully, opened and shut windows, carried baggage for women and old persons; and quite a good many times I had occasion to refuse tips. I was after bigger game. My philosophy was to serve the company;

"'Before I Hit the Old Man for a Better Job, I'm Going to Do Something That He Can See for Himself!'"

and if incidentally I served the company's patrons I was not the sort to take money for it like a servant. This view of the thing never seemed to occur to my associates on the railroad, and I was subjected to much good-natured raillery—and some that was not good-natured—because of my altered demeanor. Mary and I talked it over, and we kept our counsel.

"'It's like this, Mary,' I said, one night at supper: 'If only I can make myself stand out conspicuously in the eyes of the officials something is bound to come of it. In the past I've been only one bean among a bushel. Now I'm a different sort of bean, you see. I'm getting away from the common lot.'"

How the New Philosophy Won

"'YES,' my wife agreed, as she helped me to another dish of prunes. I remember we were long on prunes those days. 'Yes; and I think, John, that since you're making yourself agreeably conspicuous, you'd better wear your reserve uniform after this and get another for emergencies. It won't pay to look shabby.'

"So I spruced up and, altogether, became quite a Chesterfield.

"Among other things I did under my new philosophy was to announce the stations so that every passenger in the car could hear. Instead of standing on the platform and yelling to no purpose, I walked the length of the car, calling the stations repeatedly. One day, after I had done this, an old gentleman summoned me. 'You are the first brakeman I ever knew who called the stations properly,' he said. 'It is evident to me that you have the right sort of intelligence and energy. I'd like to have your name.'

"I gave it to him, and afterward I learned that he was one of the directors in the company. It was only a week later that a special messenger came to my house one night with orders to take out number six, at eleven-fifty-five, as conductor. A proud moment it was for me when I gave the signal and swung myself aboard.

"Well, I was happy enough for a time, but Mary said to me one day:

"'John, you mustn't stop where you are. Now that you've learned how to get a better job, why not try for trainmaster? Don't become a mere bean among the bushel again; you're smart enough to be president of the railroad some day—you know you are.'

"'I've been thinking about that too,' said I—'there are beans among conductors as well as among brakemen. I think I'll have to turn myself into a radish, so they'll pick me out and put me in the radish class.'

"So I set about giving myself a distinction as conductor. Mary and I often planned it out and reduced our philosophy to actual fact. 'John,' she said, 'you must get the reputation of being the very best and most agreeable conductor on the line. Aren't there lots of times when you can help the passengers plan out their connections and routes, and things of that sort? Can't you help them about deciding on hotels? And say, John, couldn't you do something to make traveling pleasanter for folks who don't ride in Pullmans? When I've been on the cars myself I've often longed for a pillow to put against the back of the seat and a place to wash my hands—and things of that sort.'

"It was not always easy to keep up my Chesterfield atmosphere; but, with my wife's encouragement, I did it.

I got the reputation of being the most popular conductor on the road, and it wasn't long before I could see that the higher officials had me singled out. They talked to me when they traveled over the line and I knew they were pleased with me.

"The trainmaster, too, classified me as belonging to a species out of the common run of conductors; but even he did not know that I was really a sort of actor—that, had I followed my own inclinations, I should have remained a bean instead of becoming a radish. To be a radish, in other words, required a distinct, conscious effort, steadily maintained. This, I take it, is what some men in trade call a business policy. It is what every man must have if he makes the most of success.

"One day, when the general manager was on my train, I suggested to him the ideas my wife had originated—washbowls and pillows. He laughed at first, but the next time I saw him he said he had laid the matter before the president, who was much interested in building up our passenger traffic.

"It was not a great while before some of our coaches on the long runs were equipped with these conveniences. One day I observed a woman passenger tying a newspaper about her hat before she put it on the rack—and another idea came to me. When the general manager went over the line on my train next time I suggested furnishing large paper bags for protecting women's hats. This was a clever thought, he agreed; it was one of those little conceits the president was looking for in his efforts to make our road distinctive. The plan was adopted, and I know it brought many hundreds of dollars in traffic to our company within a year. I talked with group after group of women on my trains who told me they had selected our route because the cinders on the other lines were so harmful to their hats.

"Another time I noticed a passenger tugging at one of our awkward wooden window-blinds, and I suggested to the president himself, who came over the line next day in his private car, that we substitute the sliding-curtain. This was done as fast as possible.

"In these days I grew into the acquaintance of those above me and had the satisfaction of knowing that I was contributing in a material way to the success of our railroad. Not all my suggestions were adopted, but I had gained the reputation of being a man with ideas worth cultivating."

The Stepping-Stone

"I WAS not surprised, then, when I succeeded to the position of trainmaster, the former incumbent having been made division superintendent.

"'Now, John,' said my wife that very night, 'you've got among the radishes at last, but you mustn't stay there. You've got to change yourself into a—well, a cabbage.'

"'Not quite so fast, Mary,' I answered; 'I fancy I'll have to be a turnip first.'

"The problem now seemed harder than ever. What could I do as trainmaster to make myself stand out above all the trainmasters on our road? Yet, if I meant to go about deliberately to lay my wires for another promotion I must draw the attention of the management in some consistent but nonspectacular way. I must steadily hammer home the fact that I was delivering every day a stock of ideas that benefited the road and made me more valuable.

"I looked about on my fellow trainmasters and analyzed them. They were good, capable fellows; but, as I came to know them—personally in some cases and through their work—I could not discover in one of them any evidence of the philosophy along which I myself was working. Not one among them seemed to stand out conspicuously as a high-grade man. I tried to imagine myself in the position of the general manager, surveying these men in a quest for executive ability. Which one would be most likely as a candidate? Mary and I discussed the problem, and she closed the subject by saying: 'John, they're all radishes and all just alike; you really must be a turnip.'

"I thought about the problem all day and night. It was a great game I was playing. I had won so far and I meant to go on winning. We had moved out of our tiny cottage now and had an eight-room house. Things were coming my way, including a bank account.

"'Mary,' I said one evening, 'I've got a splendid idea for a new signal code, and if it weren't for butting in on that cranky engineer of signals I'd propose it to the company; but that chap is sore at me already for being too busy, as he says.'

"'What department is he in?' asked Mary.

"'He's under the chief engineer of maintenance-of-way,' I explained. 'I don't like to antagonize those fellows, but ——'

"'Go straight to the chief engineer of his department!' interrupted my wife. 'It's just the chance you've been looking for.'

"So I went—and the ultimate result was a radical change in some of our signaling methods; but by doing so I aroused the jealousy of more than one man and made some enemies who afterward influenced my life very much—for my own betterment.

"Well, that signal idea was only the beginning. I evolved a lot of ideas on railroading and I set to work to study everything that would help me. We were doing a good many things in those days rather crudely. If you will look back you will see what vast strides the railroads have made in every branch of the business. Did you ever stop to consider that somebody thought out, with infinite study and slow evolution, every one of the improvements? Yet I can turn back in memory to my associates of that period and call off man after man who never contributed anything worth mentioning to the march of progress. And among those men were none who ever got very high up.

"One day during that period I heard a young locomotive engineer boast that he often ran past signals when he was sure they were only matters of form. This set me thinking, and I proposed to the division superintendent that he make a quiet test to discover what engineers were in the habit of doing this. Observers were stationed where they could keep a systematic watch during a certain night; the result was astonishing and alarming. The discipline was immediately drawn very tight.

"On another occasion I worked out a plan by which a change in our time-schedule enabled us to obviate chronic congestion on a certain division. On this division it was not uncommon to hold freight trains on sidings for six or eight hours at a stretch. This was not my business, strictly speaking; but I was working on the theory that anything was my business when it benefited the road. I was always looking for these neglected problems. No matter what your calling, you will always find plenty of them. Why, I can go into almost any business establishment you may designate this moment and find, within half an hour, just this sort of material to work on. Why don't men see their opportunities? My own success has come from analyzing opportunity.

"Once, when I had occasion to spend half a day at a town on our line, I found myself analyzing the layout of a new station, work on which was just beginning. I could see very plainly that the depot was to be built on the wrong side of the right-of-way. As soon as I had a chance to see our architect—who was on the staff of the chief engineer—I mentioned the matter to him. He became very angry and told me bluntly to mind my own affairs.

"I related the incident to my wife that night. 'Well,' she said, with genuine logic, 'if it really weren't your affair you could afford to drop it; but, since you expressed your opinion purely for the good of the railroad, I think you'd better take the matter higher up.'

"I had opportunity to do so within a day or two when I met the chief engineer out on the road. He listened to my suggestion and, after some consideration on the part of those at the very top, the station was built on the other side. The wisdom of this has been demonstrated ever since, for the strategic site of the new depot enabled our road to get many passengers who were brought to this town by the trains of another railroad and had the choice of two lines to a common terminal.

"Of course this wasn't any of my business either. The architect became another one of the little army of enemies I was making. He was a narrow man and I didn't worry much over him.

"I had a similar experience with the engineer of tests when I suggested the necessity of doing something differently. I felt certain that disaster would result unless the method of testing were changed; and, instead of crawling into my shell after being rebuffed, I saw the general superintendent of motive power. The engineer of tests was furious, but —— Well, I was making myself a turnip, and I didn't care. In the midst of considerable friction I was steadily forcing home a lot of ideas that earned the company money—and, I believed, saved lives. I knew, too, that the company had me singled out as a man out of the ordinary.

"I had been thinking about all this for quite a while when I said to Mary one day: 'Of course I run some risk of crowding myself in too fast, but I don't think there's a great deal of danger so long as I show that I'm vitally interested in the road—that I'm not a mere crank. And I'll tell you, Mary, just as soon as I feel that the men over me no longer want ideas which I know to be sound to the core I'll quit my job and look for one on some other railroad. I've heard of instances of that sort and I don't mean to be held down by enemies and jealousies.'"

"'But, Sir, I Have Changed My Mind About Resigning'"

Petty Jealousies

"I WAS promoted sooner than I expected to the position of division superintendent. It was now up to me, as my wife put it, to get out of the turnip class and parade myself as a cabbage in the turnip patch. I wasn't long in doing this, for I had seen very clearly the chief faults in the organization under me. This was especially true of the station-masters, station-agents, baggage-agents, train-dispatchers, operators, levermen and other minor but really important cogs in our operating machine. A good deal of attention had been given to larger matters and not enough to lesser ones. I have always gone on the theory that the little things make the big betterments.

"There were a good many divisions on our road, and I got very well acquainted with all the division superintendents. Here, too, was a lamentable sameness. Of course, when there is no particular choice, chance usually must determine the selection of a man for advancement. Each one of these division superintendents wanted to be advanced, and pulled his wires accordingly. Not one of them, however, pulled the wires as I was doing. The more common way was to work along the lines of personal friendship. My way was to deliver more goods to the company than any of my associates.

"But pretty soon I began to see that I was really running into the danger of which I had spoken to my wife—I was crowding the thing rather hard. In reorganizing the staff under me and tightening the lines all through, I was doing many things that lacked precedent. From long practice in the art of analysis I had come, almost unconsciously, to be original.

"Our road at that time, for instance, placed the levermen and tower-repairmen directly under the supervision of the master mechanic of the division. I removed these workers from the master mechanic's direct command and placed them under the chief operator. I created a new position—that of general foreman of locomotives—and

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THE HEART EXCHANGE

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY C. EVERETT JOHNSON

"Yes, I'm Back Again—and Back to Stay! Now Suppose We Proceed to Get Busy and Get Out a Newspaper"

THERE was a crisis imminent in the affairs of E. Wicks, city editor of the Herald. To Wicks, life was one long succession of reverses and disappointments, and one might very naturally suppose that he would have become used to the ups and downs of life by this time and developed into a philosopher; but Wicks was not built on that plan. He was an orderly creature of habit, who struggled with the problems of daily life as if they were deadly and implacable enemies that must be overcome at any cost. Hence, anything that added to the ordinary burden of his lot in life always threw him into a rage; and if there was one thing more than all others that particularly incensed him it was the sight of a young man loitering round the entrance to the local room about midnight. The sight of such a young man always predicated a crisis in Mr. Wicks' affairs. If it wasn't a good sob sister it was the society editor, and if it wasn't the society editor it was almost certain to be the private-exchange operator. Generally it was the private exchange; and it always meant matrimony and the consequent heartbreaking job of rounding up a girl with brains to fill the niche left vacant by the depredations of the young man who loitered round the entrance to the local room about midnight.

As has already been stated, a crisis was imminent. Mr. Wicks, glancing up from a sheet of copy, was fully convinced of the fact. For several weeks he had noticed a strange young man hanging round the foot of the stairs leading up to the local room and had congratulated himself that his bailiwick was not threatened. He thought it must be one of the stenographers in the business office—one that worked late. Now, however, he was both enraged and amazed to observe that the young man, grown tired of waiting in the cold at the foot of the stairs, had had the effrontery to climb the stairs and take up his vigil just inside the door of the local room, where there was a stove going. He had the old, telltale, sheepish look of a lover in his mild eyes—a look that Mr. Wicks hated—and since he paid not the slightest heed to Madame Teazle—the society editor—Wicks was convinced that he must have designs on Miss Lily Grabsky, the private exchange. Miss Grabsky occupied a dark dungeon or box stall just off the local room, which very probably accounted for the young man "crushing in" where he apparently had no legitimate business.

"If I don't put the rollers under this swain," soliloquized Mr. Wicks, "he'll get his courage in hand, invade the telephone room and drape his limp person over the switchboard; and then I never shall get a number. I'll just see if he's after the Grabsky girl, and if he is I'll give her the distress signal and have her shoo him away. I can't stand for this."

Saying which, Mr. Wicks marched up to the strange young man and in harsh tones desired to know his pleasure.

"I'm waiting to escort Miss Grabsky home," replied the youth, and blushed.

"Huh!" grunted Mr. Wicks, and went back to his desk.

So it was true! His peace of mind was threatened again as it had been so often threatened before. He knew not the hour or the minute when Miss Grabsky would give him notice; and if he knew Miss Grabsky at all he knew she was the kind of girl who works right up to payday and fails to report for duty next afternoon. Wicks sighed, for Miss Grabsky was the third private exchange in seven months; and—well, if you've ever worked round a newspaper shop with a big story breaking and a limited force to handle it you will realize the importance of a private-exchange operator with brains.

"Doggone it!" snapped Wicks peevishly. "The minute I get 'em broken in they run off and get married. If this thing keeps up I'll go crazy."

Poor Wicks! He was a little man, pasty of complexion, keen of eye and savage of mouth. Round this feature there lurked always a bitter, sneering expression, as if the daily grind had seared his harried soul until it had shriveled and dried forever the founts of tears and smiles. He was just a newspaper man, who had seen all that was crooked and sordid in life, and little that was manly and brave and decent. He was a great city editor, only the pity of it was that he had ideals and clung to them. He had a notion that he could run a clean, honest newspaper if he had the money and the courage to try—and Wicks had never been given an opportunity to try. This, together with his dislike of adjectives and a horror of rule-of-thumb writing, made him a marked man. Nobody loved him and he loved nobody. Moreover, he didn't care. Being by nature outspoken, and endowed with the courage of a bulldog, he seemed to glory in his reputation as a slavedriver. A man had to be twenty-four carat to hold a job under Wicks.

Wicks was thirty-eight years old and a womanhater. He had never married and never expected to. He had his work to do, and experience had proved to him that women were wholly brainless and not dependable. Wicks hated brainless people. And as for marriage! Huh! Not for E. Wicks. He had all he could attend to, keeping his paper from being scooped. Wicks admitted there were a few fine women on earth, but he wouldn't have married the finest of the lot. In the final analysis they were all alike when a man stayed out late—and Wicks was a newspaper man and could never by any possibility be anything else. He had dreamed of bigger work once, but the grind had soured his soul and ——

Well, I hate to say so, but once in a while, when the strain commenced to tell heavily on him, Wicks was wont to put a man in his place and go out and get very, very "full." On such occasions he generally acquired a black eye or a skinned nose—Wicks was vicious in his cups; and the shame of his return always kept him good for months thereafter. Wicks could never quite understand himself in this respect. He had never been able to advance any legitimate reason why he acquired the blues and a jag coincidently, unless it was that he was conscious of the fact that he was growing old and nobody cared. He knew he wasn't fond of liquor. His life merely demanded a leaven. He simply had to do something different occasionally or go mad with the pent-up cussedness within him.

For nearly a week now Mr. Wicks had been feeling the downhill pull. He hadn't had a vacation in five years and he hadn't had any excitement out of the ordinary in eight months. He was unpopular; so he had money in the bank, with a week's pay in his pocket—while here was another crisis at hand. Really, mused Wicks, it wasn't fair that he should have the job of breaking in a new telephone operator. It was monstrous to reflect that, in his present state of nervous tension, he should be called upon to wait on the line for ages, while cities were sacked, lightweight championships decided and tariff schedules revised. No, by Jupiter, it wasn't right! When E. Wicks took down his 'phone and told Miss Lily Grabsky to get the mayor of San Francisco on the line he didn't want to be informed, at the end of ten minutes, that the mayor was at a banquet. He wanted the hotel where that banquet was being served; he wanted Miss Lily Grabsky to order the hotel management to send a page to the mayor with the request that he come to the 'phone and speak with the city editor of the Herald; he wanted the mayor and he recked not how or where the mayor was to be found. He wanted him and he hadn't the time to waste telling Lily Grabsky how to go about the job. The fact of the matter is that Wicks required something more than an exchange operator. He required a female detective. He said, or rather growled, "Get me So-and-So"; and if So-and-So wasn't forthcoming Mr. Wicks would rend his hair and gnash his teeth and kick over the wastebasket.

For perhaps fifteen minutes Wicks ruthlessly slaughtered the pearls of thought handed in by the waterfront reporter, while he meditated subconsciously upon the benefits to be derived from a month's vacation. Presently he arrived at a decision. He bounded up, trotted into the telephone exchange room and confronted Miss Grabsky.

"Say, look here, Grabby, my dear," he began, "what d'ye think we're running here? A heart exchange? There's a soulful youth waiting outside to escort you home and I want to know your intentions. What are you up to, Grabby? Are you going to marry him?"

There was a challenge—a do-it-if-you-dare sort of echo in Wicks' tones as he volleyed his questions. Miss Lily Grabsky blushed prettily and hung her head. Wicks gazed at her sternly.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Grabby—getting married the minute you really begin to be worth twelve dollars a week! There's all my drilling gone to waste for the third time within a year. Remember, Grabby, marriage is a lottery. You want to be careful. How long have you known this young fellow? Are you certain he's the pure quill? He doesn't appear to have much gimp and ——"

"Mr. Wicks," snapped Miss Grabsky, "I was paid today; so I guess I'll quit tonight. I know my own business, I think."

"Ah-h-h-h!" snarled Wicks, disgusted beyond measure. Five minutes later he pulled on his cuffs, climbed into his coat and walked into the office of the managing editor.

"I'm worn to a frazzle," announced Mr. Wicks. "I'm all in! I see big black spots when I read copy and I'm as jumpy as a kangaroo. I've got to have a month off."

The managing editor knew Wicks of old. He, better than Wicks, knew just how far you can drive a willing horse; and quickly he made up his mind that a two-weeks fling would do Wicks a world of good. The fall election was coming on, with all its resultant excitement and extra work, and it would be well to have the outburst over with now. So he said:

"All right, Wicksy. You do look a trifle peaked, now that I observe you closely. When do you want to leave?"

"Tonight," said Wicks desperately.

"All right. Enjoy yourself and come back when you're good and ready. Of course your salary goes on as usual. What? Going already? Well—goodby, Wicksy."

Out in the midnight chill of the deserted street Wicks paused and drew a long breath.

"Nothing to do for a month," he murmured happily. "How shall I disport myself? Shall I indulge in a disgusting little spree, or shall I go out into the country and wander round in the woods and hayfields? Or shall I—well, I'll have just one little snorter and then I'll go home and think it over."

He crossed the street and entered the nearest saloon, which happened to be located on the corner of an alley. When he came out half an hour later he had forgotten his troubles, having effectually drowned them in not less than six Scotch highballs. This was well inside the dangermark for Mr. Wicks; nevertheless, it was sufficient to drive from his mouth the hard, sneering, bitter expression that always lurked there and to cause him to feel at peace with the world again. The fact that Mr. Wicks only stayed in the saloon half an hour and was now on his way to his rooms at the Press Club, like any respectable citizen, will be proof positive to the reader that Wicks still retained his self-respect. On the morrow he might lose it; but tonight ——

"'I Bind Myself Not to Get Married and Quit Until a Period of Two Years From Date Shall Have Elapsed'"

A woman came out of the shadows of the alley and

approached Mr. Wicks. In a vague, indefinite way he realized that she intended to accost him; and though ordinarily being a womanhater—he would have avoided her, still the fact that it was now one-thirty o'clock A. M. an hour when all good women are safe within the protecting walls of their homes—and the further fact that Mr. Wicks' courage was just a trifle strengthened by the highballs hereinbefore mentioned, impelled him to pause until she had finished speaking, when he resolved to give her a grilling on the impropriety of her existence.

The girl stood in front of Mr. Wicks and lifted her eyes rather tragically to meet his stony glance. She parted her lips to speak, but seemed to change her mind. Her chin quivered and even under the flickering gaslight Mr. Wicks distinctly saw her blush.

He looked at her with new interest. A woman of the night who could blush—hum! That was different. Mr. Wicks made swift appraisal of her eyes and found them large and brown and sweetly tender. She wore a jaunty little black hat faded and rusty enough, but still jaunty. Her little nose was gloriously uptilted. A novelist would have called that nose retroussé. "Pug" was what Mr. Wicks labeled it. Her mouth was well formed, firm and full, denoting character; but her lips were very white. Mr. Wicks resented this. The lips should have been red—not that he cared a whoop personally, but then, from the purely abstract standpoint of artistic effect—well, it was easy to see that this business was a new "stunt" with her. Mr. Wicks resolved on a little lecture.

"Look here, my girl," he began in his terse, clean-cut, city-editor accent, "this is a new game for you and I'd advise you to give it up"—here Mr. Wicks paused for one awful frightened second: he had made a discovery—"and quit going hungry just because you can't bring yourself to the point of asking a gentleman for a small loan. It's no disgrace, I assure you. I've been in the same boat myself. How long since you've had anything to eat?"

Two big tears glistened in the girl's eyes, and Mr. Wicks was seized with sudden panic.

"Three days," she faltered. "I've been ill in the City and County Hospital; I couldn't get any employment; and my money—I had a little, and I—I ——"

"Suffering saints," gasped Mr. Wicks, and backed up against a lamp-post.

"I'm not a—bad woman," protested the waif, for in very truth she was more of a little girl than a young woman. "I saw you when you went into the saloon—and I thought you looked—kind. It—it seemed to me that you'd—understand ——"

"By all means," said Mr. Wicks weakly—"by all means. I'm a most understanding person, I am. You pay me a very delicate compliment, for you're the first soul on earth that ever thought I looked kind. I'm not kind. I'm a dog. I'm a slavedriver. I'd can my own mother if she fell down on the job. I'd—my dear young lady, can you plug in halfway decent on a six-trunkline private exchange at twelve dollars a week? Grabby—that's our private exchange now—has quit. Going to get married. And she's left me in the lurch ——"

The light of hope long deferred gave way to the tears in the girl's eyes. She started to speak; but Wicks had seen that sudden birth of new life, and with his natural perversity he cut in:

"All right, young lady. The job's yours on one condition. You are to hold up your right hand and repeat after me the following oath. Hold up your right hand."

"Won't the left do just as well?" the girl inquired, smiling bravely.

"Certainly, if you have a preference," said Mr. Wicks. "Now repeat after me: 'I do solemnly swear that in accepting this private-exchange-operator job I bind myself, of my own free will, not to get married and quit until a period of two years from date shall have elapsed.' Do you so promise? Answer—'I will.'"

"I will," murmured the girl, repeating the ridiculous oath word for word.

"Fine!" said Mr. Wicks. "The job is now yours. Even if you are green you can learn—and I won't be there to teach you, so I won't have to suffer at any rate."

He pulled a card from his pocket, scratched a few hurried lines on it and thrust it into the girl's hand.

"You report at the Herald office at five o'clock tomorrow afternoon. I'll 'phone them you're coming. You do the night shift, which belongs to me. I have the say-so when it comes to hiring the girl on the night shift. I'm the fellow that uses you most and I must have a live operator. Meantime, you're hungry. Here's the price, hungry girl, and see that you make good by the time I get back from my vacation. I won't stand for any foolishness. 'Make good or get out!' is my motto."

He thrust two twenty-dollar goldpieces toward her. She drew a slim hand from under her old opera cloak—her left hand, Wicks noticed—and with her eyes fixed upon

"You Tell Your Uncle Wicks Who Did It, and if It Was Anybody But the Chief Himself I'll Have His Scalp Served With Onions"

Wicks' face, for all the world as if he were the very latest arrival from Heaven, she accepted the money, without noticing that it was not silver, but gold, that he gave her.

"But—but I want to pay you back some day," faltered the girl confusedly. "And you're going away. Tell me where you're going and I'll send it to you ——"

"I don't know where I'm going," snapped Wicks enigmatically; "but I'm going somewhere to buy a thousand drinks with a thousand devils in every drink. And I'll stay pickled for a month!"

And with this remarkable statement Mr. Wicks picked himself together, so to speak, and fled into the night without further ado. An hour later, far from sober, he leaned over the bar of the Press Club and sadly declaimed:

The sky is an inkpot upside down;
The world is a wobbling tomb;
The earth is one huge sarcophagus ——

The downhill pull had arrived at last! Toward morning they put Mr. Wicks to bed upstairs. He was weeping about something and kept repeating that it was a shame!

. . . . . .

Nobody had anything to say to Mr. Wicks when he appeared on the job one afternoon, just three weeks after he had left it. He looked over his assignment book, swore a little, declared that somebody had stolen his shears and offered to fire the man in whose possession he found them. Then he said his pastepot smelled abominably and ordered the office boy to clean it out; after which he started very patiently to clip "bulldog" from the Eastern exchanges. That was all. In an hour he was the same old Wicks, the slavedriver, harsh but just, and pulling in more news over the 'phone on certain stories than the reporters had been able to get in a personal interview.

That night, when Wicks put on his cuffs and coat and started home, he had a haunting impression that something had been overlooked. He paused at the top of the stairs and scratched his head, perplexed. He wondered what it was. For once in his life the night had gone by with wonderful smoothness. News had been plentiful and sensational and easy to get—ah, that was it! The exchange operator! The gimlet voice of Miss Lily Grabsky had been eliminated from his life and the new girl appeared to be a cracker-jack. Whereupon Mr. Wicks suddenly recalled his early morning adventure with the hungry girl, and a consuming curiosity impelled him to learn whether or not she had called and secured the job.

"I wonder if that little girl was giving me the bunk that night!" he mused. "I had a few under my belt and maybe I looked easy. I'll just look into the telephone room and see if that's my little night bird on duty. I might as well introduce myself to the new girl, whoever she is, and let her know that I'm the regular old Bluebeard of this newspaper shop. I wonder what she looks like. Bet a dollar she buys her hair by the pound."

Reflecting thus, Mr. Wicks walked into the telephone room. Before the switchboard sat the hungry girl, plugging in—with her left hand.

"Hello!" said Mr. Wicks in what was for him a wonderfully cheerful tone of voice. "I'm back on the job again—a week ahead of time and sober as a Supreme Court Justice. I'm Wicks—the city editor, you know. I'm the boy that's kept you jumping all night. You will recall that I sent you over here for this job. Glad to see you making good."

"My name is Annie Coyle, Mr. Wicks," said the new operator. "I'm not going to bother you with expressions of thanks for what you did for me. I wouldn't know how to go about it to convince you that I'm sincerely grateful; so you'll just have to take it for granted."

She smiled upon him—a dazzling smile; but it was lost on Wicks, who was looking at her lips and reflecting upon her exact ratio of mentality. The lips were red now, he noticed, and unconsciously he gave a grunt of approval. At least the young lady was eating regularly. He was glad of that. "What a most remarkable young woman!" mused Wicks. "I do believe she has brains, and—Jumped-up Jehoshaphat!—her hair's her own!"

"You're a corking good operator," he told her in the same emotionless voice in which he would have told a reporter that he had dug up a good story. Wicks never praised anybody. He merely made a statement of fact.

"I used the forty dollars you gave me," the girl continued. "I'll pay it back some day."

"Oh, take your sweet time about that," replied Wicks carelessly. "Got a good boarding house?"

"I have a room and do my own cooking," replied Annie Coyle. "I'm doing very nicely, thank you, Mr. Wicks. I can pay you a dollar a week until I ——"

"You're left-handed," charged Mr. Wicks, interrupting.

The girl's face crimsoned. She turned in her swivel chair and thrust out her right arm. Wicks, horrified, saw that the hand was missing.

"I used to be a good stenographer and typewriter," she said with just the suspicion of a tremor in her low, sweet voice, "until I got mixed up in a street-car wreck; and then ——" She shrugged her shoulders bravely. "I can manage the board with one hand, even in a rush. You didn't have any long wait tonight, did you, Mr. Wicks?"

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THE GALLERY GODS

HOW TO LOOK AN OLD MASTER IN THE EYE

By Edward W. Gregory

ONE day Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, late director of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, sat at lunch in the grillroom of the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, with one of the most famous art connoisseurs in Europe and the writer.

"If a man brings me a picture," said the critic, "for my opinion on it, and I feel any doubt about it whatever, I always damn it—I feel it's better damned than deified."

"But, of course, you would have a reason for doing so?"

"Not at all. I may be able to find no fault with the painting. Even to myself I might be unable to give a reason for my judgment; but if, at the first glance, I do not recognize it as a genuine article I pronounce against it."

"But, after consideration ——"

"I never consider. I never allow second thoughts. It's like this: If the waiter here put on the table doubtful fish, would you eat it?"

"No; but I should have a reason. It wouldn't smell right."

"Exactly. That's my point. You wouldn't say you'd think about it and see it again in a day or two. You'd tell the waiter to remove it, and be quick about it too."

"But you can't tell a good picture by smelling it!"

"Yes, I can; but I don't use my nose. I use my judgment, which is perhaps not so plain as the nose on my face; but I know it exists, for I've used it pretty well for the past thirty years, and it's been moderately reliable, on the whole."

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, himself a great expert, seemed to think there was something in all this.

No Proof for Beauty

NOW this story puts in a nutshell and explains the whole craft of the connoisseur of pictures. It is utterly impossible to demonstrate the worth of a work of art. It is not a matter for demonstration, but perception—totally different things. Perception enables you to see one sheep in a field, but to tell how many there are in a flock you must demonstrate by counting. Demonstration, however, will stimulate perception, for after much experience you may be able to judge pretty accurately at a glance how many sheep there are in a flock. Even then, to make sure, you must count. John Ruskin explained in volumes the artistic merits of the pictures of J. M. W. Turner. He told us in brilliant word painting what he saw in Turner's brush painting; but he never succeeded in demonstrating beyond fear of contradiction that what he saw was actually true, as Newton proved the truth of his theory of gravitation. If you read John Ruskin's works, however, you are more likely to perceive the beauty of Turner's works than if you never glanced through the pages of the great writer, for Ruskin lends you his eyes in his books. If, after all, you can see nothing in Turner it is your perception that is at fault. Yet it was Ruskin who described Whistler as a coxcomb flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public! Subsequently the public forgot the pot of paint and saw only the picture. So, in this instance at any rate, there may have been wanting something in the perception even of the critic.

Some little time ago the picture by Rembrandt called The Mill hung for many weeks in the National Gallery, London. The experts agreed that it was a great work of art. One hundred thousand pounds was the price, and it was for sale. The British public was to have the refusal. Thousands went to the gallery, but they were not particularly enthusiastic. They would not subscribe to beat

The Smile That Took Leonardo da Vinci Four Years to Paint. Would Any Man be Tempted by a Face Like This Today?

the American who finally brought the picture to the United States. The critics flooded the press with their tremendous statement that it was the greatest landscape on earth; but they could not actually demonstrate that it was so. The public dutifully went to look at the picture and didn't think so. Perhaps the public was wrong. It is just possible it was right, for critics do not possess the monopoly of perception. If you buy a horse and pronounce him a good one, and some one doubts what you say, it is easy enough to trot him out or put him at a fence. You can prove his worth; but you can't make a picture show paces, though you may place it at the bar of public opinion.

Last summer a man went to an exhibition of watercolor paintings in London. He had made money, had built a house and wanted pictures. He would trust no dealers, no experts—only his own eyes. In this he was right. In this he was unconsciously a genuine patron of the arts; for the right spirit in which to buy a picture is first to desire it simply because you like it. If your tastes are not those of others you are surely more of a real lover of art than he who buys only what experts tell him to buy. In this instance, however, the man's point of view had become biased by commerce. He had made money by the process of addition. Arithmetic was at the bottom of his philosophy of life. He had found out the great and abiding principle that two and two make four. He knew it was so. He could prove it. His experience abundantly supported him. So he went into the gallery armed with his checkbook, the visible sign of prosperity and the power to purchase. Without much delay, he pointed out to the secretary the pictures he liked and was told the prices. So far so good; but here he went astray, for, pulling out a pocket rule, he demonstrated to his own satisfaction that the prices were all wrong.

Art by the Square Foot

"HERE," he said, "you ask me fifty pounds for a picture ten inches by eight, and I can have this one, measuring twenty by fourteen, for twenty-five pounds; and there's another over there I like which is thirty by twenty, and you're only asking sixteen pounds-ten for it. How do you explain it?"

And the secretary explained, so that eventually the rich man became a purchaser; but he did not understand. He only believed, as a judge of mankind, that the secretary was an honest man. This story is true and the rich man is not to be laughed at. For in buying pictures he went on the same principle that he had found by experience to be the best in his life of commerce—that of buying according to measurement or bulk. Yet, in the end, he bought on an assumption he could not possibly measure—namely, that the seller was an honest man.

Another wealthy man went to Paris to buy pictures. He also had no experience but that of business. He had heard of the Old Masters and he went through the Louvre with care, examining the works of Rubens, Velasquez, Leonardo, Raphael, Correggio and all the rest of them. Then he went to dealers in the antique, finally deciding not to buy. Prices—which were high enough—did not frighten him, and he did not trouble himself at all about size; but what he kicked at was the fact, as it presented itself to him, that all old pictures were more or less brown—and he did not like brown pictures. However, why should he be laughed at? He preferred bright green, and there is nothing fundamentally wrong with bright green. In the end, he bought many modern French landscapes. They looked to him more like what he had seen of the country from the train. In a word, they appealed to him.

He had sufficient perception to see their realistic portrayal of Nature; but he had not the deeper perception which would have caused him to love the landscapes of Claude or revel in the quiet gray monotones of Corot. On the other hand, no power on earth can actually prove, beyond all shadow of doubt, that the pictures of Claude and Corot are better than the best of modern French landscapes. Authority—which has unlimited power in these matters—can only say that they are better. Authority can fill rooms

Which of Napoleon's Portraits Most Resembles Him?

of paper in defense of its opinion and probably influence and educate perception. It can do no more.

Within the last year or two there have been exhibitions in Paris and London of the works of painters who are known as the Post-Impressionists. Now, without going deeply into a dissertation on their methods or analyzing their views, it may be said at once that ninety-nine out of every hundred people who have seen their works pronounce them to be, in a word, impossible; but the ninety-nine may possibly be wrong. They may not have sufficiently acute perceptions to enable them to see the merit in these works.

The Statuette That Aroused Ridicule

HERE is an instance of what I mean: An exhibition of Post-Impressionist painters was held in the Grafton Gallery, London; and being a very new thing it attracted great crowds. Among others was a man who had considerable knowledge of art and was a great collector. I saw him stand before a statuette in brouze of the figure of a woman. He gazed for a while; then, containing himself no longer, he burst into roars of laughter, stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth and rushed from the gallery to tell his friends he had seen the most absurd, ridiculous, childish, idiotic statuette of a woman he had ever seen in his life.

Now the figure was obviously what any one but a Post-Impressionist would call out of proportion. The legs were too short, the breast flat and the whole torso disagreeably lumpy and corpulent. The arms were thin and emaciated-looking, and the hands big and offensively masculine. In life no woman could stand as this woman was perched. Her feet were turned in to deformity—in itself almost unthinkable in sculpture—and she appeared to be leaning or pushing herself against nothing in particular. She seemed about to topple over. Obviously, however, if you will think a moment, all these criticisms are but a variation of those of the man who brought a pocket rule to measure pictures. It may be that the artist had finer perceptions than the man who bolted from the gallery in volleys of laughter. It may have been that the sculptor had a good reason for making such short legs. Perhaps—who knows?—he was desirous of raising merriment in the minds of the spectators, in which case he was certainly successful; for no one looked at the figure without a smile.

In the same exhibition was a picture that drew forth the criticism—this time delivered pointblank at the artist—that, "after all, trees never look like that."

"But they are not intended to be trees," objected the painter.

"Then what on earth are they intended to be?"

"I really don't know, myself," replied the author of the picture.

This is not an overdrawn incident. Post-Impressionists appear to deny the right of any one to object to their works on the ground that the details cannot be identified with the commonly accepted aspects of natural forms.

"I have never seen a man's nose look like a doorknocker before!"—"Wherever in Nature did any one see a sky-blue horse?"—"How is it that woman's eyes look like two dice when you have thrown a five and a three?" were some of the remarks heard in the gallery—all very natural, very sensible; but like the contentions of the man with the pocket rule, if less violent than Ruskin's phrase concerning the pot of paint, which might have destroyed Whistler.

One day I was in the studio of the late George Frederick Watts, the painter who has probably received more individual honor in England than any other native artist of the last fifty years. Many of his works, the property of the British nation, are hung in one great room at the Tate Gallery, in London. "Size," he said to me, "is a quality by itself. Actual bulk must be reckoned with in a work of art. It has its value. For instance"—pointing to a reduced facsimile of the Venus of Milo—"that figure as it stands is exactly like the Greek original in every particular but that of size. It can never, however, give me the same emotions as the original, simply and solely because it is not big enough."

On the other hand, there are artists who will say that size has nothing whatever to do with a work of art—did not the secretary of the watercolor exhibition argue so?—and that what really matters is proportion. The latest phase of fine art, however, would appear to deny to a great extent even proportion; so that, if any reliable system for the guidance of the lay public is ever to be made known, it would almost seem that science will have to dig deeper than ever she has yet done into the mysteries of art and produce an entirely new pocket rule—something by which the mystified seeker after truth may at least measure with more or less accuracy the bewildering and rapidly changing manifestations of the art of our time.

Within the last year a very eminent statesman had his portrait painted to be hung in a well-known political club. At the unveiling a speech was made by a man who had traveled a great deal in Italy. He referred to the scores of pictures in the famous galleries, of men whose names were not even known today. It seemed to him a deprivation that the tourist should be without means of identification when looking at a portrait. He approached works of art and inspected them not as pictures but as records. He could not appreciate art without a label. He never looked at a picture of a man without asking the question, "What was his name?" It did not matter if the man had been dead three hundred years and was a nobody even in his lifetime. He still wanted to know his name. No matter how fine the painting might be, it dropped immediately in his estimation if no one could tell him who it was.

"I have seen," he said, "in hundreds of cases, under an old Italian picture merely the words, 'Portrait of a Gentleman.' Let us congratulate ourselves"—waving his hand gracefully toward the portrait of the statesman—"that under this picture, at any rate, no such label can ever be put." Rather a maladroit remark; but indulgent listeners—among whom was the politician himself—rightly concluded that the speaker wished thus picturesquely to illustrate the everlasting fame and name of the subject of the portrait. To the art critic the awkward phrase suggested something more. It exemplified the invariable attitude of mind of the public toward portraits. Every one regards a portrait as the reflection of a personality. Nearly all of us want to know, first, who the subject is supposed to be. Only artists criticise the picture first as a work of art. The rest look upon it as a likeness; and the more like it is to the sitter the better it appears to them.

Now this is a fundamental essential of all portraits: The closer they resemble the subjects, the better they are as portraits; but the older they become the less possibility there is of determining likeness. Who is to judge which of the many portraits of Napoleon Bonaparte is most like him? Who can say whether the existing busts of the Roman Emperors resemble the royal sitters? No one. So that if the picture of a man survives many centuries it does so rather by its virtue as a work of art or as a mere document, not necessarily on account of its fidelity to the appearance of the original subject. The portraits by Velasquez are a case in point. Philip of Spain may have looked as the great Spaniard painted him—we do not know. We cannot demonstrate it; but we can perceive that the portraits by Velasquez are fine pictures.

Two men were going through a picture gallery. One called out the numbers he saw on the frames, the other kept his eyes on the catalogue he held in his hand and read aloud the titles. They went all the way through from 1 to 485 without a mistake and then searched for a Study of an Oyster, which had come too late for classification and had been so entered. It is a moral certainty that neither of those men clearly saw a single picture. All they did was to check the accuracy of the compiler of the catalogue. There are five senses—seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling and smelling. You don't need to hear, taste, feel or smell a picture; but you must see it. This being so, to trouble about what the man enters in the catalogue and what number he puts on the frame is clearly superfluous. Don't use your sense of hearing by listening to him. Just look at the picture yourself; and if it does not speak to you through your eyes you may be sure you have no use for it. That's not to say it's a poor picture, for it's quite conceivable you may be a poor judge.

Half a Dozen Photographs Will Tell the Artist of Today More About How a Pretty Woman Smiles Than Leonardo Learned From La Gioconda in a Twelvemonth

Books have been written about how to look at pictures. The subject is scarcely worth discussion, for it does not matter in the least how you look at pictures; but it does matter how the picture looks at you. If I tell you that I shut one eye, screw up the other, and hang my head on one side, using my thumb and finger as an eyeglass, to be able to see the effect of Millet's Angelus at five yards, it is no proof that this is the proper way to behave—only that this is how I behave. You may prefer to regard the picture with both eyes open in the same way that you look at a friend; and if you do so you will find that Millet's Angelus will look at you in a friendly way, as it has looked out from its frame upon every human being who has seen it from the time it was first painted until now.

The Relation of Eyes to Art

I HAVE heard a group of Anglo-American tourists in Antwerp Cathedral hold an animated argument about the right place to stand in order to see Rubens' Descent from the Cross properly. There is no right place. If there were it would have been chalked out on the flagged pavement long ago. Besides, if a man with long sight can see it from one point, is the shortsighted man to come back home from his tour with the melancholy reflection that he has never seen the picture at all because he had to go five yards nearer in order to distinguish red from blue? When you go to a concert do you worry about the correct way to listen? Assuredly not! All you care about is to get into such a position that you can hear.

Centuries ago a man made the first gun. It was a great achievement. Nobody had ever seen a gun before. The maker was proud of it and put in a lot of time ornamenting it and cleaning it up afterward with a bit of leather. We make guns today—better guns than his. They will shoot straighter and carry farther; but the only gun we should care to have in a museum is that first gun, made by the man who had never seen one before, because it exhibits in every part the struggle of inventive genius to overcome

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EASY MONEY

By Campbell MacCulloch

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

A Tale of High Art and Wall Street

"I'll Say This for Peter: He's Right Quick to Take a Hint"

MONEY," observed Mr. Jeremiah Simpson sententiously, "in addition to bein' th' root of most divorce cases, is a luxury that mighty few folks is eddicated up to, and still fewer has got any license to flirt with."

Seated in the broad window of a Riverside Drive apartment, Mr. Simpson was gazing at the slate-gray outlines of a Chinese warship that had just anchored in the Hudson River. His cherubic countenance, with its chief feature seeming to be an escarpment of several chins retreating by a sort of *diminuendo* effect into a wide-mouthed collar that openly yawned pleasantly to receive them, expressed a cheerful content with life; a pair of twinkling blue eyes belied the sixty-odd years their owner admitted when pressed, and a pair of large, black-rimmed spectacles slightly tinted with yellow merely accented the Pickwickian effect of the owner.

Mr. Simpson was not alone, for opposite him, reclining on his shoulderblades and the back of his neck in an easy-chair, sat his partner, Mr. James Forsythe Kingsley. This young man was the scion of an excellent New England family, but had long since eschewed the paths of rectitude after his university had turned him loose with some education and more debts. He had joined a group of carnival workers as a stall when affairs went ill with him, and had found the devious ways of graft so much to his liking that he had continued therein. Some few years before, he had attached himself to the fortunes of Mr. Simpson, who, having waxed old in the profession of deceit, and being too well known to the police of innumerable cities by alias and thumbprint, felt that a residence in the background of affairs was desirable. Mr. Kingsley was known to a large circle of acquaintances as Larry Winterloth. Inspector Laughlin, of the metropolitan police, had watched him skating close to the edge of the penal code and regretted exceedingly that he had never come ashore. Some day the good inspector hoped to catch his young friend with the goods, a wish he had openly expressed in his intended patient's hearing.

Now Mr. Kingsley removed his feet from the window-sill and regarded his old friend.

"Ya-as," he observed languidly; "and we've been doing what we could to decrease the temptation by taking it away from them."

Mr. Simpson was evidently merely pursuing a reflection to its lair, for he did not regard the interruption.

"Hell hath no fury like a wise guy that's bin trimmed good and plenty," quoth he, nodding his head at the Chinese ensign that unfurled its great dragon to the breeze at that moment. "Also, Larry, he knows enough to keep his trap shut, which is worth a lot to missionary folks like you an' me. Again, my boy, keep it in your mind that the same wise yap falls easier than most folks. *In hoc signo vinces!* says one of them foreign sharps, which, accordin' to my dope, means that when you're in bad it's a sucker play to sign vouchers agin the bankroll; but there's lots of guys you couldn't never teach that to, no matter how hard you was to try."

Mr. Kingsley sat up on the end of his spine and regarded his elderly *confrère* with interest.

"I've not abided in your refreshing company during these years for nothing," he remarked. "What's doing? What peculiarly pert plan has my ancient friend jolted forth from his cerebrum? Shoot your wad."

Mr. Simpson turned a mildly reproving eye upon his young friend.

"Some of these days, Larry, you're a-goin' to meet up with a man's-size idea right on the public street, an' th' shock is goin' to be so rough that they'll dump you in an ambulance. Your nervous system ain't up to intellectual jolts like these." And he gazed riverward again, shaking his hoary head as if he feared the worst.

There was silence for a time, and then Mr. Simpson went on with his extraordinary reflections:

"Is th' Chinks more artistic than th' Guineas, or does it just happen that we ain't broke to their style? If the Chinks was livin' just over th' Canadian border, would chop-suey make a bigger hit than spaghetti as a pillow-stuffin', or would we soak up more preserved ginger than olive oil—eh?"

Jimmie Kingsley bent a searching look of anxiety on the old gentleman.

"You sound to me like a man that's been smoking a page out of a puzzle-book," he said. "What brand of conversation is that, and why? Do I have to know the answers to all these nut-farm conundrums?"

Mr. Simpson sighed wearily.

"Oh, ferget it!" he said. "All I was gettin' at was whether art was really long, or only long green, an' why art an' money is mostly distant acquaintances instead of twins. If th' first why not interdooce 'em?"

Kingsley began to look alarmed and got up to stand near the other's chair.

"I'll swear you were all right when I peeked at you half an hour ago!" he muttered. "You look just the same, but you've surely got me going with such rummy talk." He came round to the front of his friend's chair and looked again. "I'll be telephoning for a taxi and having myself examined by a good alienist soon." He paused and addressed the clock. "I suppose I'll have to humor him. Come, Rollo, tell Percy what you did with the gingersnaps. Did 'oo feed 'em to the cuckoo clock?" He wagged a finger at Mr. Simpson and that gentleman flushed slowly red.

"You go to blazes!" he snapped. "Here I'm tryin' to cook up a little game to cop th' kale, an' you rave round as nutty as a rube that's bin stung with th' shells. I'm for art—A, double R, T. Art's my front name an' Cush is th' second; an I certainly don't want to be called Arthur either."

Mr. Kingsley stared and slowly shook his head.

"Art, eh?" he commented. "Art!—and you wouldn't know a Sistine Madonna or a Venus de Milo if they waltzed in front of you and did a fire dance."

Mr. Simpson snorted angrily.

"Mebbe not, son," he growled; "but I know enough to play it on the double O. I'm not so fussy about art as some I know; but I've got a live hunch that I can tag her and make her come across with th' doubloons—an' that's more'n some guys can do that knows her well enough to call her 'Babe.' You listen to me, my lad, an' you'll hear somethin' that'll make you take notice."

The young man's manner changed instantly, for he recognized the signs that preceded one of Mr. Simpson's famous coups for the replenishing of the exchequer and the removal of cash from the custody of those who did not know enough to care for it. In the years they had spent together the aged minister of guile had planned many a financial feat, yet never once had the shadow of the law actually fallen across their line of retreat; never once had their numerous operations left more than a faint trace for the hounds of the law to follow more than a block or two; never once had the plans that emanated from Simpson's fertile old brain failed to score heavily. Though the police had many times intuitively guessed at their connection with an affair, proof had always been entirely lacking—and even suspicion had generally failed to point her finger at the pair.

Kingsley could have made a name for himself as a character actor, while Simpson, too old to learn new ways in the direction of honest endeavor, had long been a player of many parts, as must every man who essays the paths of guile. Simpson lay like a humorous and somewhat kindly spider at the center of his web, and moved men and things according to his plan. Kingsley, with no particular initiative ability, was yet the active partner because of his appearance and breeding and his capacity for carrying out orders. Together they made a combination responsible for many an unsolved entry on the blotter at police headquarters.

"There is no guy that falls so easy an' so soft as an American millionaire, Larry," observed Mr. Simpson. "You an' me has proved that a couple of times. It's funny too; because you take a man that's begun life on a dump-pile as chief engineer of a wheelbarrow or nurse to a steam shovel—who's put in twelve hours a day callousin' his hands an' rough-neckin' his soul earnin' twenty-two-fifty a week—an' when he gets a piece of burlap tied round a bundle of dollars, th' custom-house can hardly keep track of th' junk he brings over. He's out for art an' he plays no favorites. A castle or a club—it's all th' same to him. Some gink tells him he's a natural art critic; that th' same talent he used to cheat th' government can be used to pick pictures; that the ability to cast rotten armor-plate gives him a license to back his choice on old armor—an' get stung. Honest, Larry, some of those European sharks ought to get pinched for what they do to our plutocratic pets. One of these moneyed bugs builds hisself a house that he has to hire strong men to live in, an' he fills it with art in gobs, chunks, by th' yard, full o' wormholes an' musty odors, made in Elizabeth Street, with th'

"They Brought You Up Awfully Badly, Didn't They? My Word, Yes!"

rust hardly set yet. I never doped it out just why, unless they're all achin' to show other folks that their early days wasn't confined to pickin' coal off th' tracks or wipin' a bar."

Jimmie Kingsley laughed heartily.

"You're just crazy about the American rich man, I don't think!" he chuckled.

"I'm crazy about his tainted money," retorted the old man. "Anyway, any sucker that butts into a game he don't know deserves to get his. Ever hear of Peter K. Harding, Larry?"

"Steel, banks, Wall Street, cottage at Newport, young daughter fishing three seasons for a title and nothing doing? They say he wrote all the bunco games there ever were; invented the financial hat trick, the blind pool and three orphan asylums and so forth. What about him?"

"I hereby unanimously select Peter K. to head a little private charity list you an' me is gettin' up. Mr. Peter Harding will kindly come across with the check."

The young man fell into a chair with a gasp.

"Suffering snakes!" he cried. "You must be getting flittermice in your campanile! You couldn't get him to buy a gold eagle at nine-ninety-eight! He'd take your collar off and steal your socks while you were trying to sell him a seed catalogue!"

Mr. Simpson did not bat an eyelid. He merely shuffled one section of chin inside the collar and his eyes snapped twice as brightly.

"You heard me!" he announced. "Peter K.'s due to be the goat. He'll feed his spinach to us on a gold plate—an' come pretty near beggin' us to take it too. It wouldn't surprise me if he didn't get real peeved if we wouldn't hook his money. Crazy! Yes, I am—just like a fox." He paused to light a long cigar.

"How's your English dialect, Larry?" he went on. "Ain't forgot that there Piccadilly accent, have you? No. Well, better practice up a spell. An' say, Larry—see that white yacht lyin' over there behind that Chink cruiser? That's yours, son. I give it to you. A present from papa. Take it an' be happy; but don't go too far out of sight of land. It makes father nervous—an' th' water's real damp."

He chuckled softly to himself and regarded Kingsley with a twinkling eye. The latter stared at him.

"Get out!" he exclaimed. "That's Lord Markdale's yacht! He crossed the ocean on her himself."

"Right, fair youth," replied the old man. "And maybe he'll go back on her—who knows? All of which has nothin' to do with us. Ever see him?"

"Who? Lord Markdale?"

"The same."

"No."

"Then take a peek," said Simpson, tossing over the folded paper he had been reading. "That's a pretty good cut of him, I'd say; an' you're enough like him to be his brother, Larry. Hear me? You might be his brother."

"Me?" queried Kingsley.

"You, my lad. Come on over here an' I'll put you wise to somethin'. In th' first place, said noble gent ain't in this neck of th' woods, accordin' to th' scandal sheet there. He's out after 'big game,' as they call it—which don't mean faro, nor yet roulette. Peter K.'s daughter has had her eye on our noble pal, but papa ain't made up his mind to put up th' price yet. The sob-squad sister what writes the society gush for this scandal sheet says that Peter K. has no real compunction against owning a son-in-law with a ruined castle and an ancestry that hikes back to Adam; but that daughter has not yet managed to get a rope over his dukelet's front feet. The chances are that he'll listen to reason in the end. Anyway, Peter is likely to want to do a favor for his prospective-maybe-perhaps-if-he-don't-get-away relative, and at the same time do a neat stroke of business in adding to his collection."

"Then you mean ——" began Mr. Kingsley.

"I sure do; an' now you listen to me." Whereupon Mr. Simpson began to talk and kept it up for the best part of an hour. He laid his plan carefully, tested it for heat, cold and position, administered the acid, explained, ordered and instructed, and finally regarded the admiring features of his young friend with some pardonable pride.

"That sounds pretty good—eh?" he inquired blandly.

"A wonder!" fervently admitted Jimmie. "A sure wonder ——" He paused while Simpson regarded him closely. "Well—but what?" Simpson inquired.

Jimmie displayed an embarrassment entirely out of keeping with his usual manner.

"There's Laughlin ——" he began; but Simpson rose from his chair and shook his finger sternly in the young man's face.

"Now, you stop right there!" he commanded. "That's the only yellow streak you've got, Larry, an' it's as wide as a door. Laughlin, eh? An' it's that thick-neck cop that's on your mind? That flat-hoofed dub couldn't catch up with my gait if you hooked an express train on to him. Some o' these days I'm goin' to send Laughlin a postcard tellin' him that we'll be round at headquarters at noon sharp th' next day to pinch th' clock out of th' main corridor—an' we'll go do it! It'll be a cinch, for he'll have th' whole force up in th' Bronx guardin' a movin'-picture factory from bein' burgled by a burlesque troupe that day. That's about his limit. Don't you bother about Laughlin. He couldn't catch a horsecar on th' Belt Line!"

"My Word, You are a Nailer. Big Man in One Thing, Big Man in All—Eh?"

Mr. Simpson expressed such disgust at the very idea of Inspector Laughlin ever exhibiting an atom of perception that in sheer self-defense Jimmie changed the subject.

"Just go over the last part again, will you?" he asked. "I'm to send a card in, and ——"

"Now wait," begged Mr. Simpson. "Don't you get too slippy about this. There's anything up to a couple of hundred thousand lyin' waitin' to be picked up. We won't pull it off till we get it right. Now we'll take up the main points again. Listen!"

When he had finished the rehearsal he shook his head sadly.

"Now there ain't no 'buts' in this, Larry. I'll be th' goat myself; an' all you've got to do is th' parlor, receive-th'-guests business. You're th' front. By th' Lord Harry, but I wish I had your eddication an' my brain! I'd make Andy Carnegie look like a piker two-dollarin' hisself into a financial decline at th' track. I'd make him feel that his library stunts was about equal to givin' out dime novels at a messenger boys' picnic. However, it ain't your fault that these things don't come to you. I'll just have to go on layin' th' pipe, an' you'll do th' couplin' of it up to th' tank, which in this case is Peter K. Harding, Esquire, New York, Newport, Lakewood and Comeonville. Hustle out now an' telephone Bantry that he'd better get up here an' see me about th' time Mr. Edison turns on th' street lamps. Then you see Schmidt."

Mr. Kingsley telephoned as he had been bid, and then took his hat, stick and gloves from the hall. He was particularly careful about his personal appearance, and with some excuse, for he looked to the manner born, which was one of the reasons Simpson clung so closely to him. Coming back into the room for his handkerchief, he found Simpson writing laboriously upon the back of an envelope.

"You might send this telegram while you're out," he suggested, passing it over. "It's to Matt Bleekman, up at Rye Beach. You remember Matt? He helped us with that Benzury Brothers' bond deal. Matt's playin' gentleman now with a good-sized schooner yacht up on the Sound. I want him to lend us a fast power launch he's got. Savvy? All right, son. Beat it!"

Outside Mr. Kingsley strolled easily along until a passing taxi overtook him, which, hailing, he entered and went off downtown to an address at Third Street and Greenwich. It need hardly be remarked that he knew no one there, but merely had a dislike to letting the chauffeur know where he really was going. When he had paid the man and the cab had disappeared he walked along Third Street toward Broadway until he came to a small and dingy cigar store, into which he dodged. Passing quickly through into the back part of it, he waited until the proprietor came to him.

"Schmidt," was all he said, and the man nodded.

"He'll be back in a minute. Went out for a scuttle of suds."

Almost as he spoke an obviously German personage who just as obviously had only a hearsay acquaintance with barbers and baths, entered with a tin can.

"Hello, Schmidt!" said Kingsley. "How are the Old Masters coming along?"

"Rodden, danks," replied the Teuton.

"Would you like to put a couple across on the plutocratic debasers of the poor?" asked Jimmie easily. "Like to saw off a pair of punks on some wealthy wizard—eh? Just as soon pluck a few piasters from the gizzard of capital, old top?"

The man's heavy eyes glittered malevolently.

"I would song gapidal efery time der chance offers!" he growled. "Some of dese days dere shall be a revolu ——"

"Yes, I know," said Jimmie lightly; "but we haven't time to run over to Cooper Union just now, so the rest of that speech will have to wait. We want to talk about Old Masters—Velasquez, Tintoretto, Titian, Correggio, and what not—our old friend Bill Rembrandt, Muggsy Van Dyck and ——"

"Blease!" 'interrupted Schmidt—"Rembrandt's name was not Pill ——"

"Have it your own way," said Jimmie airily. "They're your friends, not mine. We'd like to get a couple of early Kiplings, and ——"

The German rose and sawed the air savagely with his arm preparatory to speech; but Jimmie went on again:

"Well, then, we'll waive the Kiplings. Now what can you do for us? By the piper, but I believe you take your blessed faking seriously! Well, more power to you. An honest faker, good folks, by my halidom—a right righteous knave! Never mind, let's get down to business. We need about four pretty good pieces of junk—and don't forget the wormholes, Schmidt. We need the wormholes in our business to give an appearance of verisimilitude to the affair. In two words, our sucker won't bite on anything that isn't wormeaten. Once they handed him a cape that no self-respecting moth would touch, and he handed it back to its rightful owner because he thought it was a queer one."

Schmidt smiled crookedly.

"I haf a freunt vot is der best vormhole-maker in dis country. All der finest vormholing dot you fint is hiss. Two dimes haf dey sent him vork from Wenice to vormhole. All vill be right. Vere is der bictures to go?"

"North River. I'll let you know the exact location later. Same price, eh? Don't be greedy now, Paul Rubens."

The other stared, speechless for the moment. Then he burst forth:

"Greety! Gott in Himmel! Olt Masters at elefen tollars per each—und he says 'greety'! Vot sacrilege!"

Kingsley laughed and left the old man shaking his head to and fro like an angry lion and muttering to himself. He walked quietly to Broadway and up that thoroughfare until he came to the intersection of Fifth Avenue, along which he proceeded until he came to the shop of an English tailor. For two hours he amused himself by selecting weird combinations of cloth and cut—garments to proclaim his nationality. When he returned to the apartment he found Simpson studying the Chinese cruiser through a pair of prism glasses.

"Funny!" the old man commented as Kingsley entered the room. "I've been watchin' all afternoon, an' them Chinks ain't hung out a line of wash or beat a gong. I don't understand it at all. Begins to look as if some of these here bird's-nest-soup-rat-pie yarns we bin gettin'

(Continued on Page 45)

WHY WE LEFT THE FARM

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

She Didn't Propose to Work Herself to Death for a Lot of Hired Hands, Even if I Did!

A WELL-TO-DO young farmer of the Middle West, astride a good horse, paced springily out of the barnyard into the wood pasture early one morning in corn-planting time. He had just eaten the kind of a breakfast money cannot buy for the city dweller: strawberries—the pick of the patch, almost as large as after-dinner coffee-cups—with the dew on them, served with the richest and sweetest of cream; country-cured ham—as unlike the city product as a nutmeat is unlike its husk; new-laid eggs; toast, and sweet, golden butter just from the churn; hot, sparkling coffee, with more real cream; finishing up with crisp waffles and clover honey from his own hives.

Horse and master were alike feeling their oats as they drew in great lungfuls of the pure, fragrant air. The wood pasture was velvet-swarded; its trees were very beautiful in their tender new green.

A clear brook sparkled its way in and out among the gentle slopes, and sleek, sleepy cattle were peacefully grazing beside it.

The farmer felt a good deal of pleasure in the ownership of these things. His straightened shoulders and high-held head were the outward signs of an inward I-am-monarch-of-all-I-survey consciousness. Perhaps a thought of how far the grazing cattle would go toward paying for the new "eighty" entered into his satisfaction, but not necessarily. There is more poetry than is suspected by any but his intimates in the make-up of the average farmer, and he loves the beautiful in Nature without dreaming of talking about it, any more than he would publicly express his love for wife and babies.

A brisk trot brought the young farmer to the far gate, opening into the first plowed field. A wiry old plowman, with four big mules and a plow, was turning over the chocolate loam in long, moist waves. As he perceived his employer at the gate he slouched yet farther forward and cracked his long whip over the mules, who sprang onward against the pressing collars with a quickened step. The farmer paused only long enough to measure with his eye the amount of work done and to be sure all was well. Perhaps there was a simple question or suggestion, then he passed on his rounds.

As he trotted along the hedgerows, the violets and spring-beauties smiled up at him; the lark and the dove, the robin and the blackbird, sang to him; while the consciousness of soft young things growing was like a living presence about him.

The Most Independent Man on Earth

WHEATFIELDS covered with a six-inch pile of green rolled away on one hand; clover and timothy hayfields, whose augmented growth since yesterday he could almost recognize at a glance, were on the other. In some fields the tender young corn was just starting through the soil, marking the brown earth off into regular squares, green-starred at every corner. The clicking of the corn-planter near added a rhythm to the soft, still noises of spring.

He passed through field after field, overseeing the work done in each, keeping a master's eye on details and seeing that everything was in good working order all over the place.

Should plowshares become dulled or small accidents occur, he himself, as being most easily spared, would be likely to make the trip to the village blacksmith shop. There he would converse with friends and neighbors who had come to the village on similar errands, and get and read his mail. A day rarely passed without giving him this opportunity for recreation.

However, except in the village and at mealtime, he was in the saddle all day; and when night came he told his wife he was dead tired and dropped into a dreamless sleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow.

Such sleep was not the least of his blessings. It is only induced by healthful exercise in the bright sunshine and pure air, taken without undue haste or sense of worry. No wonder he awoke cheerful and optimistic, satisfied that the "farmer is the most independent man on earth." The thought of another day's work before him was altogether pleasant, for he loved the farm and farming.

His wife rose at four o'clock that morning as usual, hurriedly dressed, quickly built the kitchen fire and had breakfast on the table when the hands returned from feeding their teams and milking. Remember the menu and you will understand that she worked with rapidity.

Breakfast over and the milk strained and put away, ice-box overhauled and the soiled dishes stacked on the kitchen table ready for washing, she hastened to feed and water the chickens and look after the setting hens and incubator. This done, she gathered fruit and vegetables for dinner. She hurried through this task with never a glance at the tempting spring landscape. This was not because she was unappreciative of its beauty, but because her whole mind was centered on finishing this task before the baby should awake and become alarmed at her absence. As she neared the house and heard the expected wail, she quickened her pace into as much of a run as the brimming buckets in her hands would allow. Setting down her pails in the kitchen, she rushed up the stairs and snatched the crying infant from his cozy nest, kissing him, petting him and talking foolishness to the accompaniment of his delighted gurgles all the way down the steps. Such delights, however, must be short-lived. Hastily—always hastily—she bathed, dressed and fed him and put him down to play; then took up the rounds with a glance at the clock that sent her racing through bedmaking, sweeping, dusting, setting to rights—and then back to the hot kitchen. For the kitchen was hot even thus early in the season. There is no such thing as gas in most farming districts, and gasoline stoves are not to be thought of in the preparation of a full meal for hungry farmhands. That would be as absurd as using a sewing-machine oilcan to oil an automobile.

By this time the dirty dishes were even more unpleasant to handle than dirty dishes usually are. If you think they should have been washed immediately after breakfast my advice to you would be not to criticise the routine followed by a farmer's wife unless you know what you are talking about. If she were not an expert of the highest efficiency at her own particular business she could never do the amount of work that she does.

However, she had no time to reflect on any little added unpleasantness in dishwashing. On with the work! In and out of the hot suds and rinsing-pan she put those dishes—no sink to lighten the labor—dried them, put them away, mopped and tidied the kitchen, unendingly drew water and emptied water, cleansed the vegetables, dressed chickens, made hot bread—no handy bakery here—prepared dessert and coffee, and had another delicious meal smoking on the table by twelve o'clock, when her husband and the men trooped hungrily in from the fields.

After dinner she washed the dishes, tended to the baby and put him to bed for his afternoon nap, did such odd jobs as churning, cutting out of the kettle one hundred pounds or so of soap and carrying it to the drying room, picked and canned or preserved the strawberries that had ripened since yesterday, and in the driblet of time remaining between this work and the getting of supper she sped the sewing machine to its wildest limit in an effort to make, for herself and baby, garments that she would never have time to make unless she used such minutes as these, squeezed out of her busy days.

She prepared a hot supper. Men who work in the open must have three hot meals a day—they will all tell you so if you ask them.

If it had been washday or ironing day, or if her baby had been sick or cross, the extra work these circumstances entailed would have been performed by some means. She would have carried the fretting child about in her arms as she worked, and perhaps gone to bed later than usual.

At night when she lay down to rest every muscle and every nerve was throbbing with fatigue, and her harried spirit was in no condition to drop into healthful repose. She was awakened half a dozen times during the night by the fretting of her child and had to soothe it to sleep again before her own slumbers could be renewed. Next morning her broken sleep and the sense of hurry that pursued her even in her dreams left her feeling almost as tired as when she went to bed.

After ten or fifteen years of the above program, when the number of babies had multiplied and she realized that she was as complete a slave as ever wore an iron collar, she loathed the farm and all it stood for to her.

. . . . . .

There seems to be quite a shaking of heads among men deeply interested in the welfare of our land about so many well-to-do farmers moving to town and leaving the highly important business of agriculture to incompetent and land-robbing tenants.

The real reason for this exodus ought to furnish these unselfish patriots food for thought and start them on a campaign for the amelioration of the condition of wealthy farmers' wives. I am quite convinced that in almost every case where such a farmer moves to town the wife is really the cause of his going. A woman of any intelligence will not remain on a big farm today under such conditions as exist on most of them if she has influence enough over her husband to drag him away by either fair means or foul. And her innermost reasons are always the same reasons, no matter what line of argument she uses to convince him—whether it is that the children must be better educated or given better social advantages, or that she fears his health can no longer stand the strain of farm labor.

Fifteen years ago Louis and I were married. He was a capable farmer, as was his father before him, and well-to-do—rich his neighbors called him, because to most farmers in that day a sum of money that needed five figures for its expression meant riches.

What Farmers Sacrifice for Cash

I HAD never lived on the farm, but had both visited and taught in the country. Of course it had not escaped my observation that farmers' wives worked too hard and had too little recreation; in fact I had never known one whose life was not a ceaseless round of work. And the paradoxical thing about it was that the higher up in the financial scale their husbands were, the harder these women worked. The comparatively poor had no hired hands to feed, did not keep so elaborate a table, had fewer chickens, put up little meat and therefore escaped soapmaking, had much less milk and fruit to care for, and, in fact, lived very much as women in the same station live in town. The rich men's wives were the overworked drudges.

It did not occur to me that I could be pushed, driven, dragged or otherwise coerced into doing like these women. Therefore, though I knew Louis' family quite well, I was sure that I should never grow to look like his hardworking mother who was old and wrinkled, or his homely sisters who lacked the grace and daintiness that I meant to keep.

His hale and hearty father was a humorous old despot. He had long ago retired from active work, given to his

grown children a large part of his lands, rented out most of the remainder and spent his abundant leisure in reading, joking his wife, keeping an eye open for any unnecessary expense in the housekeeping, and poking about the farm. Every day he could be seen slowly sauntering about the old orchard or along the hedgerows, ostensibly looking for guinea or turkey nests or stray pigs—in reality, enjoying the beauty and sweetness of all outdoors as everybody who lives in the country should do. I never knew his wife to step out of the yard unless on some pressing errand, and I am sure she never saw, with the inward eye at least, any of the beautiful things that were spread so lavishly before her in every direction. To her husband it was a matter of course that she should be so; he would as soon have expected to see her suddenly get up and dance a hornpipe unannounced as to see her take a walk for the sake of walking and enjoying the scenery. His was a keen and active mind, and he had early emancipated himself from the drudgery of the farm. That his wife needed any emancipation I am sure never occurred to him to the day of his death. And yet he would have indignantly denied, and in very forceful language, that he was other than a good husband. He was a good provider—of food, be it understood; not of nice clothes or furniture or conveniences or any of the pleasant things a normal woman always longs for. I have never known one of these "good providers" who was not also a "hearty eater."

A Matrimonial Venture

HE WAS fond of remarking in his wife's presence that he had given away and rented out his land so he could help his wife with the housework—she had so much to do! This observation never failed to elicit from her a snort of rage which delighted his soul.

He really did wash the dishes sometimes, spattering dishwater impartially over floor, walls and table, and leaving the cooking vessels in such an unspeakable condition of greasiness that he was never allowed to do it except under vigorous protest.

I have seen him mind the baby when its mother was especially busy, at which times it was hard to tell which most rasped the nerves of the distracted woman—the baby's shrieks or his stertorous singing, a duet in which each tried to outdo the other. He would sit with half-closed eyes, the baby's head as likely as not resting on a suspender buckle as it howled, he singing with all his might, but paying no more attention to the baby's comfort than if it had been a feather pillow. When at last the distracted mother snatched the infant from him the look of mild surprise which he cast upon her was belied by the twinkle in his very blue eyes. That her answering look was peculiarly bitter seemed to me at one time a little funny—she was so obviously without a sense of humor; but I have lived to suspect that the sense of humor possessed by many husbands is likely to kill that same sense in the women who have to live with them and endure their humorous remarks and actions.

When Louis and I became engaged there was a good deal of the usual misgiving indulged in on each side of the house.

"Eleanor a farmer's wife! What a joke! She will have to wear her wedding clothes ten years and then make them over for the children," said my flippant young sister.

Or my equally flippant young brother would ask me if I expected to keep a hen to lay eggs for us, and whether I knew which breeds of cows gave sweet milk and which gave buttermilk! And would I carry the butter to town, wearing a slat sunbonnet, as Mrs. So-and-So did? Whereupon he would imitate me doing it, with a comicality that swept the rest of the family with gusts of laughter, even though my gentle mother always looked at me in a troubled way.

"Are you quite sure of yourself, Eleanor?" she asked me timidly one day, for the subject of love and marriage was a very sacred one to her and not to be meddled with, even by a parent.

"Quite sure, mother dear," I replied, with a brave smile and a kiss; and she never hinted further that she had misgivings.

Louis was hearing from his family after this wise:

"If You Did Not Want to Work You Should Not Have Married a Farmer!"

"Eleanor is a nice girl—a very nice girl—but a farmer's wife! She can play the piano, but can she cook? She can entertain you with her conversation, but who will sew on your buttons? You admire her fine clothes now, but how will you like them when you have to foot the bills?"

We cared as little what any of them said as any other young people do under similar circumstances. Life with each other could mean nothing but happiness. We would meet and conquer all its difficulties together. How fortunate it is that young people always look at the glaring sun of reality through the smoked glass of imagination!

We were married early in the year in my city home and springtime found us settled in the new cottage on Louis' farm, everything therein inexpensive, but dainty, tasteful and fresh. There were no conveniences such as the simplest city cottage contains. All water was drawn from a well in the yard; there was no sink in my kitchen—and, of course, no bathroom or furnace, no built-in china-closets, linen-presses or bookshelves; but at that time not half a dozen country houses in our whole county had any of these things, though many of the farms were worth one hundred dollars an acre, and a farm of less than three hundred and twenty acres was scarcely looked upon as a large one.

I did not know much about housework when I married, but I had the true home-loving instinct, a habit of orderliness and abundant energy. Given these, a woman of ordinary intelligence learns what must be learned about housework quickly. I think I must have been born a good cook, descended as I am from generations of Southern women famous for their hospitality; for my cooking was a source of wonder to all of Louis' relatives.

"The best cook in the family!" they declared.

In fact, my entire management was a surprise to them and a source of pride to Louis. That I could maintain my personal daintiness while working in the kitchen was also a matter of frequent remark among them.

I did all my own work, and I worked as hard as any woman ought to have to work; for, aside from the fact that I had no conveniences to lighten my labor, I was learning as I went and often took a dozen steps where one would have answered.

When I displayed my household linen, prepared by my own hands before my marriage, to Louis' mother, she took one of the hemstitched monogrammed sheets in her hands and said scornfully:

"What do you think these will look like after the hired hands have slept on them a while?"

"We will not have the men in the house," I answered quietly. "There are two tenant houses on the farm and it is much better to let them live outside our home."

She smiled pityingly.

"That will do for a year or two; but you will see that Louis will want them in the house after a while. He can get 'em out earlier when they are right in the house and it saves some on their wages."

I put the things away, carefully concealing my resentment and disbelief.

There was nothing in that first summer's experience to make me think she was right. Louis was very tactful and considerate. He had been ready to make many allowances for my ignorance of farm ways—even to endure some positive discomforts; and he watched my progress in housewifely arts with quiet pleasure in the fact that I seemed to be justifying his choice. From the very beginning his home was quite comfortable and he was well fed. He had early provided me with a horse and buggy of my own, and I visited my friends occasionally, drove to church or town when I wanted to do so, and lived a sane, comfortable life.

Face to Face With the Servant Question

TRUE, I worked hard according to the standards of city women; but my work did not take all my time and the beautiful country life compensated me even for the hampering conditions under which I labored. I had always loved the country. Now I never missed strolling out in the late afternoons to the woods and hedgerows. Often Louis went with me and we always came back laden with wild flowers for our rooms. I never failed to return rested, no matter how tired I had been upon starting out. By the evening lamp I read aloud to Louis or played for him, and we were as foolishly happy as young married couples much in love with each other usually are.

I was not bothered with the hands, or with milking, or with the heavy gardening—as was my husband's mother. I did not yet have many chickens or much fruit on the farm. I kept myself and my house immaculate, and pridefully felt that I had solved the farm-life problem easily and well. It makes me smile a little to remember that I thought then that my work would be easier after a while when Louis was able to put modern conveniences in the house. I even thought, if he became very prosperous, that I would find a nice maid to do the hardest work.

I was to face the servant question in the country much sooner than I anticipated. Winter came and my usual good health had quite deserted me. In my buggy Louis and I scoured the surrounding country and neighboring towns for twenty miles in every direction in search of a woman to do housework on the farm. The few unemployed ones "would not work on a farm for anything!" They said the work was too hard and it was too lonesome. Nothing we could promise helped. They one and all refused

"You Have Already Done Enough Work Today to Exhaust a Stevedore. And Your Husband is a ——"

even to consider any proposition we could make. At last we found a timid, ignorant creature, inhumanly treated at home by a cruel stepmother, to whom any condition would be welcome in preference. Her ignorance was abysmal, and the things I had to ignore that she could not or would not learn to do right sometimes rent my heart. My pretty china was smashed; silver spoons were found in the ashes, burned and ruined, and my best napkins were occasionally taken for dishrags when nothing else conveniently offered. I could not discharge her, for I was absolutely unable to work and I knew I could find no one to take her place.

Louis made light of my household tragedies, telling me that Dora was doing the very things he expected me to do when we first started to keep house; and, since he had made up his mind to see those things done, they were not troubling him in the least! When I became really distressed he sympathized with and comforted me as well as he could.

The remembrance of the kindness and patience with which he met every discomfort then was the greatest help to me through the hard years that followed. For I could always realize that the real Louis was a good, kind man, and that only the hard requirements of farm life made him seem different.

A year from the day we moved into our new home our first baby was born. The roads, always in a fearful state at that season of the year, were then quite impassable. We had to send for an ignorant, stupid quack, whose sole recommendation was that he lived five miles nearer than a good doctor. I passed through two days of torment such as I hope even lost souls are not called upon to bear.

Though far more dead than alive when my baby was placed in my arms, I still had consciousness enough left to feel that I could yet "bear all things, endure all things" for this, my own child. Louis voiced the same feeling in his own way a day or two afterward when he said playfully to the baby:

"Well, young lady, this old farm has got to get up and hustle after this to provide for your future."

I did not regain my usual buoyant health that summer. Before baby was two months old my cook had left me. She said she was sick; but the fact was she had learned enough from me to seek a place in town, which she promptly did. We were too busy to hunt for another, feeling—as we did—that the search would be long, if not altogether fruitless.

Had we lived near town, I could have sent out the washing and the sewing and had a woman in once a week to help me clean. As it was, the nearest laundry was twelve miles away, and no woman within five miles of us was poor enough to do other people's work.

When Family Privacy is Impossible

MY HUSBAND had thrown himself into the farming with great vigor; and a sense of fairness, if nothing else, would have spurred me to keep even pace with him and do my part. So I made a study of systematizing my work; I made every movement count, as far as possible, toward some definite end.

My first care was baby. Nothing ever prevented me from keeping her immaculately clean, healthy and happy. That I did not have leisure to enjoy her loveliness, and watch her little mind and body develop hour by hour, grieved me; but I told myself that this was the common lot of mothers. That some who did have the leisure chose to spend it in social dissipations instead was to me unthinkable.

Besides doing the housework as I did the summer before, I was also trying to raise chickens enough for our own use. A man born and bred on the farm would as soon think of buying champagne for his table as chickens, though nobody likes to eat them better than he. Louis had bought me an incubator and a brooder, and I was highly successful with them. They took up more of my time than the old setting hens, but were less unpleasant to handle.

The young fruitvines we had planted the last year were now bearing. Abundant strawberries, raspberries and blackberries were to be picked. What we could not eat I must can or preserve. When I say I canned or preserved fruit I am dealing in terms of gallons and bushels—not the tiny glasses or pint jars town women mean when they talk of canning. Moreover, it was all done over a hot wood range; and the carrying of the wood and water necessary was not the least part of the work. Though Louis usually filled the wood-box and the water-bucket before leaving the house, they both seemed to be empty always.

"If the house were to catch fire this bucket would be the first thing to burn," he would sometimes good-naturedly grumble as he picked up the empty pail and started for the well.

Some of the men in the community were not so considerate of their wives. I had one neighbor—a second wife—whose husband, an ex-legislator called "highly educated" because he was a university man, was reputed to be worth seventy thousand dollars. Their cookstove was so old and dilapidated that three of its four legs were gone and had been replaced by bricks, and it leaked ashes at every pore. He would never have her wood cut and she was too proud to cut it herself. I have been in her kitchen when she had one end of an old tree-branch stuck in the stove for fuel, the rest of the branch projecting halfway across the room and supported by two chairs. As the end in the stove burned off, the remainder was gradually fed into the fire until the supporting chairs could be safely removed. Then another branch was brought into requisition. Poor woman! She is now dead, like her predecessor; and their well-preserved husband is industriously seeking a third wife.

I went absolutely nowhere that summer. The spring was late, and during the first rush of plowing my buggy horse was impressed—and somehow it was never convenient to restore her to me. On Sunday Louis professed to be too tired to go to church and I did not insist on going. Secretly I preferred to spend this precious leisure in the intimate companionship of my baby or in reading when she was asleep. Louis spent the day in riding over the farm and planning the week's work. We had to give up reading together in the evening as my work was never done before bedtime. My work-hardened hands refused to do my bidding at the piano, so I scarcely ever attempted to play. I passionately loved music, and to have to give it up was one of my most disheartening experiences. Of course we never had time for the pleasant walks in the woods and along the hedgerows now. We had a large, shady yard, and for her health's sake I kept baby out-of-doors most of the time; but neither of us ever got outside of the yard.

That winter Louis bought the adjoining one hundred and sixty acres that he had often spoken of needing. The next spring, when hiring the new hands, he said to me:

"Eleanor, can't we let two of the men eat in the house for the next three months? They can sleep over the toolshed and you will not be bothered with them except at mealtime. I can get all the men out earlier if part of them are right here with me." At my dismayed look, he continued: "You know we have got to work harder to pay for that land."

So we took to getting up at four o'clock and there were four extra men to feed instead of two. They brought mud and bad odors into the house; they only half washed their faces and hands and wiped the rest of the dirt on the kitchen towels, so I was obliged to change them after every meal. They ate in a slovenly manner, so my table no longer presented its usual attractive appearance. What little conversation they held was about crops and crop conditions. Our dining room had become only a part of the farm workshop.

I had begun to suggest modern improvements for the house immediately after starting housekeeping and mentioned them again and again as the work grew heavier, but was always told to "wait until we get out of debt." Now it is a fact that hardly any of the big farmers are ever out of debt. When they nearly approach that happy state there is always a new piece of land to buy or new improvements in farm buildings or equipment to make. Rarely indeed is a sum large enough to provide bath, kitchen sink, furnace and lights forthcoming for the home. The farmhouse is really the most important workshop on the place and invariably the poorest provided with labor-saving machinery—this in spite of the fact that the women of the family must do the work in the house, while that elsewhere is done by hired laborers.

"I Shall Leave the Farm; With Louis if I Can, Without Him if I Must"

I began to look pretty bad. Aside from the fact that I no longer had the time to dress as carefully as before, to arrange my hair becomingly or fix the little accessories that add so much to a woman's appearance, I was so tired all the time that I looked positively ill. Louis felt called upon to remonstrate.

"You work too hard by trying to keep things so clean. Let things go more. Eat off an oilcloth. Let the men eat their dessert on their plates. That is better than they are used to."

That we should have to eat off the oilcloth, and mix our pudding with the meat and vegetables on our own plates, did not seem to occur to him to be an objection to the plan.

We had an unusually good crop that year. We nearly paid for the one hundred and sixty acres in the fall, and Louis promptly bought eighty more, three miles from home. He also went to market and bought feeders—cattle to fatten on the abundant corn we had raised that summer. This necessitated keeping hands in the house all winter, as feeding requires great care—else much money may be lost. Of course the men could not sleep over the toolhouse in winter; so I had to prepare two extra bedrooms for them. After the democratic manner of farmers, they sat in our living room when not at work. The farm had now invaded the whole house. We had not so much privacy in our family life as boarding-house keepers.

All this time I hired help in the house whenever I could get anybody, which was not often. Nor did they stay with me long when I did get them. "The work is too hard" was their invariable excuse. In vain I pointed out to them that they did not do nearly so much as I was compelled to do when I had no help, for I was never idle even when they were with me. One of them remarked witheringly that that was no skin off of her nose. She didn't propose to work herself to death for a lot of hired hands, even if I did!

The Tragedy of a Kitchen Sink

LOUIS was not the least bit stingy about paying house-servants. He always wanted me to have them if they could be gotten without losing time from the farm work. Since the first summer of our marriage he had never done any of the laborious work. Superintending the farm took all his time. All manual labor was delegated to the men employed for that purpose. This was right and proper. The point is, conditions on the farm were such that he could get workers and I couldn't.

I had gradually gotten into the ways of other country people; and a glance at conditions on the farm will show that these ways are almost a necessity. Fruit and vegetables have to be raised in abundance to supply the farm table if these things are ever to appear there fresh, and it would be wanton mismanagement to throw away the surplus and buy inferior canned stuff for winter. You have to kill your own hogs to have hams, bacon and lard of the best quality. After the nightmare of hog-killing time is safely over, the unused fat must be made into soap or utterly wasted. Turkeys, chickens and eggs must be supplied for the table. It is very little more trouble to provide enough to make a big showing in paying the grocery bill. Milk and butter are used abundantly for the home. Skimmed milk is absolutely essential to the well-being of the young pigs. Who would think of feeding the cream to them, also, instead of making it into golden butter for the market-basket?

In fact, the greater part of my neighbor women paid all grocery bills with these things; and some of them even had enough left to buy some longed-for piece of furniture occasionally.

It was about this time that I began to feel the strain of farm life in my spirit. Heretofore, though I usually went to bed so tired that every bone and muscle in me ached, my discomfort was almost wholly physical. I adored my husband and my baby. We had good health and no worries for our financial future. My husband's ambition was so great that he had swept me along with him in his plans and I uncomplainingly accepted my part in them. I can truthfully say I never shirked either what he expected of me or what I expected of myself. In this way I carried a bigger burden than I should if I had abandoned myself to either his ideas or my own. He would have been comparatively satisfied with a disordered home, a slovenly looking wife and a dirty baby, so long as the hands were well fed at the proper time. I must do menial service for his laborers because he expected it of me; but I must keep myself, my child and my house neat and clean because I expected that of myself. I dared not relax my efforts here. I had long ago dropped every diversion I had ever had. Now, when he, already owning more than five hundred acres of land, promptly bought eighty more without providing me even a kitchen sink, my spirit broke a little.

(Continued on Page 28)

THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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XX

ARNOLD sprang to his feet. It was significant that, after his first surprise, he spoke to Fenella with his head half turned toward his companion and an encouraging smile upon his lips. "I had no idea that we were coming here," he said. "We should not have thought of intruding. It was your chauffeur who would not even allow us to ask a question."

"He obeyed my orders," Fenella replied. "I meant it for a little surprise for you. I thought that it would be pleasant, after your drive, to have you call here and rest for a short time. You must present me to your friend."

Arnold murmured a word of introduction. Ruth moved a little in her seat. She lifted herself with her left hand, leaning upon her stick. Fenella's expression changed as though by magic. Her cool, good-humored but almost impertinent scrutiny suddenly vanished. She moved to the side of the motor car and held out both her hands.

"I am so glad to see you here," she declared. "I hope that you will like some tea after your long ride. Perhaps you would prefer Mr. Chetwode to help you out?"

"You are very kind," Ruth murmured. "I am sorry to be such a trouble to everybody."

Arnold lifted her bodily out of the car and placed her on the edge of the lawn. Fenella, a long parasol in her hand, was looking pleasantly down at her guest.

"You will find it quite picturesque here, I think," she said. "It is not really the river itself that comes to the end of the lawn, but a little stream. It is so pretty, though, and so quiet. I thought you would like to have tea down there. But, my poor child," she exclaimed, "your hair is full of dust! You must come to my room. It is on the ground floor here. Mr. Chetwode and I together can help you so far."

They turned back toward the house and passed into the cool white hall, the air of which was fragrant with the perfume of geraniums and clematis. On the threshold of Fenella's room they were alone for a moment. Fenella was summoning her maid. Ruth clung nervously to Arnold. The room into which they looked was like a fairy chamber, full of laces and perfume and fine linen.

"Arnold," she whispered, "you are sure that you did not know about coming here?"

"I swear that I had no idea," he answered. "I should not have thought of bringing you without telling you first."

Then Fenella returned and he was banished into the garden. At the end of the lawn he found Mr. Weatherley half asleep in a wicker chair. The latter was apparently maintaining his good spirits.

"Glad to see you, Chetwode," he said. "Sort of plot of my wife's, I think. Your young lady friend in the house?"

"Mrs. Weatherley was kind enough to take her to her room," Arnold replied. "We have had a most delightful ride and I suppose it was dusty, although we never noticed it."

Mr. Weatherley relit his cigar, which had gone out while he dozed.

"Thought we'd like a little country air ourselves for the week-end," he remarked. "Will you smoke?"

Arnold shook his head.

"Not just now, thank you, sir. Is that the river through the trees there?"

Mr. Weatherley nodded.

"It's about a hundred yards down the stream," he replied. "Bourne End is the nearest station. The cottage belongs to my brother-in-law—Sabatini. I believe he's coming down later on. Any news at the office yesterday morning?"

"There was nothing whatever requiring your attention, sir," Arnold said. "There are a few letters that we have kept over for tomorrow, but nothing of importance."

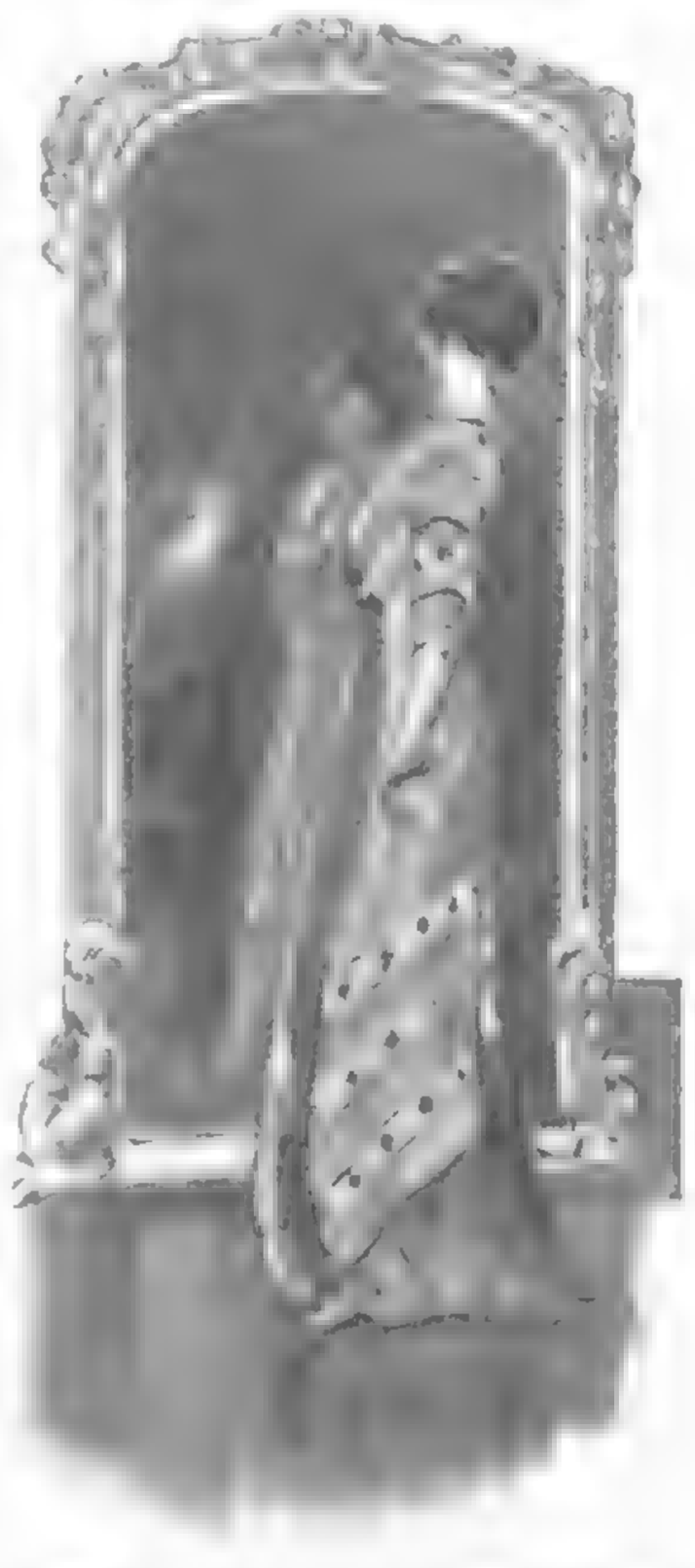
Mr. Weatherley pursed his lips and nodded. He asked a further question or two concerning the business and then turned his head at the sound of approaching footsteps. Ruth, looking very pale and fragile, was leaning on the arm of a man-servant. Fenella walked on the other side, her lace parasol drooping over her shoulder, her head turned toward Ruth, whose shyness she was doing her best to melt. Mr. Weatherley rose hastily from his chair.

"God bless my soul!" he declared. "I didn't know—you didn't tell me——"

"Miss Lalonde has been a great sufferer," Arnold said. "She has been obliged to spend a good deal of her time lying down. For that reason today has been such a pleasure to her."

He hurried forward and took the butler's place. Together they installed her in the most comfortable chair. Mr. Weatherley came over and shook hands with her.

"Pretty place, this, Miss Lalonde, isn't it?" he remarked. "It's a real nice change for business men like Mr. Chetwode and myself to get down here for a little quiet."



"I Looked in the Glass and Even My Vanity Was Satisfied"

"It is wonderfully beautiful," she answered. "It is so long since I was out of London that perhaps I appreciate it more even than either of you."

"What part of London do you live in?" Fenella asked.

"My uncle and I have rooms in the same house with Mr. Chetwode," she replied. "It is in Adam Street, off the Strand."

"Not much air there this hot weather, I don't suppose," Mr. Weatherley remarked.

"We are on the top floor," she replied, "and it is the end house nearest to the river. Still one feels the change here."

Tea was brought out by the butler, who was assisted by a trim parlormaid. Fenella presided. The note of domesticity that her action involved seemed to Arnold, for some reason or other, quaintly incongruous. Arnold waited upon them and Fenella talked all the time to the pale, silent girl at her side. Gradually Ruth overcame her shyness; it was impossible not to feel grateful to this beautiful, gracious woman who tried so hard to make her feel at her ease. The time slipped by pleasantly enough. Then Fenella rose to her feet.

"You must carry Miss Lalonde and her chair down to the very edge of the lawn where she can see the river," she told Arnold. "Afterward I am going to take you to see my little rose-garden. I say mine, but it is really my brother's, only it was my idea when he first took the place. Mr. Weatherley is going down to the boat-builder's to see some motor launches—horrible things they are, but necessary if we stay here for the summer. Would you like some books or magazines, Miss Lalonde, or do you think you would care to come with us if we helped you very carefully?"

Ruth shook her head.

"I should like to sit quite close to the river," she said shyly, "just where you said, and close my eyes. You don't know how beautiful it is to get the roar of London out of one's ears and to be able to hear nothing except these soft summer sounds. It is like a wonderful rest."

They arranged her comfortably. Mr. Weatherley returned to the house. Fenella led Arnold through a little iron gate to a queer miniature garden, a lawn brilliant with flower-beds ending in a pergola of roses. They passed underneath it and all around them the soft, drooping blossoms filled the whole air with fragrance. At the end were the river and a wooden seat. She motioned to him to sit by her side.

"You are not angry with me?" she asked a little timidly.

"Angry? Why should I be?" Arnold answered. "The afternoon has been delightful. I can't tell you how grateful I feel."

"All the same," she said, "I think you know that I laid a plot to bring you here because I was curious about this companion of yours, for whose sake you refused my invitation. However, you see I am penitent. Poor girl, how can one help feeling sorry for her! You forgive me?"

"I forgive you," he answered.

She closed her parasol and leaned back in her corner of the seat. She seemed to be studying his expression.

"There is something different about you this afternoon," she said. "I miss a look from your face, something in your tone when you are talking to me."

Arnold shook his head.

"I am not conscious of any difference."

Fenella laughed softly, but she seemed even then a little annoyed.

"You are not appreciating me," she declared. "Do you know that here, in the wilderness, I have put on a Paris muslin gown, my best white shoes and white silk stockings—of which you can see at least two inches," she added, glancing downward. "I have risked my complexion by wearing no hat, so that you can see my hair really at its best. I looked in the glass before you came and even my vanity was satisfied. Now I bring you away with me and find you a seat in a bower of roses, and you look up into that elm tree as though you were more anxious to find out where the thrush was singing than to look at me."

Chetwode laughed. Through the raillery of her words he could detect a certain half-girlish earnestness that seemed to him delightful.

"Try to remember," he said, "how wonderful a place like this must seem to any one like myself who has spent day after day for many months in Tooley Street. I have been sitting up on the hills listening to the wind in the trees. You can't imagine the difference when you've been used to hearing nothing but the rumble of drays on their way to Bermondsey."

She looked up at him.

"You know," she declared, "you are rather a mysterious person. I cannot make up my mind that you are forced to live the life you do."

"You do not suppose," he replied, "that any sane person would choose it? It is well enough now, thanks to you," he added, dropping his voice a little. "A week ago I was earning twenty-eight shillings a week, checking invoices and copying letters—an errand boy's work; pure, unadulterated drudgery—working in a wretched atmosphere, without much hope of advancement or anything else."

"But even then you leave part of my question unanswered," she insisted. "You were not born to this sort of thing?"

"I was not," he admitted; "but what does it matter?"

"You don't care to tell me your history?" she asked lazily. "Sometimes I am curious about it."

"If I refuse," he answered, "it may give you a false impression. I shall tell you a little if I may. A few sentences will be enough."

"I should really like to hear," she told him.

"Very well then," he replied. "My father was a clergyman; his family was good. He and I lived almost alone. He had an income and his stipend, but he was ambitious for me. By some means or other, while I was away, he was led to invest all his money with one of these wretched bucketshop companies. A telegram fetched me home unexpectedly just as I was entering for my degree. I found my father seriously ill and almost broken-hearted. I stayed with him and in a fortnight he died. There was just enough—barely enough—to pay what he owed, and nothing left of his small fortune. His brother, my uncle, came down to the funeral, and I regret to say that even then I quarreled with him. He made use of language concerning my father and his folly that I could not tolerate. My father was very simple and very credulous and very honorable. He was just the sort of man who becomes the

prey of these wretched circular-mongering sharks. What he did, he did for my sake. My uncle spoke of him with contempt, spoke as though he were charged with the care of me through my father's foolishness. I am afraid I made no allowance for my uncle's peculiar temperament. The moment the funeral was over I turned him out of the house. I have no other relatives. I came to London sooner than remain down in the country and be found a position out of charity, which is, I suppose, what would have happened. I took a room and looked for work. Naturally I was glad to get anything. I used to make about forty calls a day on chance. I called at your husband's office in Tooley Street and accepted a situation."

Fenella nodded.

"I thought it was something like that," she remarked. "Supposing I had not happened to discover you, I wonder how long you would have gone on."

"Not much longer," he admitted. "To tell you the truth, I should have enlisted but for that poor little girl whom I brought down with me this afternoon."

His tone had softened. There was the slightest trace of a frown upon her face as she looked along the riverside.

"But tell me," she asked, "what is your connection with her?"

"One of sympathy and friendliness only," he answered. "I never saw her till I took the cheapest room I could find at the top of a gaunt house near the Strand. The rest of the top floor is occupied by this girl and her uncle. He is a Socialist agitator engaged on one of the trades-union papers—a nervous, unbalanced creature on fire with strange ideas—the worst companion in the world for any one. Sometimes he is away for days together. Sometimes when he is at home he talks like a prophet, half mad, half inspired, as though he were tugging at the pillars that support the world. The girl and he are alone as I am alone, and there is something that brings people very close together when they are in that state. I found her fallen upon the landing one day and unable to reach her rooms, and I carried her in and talked. Since then she looks for me every evening and we spend some time together."

"Is she educated?"

"Excellently," he answered. "She was brought up in a convent after her parents' death. She has read a marvelous collection of books and she is very quick-witted and appreciative."

"But you," she said, "are no longer a waif. These things are passing for you. You cannot carry with you to the new world the things that belong to the old."

"No prosperity should ever come to me," he declared firmly, "in which that child would not share to some extent. With the first two hundred pounds I possess—if ever I do possess such a sum," he added with a little laugh—"I am going to send her to Vienna, to the great hospital there."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Two hundred pounds is not a large sum," she remarked. "Would you like me to lend it to you?"

Arnold shook his head.

"She would not hear of it," he said. "In her way she is very proud."

"It may come of its own accord," she whispered softly. "You may even have an opportunity of earning it."

"I am doing well enough just now," he remarked, "thanks to Mr. Weatherley, but sums of money like that do not fall from the clouds."

They were both silent. Fenella seemed to be listening to the murmur of the stream. Arnold's head was lifted to the elm tree, from somewhere among whose leafy recesses a bird was singing.

"One never knows," she said softly. "You yourself have seen and heard of strange things happening within the last few days."

He came back to earth with a little start.

"It is true," he confessed.

"There is life still," she continued, "throbbing sometimes in the dull places, adventures that need only the strong arm and the man's courage. One might come to you, and adventures do not go unrewarded."

"You talk like your brother," he remarked.

"Why not?" she replied. "Andrea and I have much in common. Do you know that sometimes you provoke me?"

"I?"

She nodded.

"You have so much the air of a conqueror," she said. "You look as though you had courage and determination. One could see that by your mouth. And yet you are so much like the men of your nation, so stolid, so certain to move along the narrow lines that convention has drawn for you. Oh, if I could," she went on, leaning toward him and looking intently into his face, "I would borrow the magic from somewhere and mix a little in your wine so that you should drink and feel the desire for new things; so that the world of Tooley Street should seem to you as though it belonged to a place inhabited only by inferior beings; so that you should feel new blood in your veins, hot blood crying for adventures, a new heart beating to a new music! I should like, if I could, Mr. Arnold, to bring those things into your life."

He turned and looked at her. Her face was within a few inches of his. She was in earnest. The gleam in her eyes was half provocative, half a challenge. Arnold rose uneasily to his feet.

"I must go back," he said a little thickly. "I forgot that Ruth is so shy. She will be frightened alone."

He walked away down the pergola without even waiting for her. It was very rude, but she only leaned back in her chair and laughed. In a way, it was a triumph!

XXI

RUTH was still alone and her welcome was almost pathetic. She stretched out her arms—long, thin arms they seemed in the tight sleeves of her worn gown. She had discarded her carefully mended gloves, and her hands were bare.

"Arnold," she murmured, "how long you have been away!"

He threw himself on the grass by her side.

"Silly girl!" he answered. "Don't tell me that you are not enjoying it?"

"It is all wonderful," she whispered; "but can't you see that I am out of place? When could we go, Arnie?"

"Are you so anxious to get away?" he asked lazily.

"In a way, I should be content to stay here forever," she answered. "If you and I only could be here—why, Arnold, it is like Heaven! Just close your eyes as I have been doing—like that. Now listen. There isn't any undernote, none of that ceaseless, awful monotony of sound that seems like the falling of weary men's feet upon the eternal pavement. Listen—there is a bird singing somewhere in that tree, and the water goes lapping and lapping and lapping as though it had something pleasant to say, but was too lazy to say it. And every now and then if you listen very intently you can hear laughing voices through the trees there from the river, laughter from people who are happy, who are sailing on somewhere to find their city of pleasure. And the perfumes, Arnold! I don't know what the rose-garden is like, but even from here I can smell it. It is wonderful."

"Yet you ask me when we are going," he reminded her.

She shivered for a moment.

"It is not my world," she declared. "I am squeezed for a moment into a little corner of it, but it is not mine and I have nothing to do with it. She is so beautiful, that woman, and so gracious. She talks to me out of pity, but when I first came she looked at me and there was a challenge in her eyes. What did it mean, Arnold? Is she fond of you? Is she going to be fond of you?"

He laughed a little impatiently.

"My dear Ruth," he said, "she is my employer's wife. She has been kind to me, I think, because she is naturally kind, and because lately she has not found among her friends many people of her own age. Beyond that there is nothing, there is never likely to be anything. She mixes in a world where she can have all the admiration she desires, and all the friends."

"Yet she looks at you," Ruth persisted in a troubled tone, "as though she had some claim; as though I, even poor I, were an interloper for the tiny share I might have of your thoughts or sympathy. I do not understand it."

He touched her hand lightly with his.

"You are too sensitive, dear," he said, "and a little too imaginative. You must remember that she is half a foreigner. Her moods change every moment and her expression with them. She was curious to see you. I have tried to explain to her what friends we are. I am sure that her interest is a friendly one."

A motor horn immediately behind startled them both. They turned their heads. A very handsome car, driven by a man in white livery, had swept up the little drive and had come to a standstill in front of the hall door. From the side nearest to them Count Sabatini descended and stood for a moment looking round him. The car moved on toward the stables. Sabatini came slowly across the lawn.

"Who is it?" she whispered. "How handsome he is!"

"He is Mrs. Weatherley's brother—Count Sabatini," Arnold replied.

Sabatini came very slowly and, recognizing Arnold, waved his gray Homburg hat with a graceful salute. He was wearing cool summer clothes of light gray with a black tie. Even after his ride from London he looked immaculate and spotless. He greeted Arnold kindly and without any appearance of surprise.

"I heard that you were to be here," he said. "My sister told me of her little plot. I hope that you approve of my bungalow?"

"I think that it is wonderful," Arnold answered. "I have never seen anything of the river before—this part of it, at any rate."

Sabatini turned slightly toward Ruth, as though expecting an introduction. His lips were half parted; he had the air of one about to make a remark. Then suddenly a curious change seemed to come over his manner. His natural ease seemed to have entirely departed. He stood stiff and rigid, and there was something forbidding in his face as he looked down at the girl, who had glanced timidly toward him. A word—it was inaudible, but it sounded like part of a woman's name—escaped him. He had the appearance, during those few seconds, of a man who looks through the present into a past world. It was all over even before they could appreciate the situation. With a little smile he had leaned down toward Ruth.

"You will do me the honor," he murmured, "of presenting me to your companion?"

Arnold spoke a word or two of introduction. Sabatini pulled up a chair and sat down at once by the girl's side. He had seen the stick and seemed to have taken in the whole situation in a moment.

"Please be very good-natured," he begged, turning to Arnold, "and go and find my sister. She will like to know that I am here. I am going to talk to Miss Lalonde for a time if she will let me. You don't mind my being personal?" he went on, his voice soft with sympathy. "I had a very dear cousin once who was unable to walk for many years, and since then it has always interested me to find any one suffering in the same way."

There was a simple directness about his speech that seemed to open the subject so naturally that Ruth found herself talking without effort of her accident and the trouble it had brought. They drifted so easily into conversation that Arnold left them almost at once. He had only a little distance to go before he found Fenella returning. She was carrying a great handful of roses that she had just gathered, and to his relief there was no expression of displeasure in her face. Perhaps, though, he reflected with a sinking heart, she had understood!

"Your brother has just arrived," he announced. "I think that he motored down from London. He wished me to let you know that he is here."

"Where is he?" she asked.

"He is on the lawn, talking to Miss Lalonde," Arnold replied.

"I will go to them presently," she said. "In the meantime you are to make yourself useful, if you please," she added, holding out the roses. "Take these into the house, will you, and give them to one of the women."

He took them from her.

"With pleasure! And then if you will excuse us ——"

"I excuse no word that is spoken concerning your departure," she declared. "Tonight I give a little fête. We change our dinner into what you call supper and we will have the dining table moved out under the trees there. You and your little friend must stop, and afterward my brother will take you back to London in his car or I will send you up in my own."

"You are too kind," Arnold answered. "I'm afraid ——"

"You are to be afraid of nothing," she interrupted mockingly. "Is that not just what I have been preaching to you? You have too many fears for your height, my friend."

"We will put it another way then. I was thinking of Miss Lalonde. She is not strong, and I think it is time we were leaving. If you could send us as far as the railway station ——"

"There are no trains that leave here," she asserted; "at least I never heard of them. I shall go and talk to her myself. We shall see. No, on second thought, she is too interested. You and I will walk to the house together. That is one thing," she continued, "that I envy my brother, that makes me admire him so much. I think he is the most charmingly sympathetic person I ever met. Illness of any sort, or sickness, seems to make a woman of him. I never knew a child or a woman whose interest or sympathy he could not win quickly."

"It is a wonderful thing to say of any man, that," Arnold remarked.

"Wonderful?" she repeated. "Why, yes! So far as regards children at any rate. You know they say—one of the writers in my mother's country said—that men are attracted by beauty, children by goodness and women by evil. It is of some such saying that you are thinking. Now I shall leave these flowers in the hall and ring the bell. Tell me, would you like me to show you my books?"

She laid her fingers upon the white door of her little drawing room and looked at him.

"If you do not mind," he replied firmly, "I should like to hear what Ruth says about going."

This time Fenella frowned. She stood looking at him for a moment. Arnold's face was square and determined, but there were still things there that she appreciated.

"You are very formal today," she declared. "You give too many of your thoughts to your little friend. I do not think that you are treating me kindly. I should like to sit with you in my room and talk to you of my books. Look, is it not pretty?"

She threw open the door. It was a tiny little apartment in which all the appointments and the walls were white, except for here and there a little French gilded furniture of the best period. A great bowl of scarlet geraniums stood in one corner. Though the windows were open the blinds were drawn, so that it was almost like twilight.

"You won't come for five minutes?" she begged.

"Yes!" he answered almost savagely; "come in and shut the door. I want to talk to you—not about your books.

Yes, let us sit down where you will. That couch is big enough for both of us."

The sudden change in Arnold's manner was puzzling.

"What is it you want?" he asked. "Do you want to make me believe impossible things? You look at me from the corners of your eyes and you laugh. Do you want to make use of me in any way? You're not a flirt. You are a wife and a good wife. What is it you want?" He leaned toward her. "Do you want me to kiss you? I should like to do it. Only afterward ——"

"Afterward what?"

"I would do what I should have done if your husband hadn't taken me into his office—I would enlist," he said. "I mayn't be particularly ambitious, but I've no idea of hanging about, a penniless adventurer, dancing at a woman's heels. Be honest with me. At heart I do believe in you, Fenella. What is it you want?"

She leaned back on the couch and laughed. It was no longer the subtle, provoking laugh of the woman of the world. She laughed frankly and easily, with all the lack of restraint to which her twenty-four years entitled her.

"My dear boy," she declared, "you have conquered. I give in. You have seen through me. I am a fraud. I have been trying the old tricks upon you because I am very much a woman, because I want you to be my slave and to do the things I want you to do and live in the world I want you to live in, and I was jealous of this companion for whose sake you would not accept my invitation. Now I am sane again. I see that you are not to be treated like other and more foolish young men. My brother wants you. He wants you for a companion; he wants you to help him in many ways. He has been used to rely upon me in such cases. I have my orders to place you there" she pointed to her feet. "Alas that I have failed!" she added, laughing once more. "But, Mr. Arnold, we shall be friends?"

"Willingly," he answered with an immense sense of relief. "I have spoken to you in a moment of sanity, but—well, you are the most compellingly beautiful person I ever saw, and compellingly beautiful women have never made a habit of being kind to me, so please ——"

"Don't do it any more," she interrupted. "Is that it?"

"As you like."

"Now I am going to put a piece of scarlet geranium in your buttonhole, and I am going to take you out into the garden and hand you over to my brother and tell him that my task is done, that you are my slave, and that he has only to speak and you will go out into the world with a revolver in one hand and a sword in the other, and wear any uniform or fight in any cause he chooses. Come!"

"It's a fact," Arnold said, as they left the room, "that I don't know of any man that I admire as much as I do your brother, but I am almost as afraid of him as I am of you."

"One who talks of fear so glibly," she answered, "seldom knows anything about it."

"There are as many different sorts of fear as there are different sorts of courage," he remarked.

"How we are improving!" she murmured. "We shall begin moralizing soon. Presently I really think we shall compare notes about the books we have read and the theaters we have been to, and before we are gray-headed I think one of us will allude to the weather. Now isn't my brother a wonderful man? Look at that flush upon Miss Lalonde's cheeks. Aren't you jealous?"

"Miserably!"

Sabatini rose to his feet and greeted his sister after his own fashion, holding both her hands and kissing her on both cheeks.

"If only," he sighed, "our family had possessed morals equal to their looks, what a race we should have been! But, my dear sister—a question of taste only—you should leave Paris gowns at home when you come to my bungalow."

"You men never altogether understand," she replied. "Nothing requires a little artificial aid so much as Nature. It is the piquancy of the contrast, you see. That is why the decorations of Watteau are the most wonderful in the world. He knew how to combine the purely, exquisitely artificial with the entirely simple. Now to break the news to Miss Lalonde!"

Ruth turned a smiling face toward her.

"It is to say that our fête day is at an end," she said, looking for her stick.

"Fête days do not end at six o'clock in the afternoon," Fenella replied. "I want you to be very kind and give us all a great deal of pleasure. We want to make a little party—you and Mr. Chetwode, my brother, myself and Mr. Weatherley—and dine under that cedar tree just as we are. We are going to call it supper. Then afterward you will have a ride back to London in the cool. Either my brother will take you or we will send a car from here."

"It is a charming idea," Sabatini said. "Miss Lalonde, you will not be unkind?"

She hesitated only for a moment. They saw her glance at her frock, the little feminine struggle, and the woman's conquest.

"If you really mean it," she said, "why, of course, I should love it. It is no good my pretending that if I had known I should have been better prepared," she continued, "because it really wouldn't have made any difference. If you don't mind ——"

"Then it is settled!" Sabatini exclaimed. "My young friend Arnold is now going to take me out upon the river. I trust myself without a tremor to those shoulders."

Arnold rose to his feet with alacrity.

"You get into the boathouse down that path," Sabatini continued. "There is a comfortable punt in which I think I could rest delightfully, or if you prefer to scull I should be less comfortable, but resigned."

"It shall be the punt," Arnold decided, with a glance at the river. "Won't any one else come with us?"

Fenella shook her head.

(Continued on Page 40)

"I Had a Very Dear Cousin Once Who Was Unable to Walk for Many Years"

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The Case of Morse

NEARLY five hundred thousand persons are now locked up in penal institutions of the United States on sentences ranging from one day to life. If each of them possessed money, influence and an energetic publicity bureau, so that his case was sympathetically exploited in the newspapers and pressed upon the pardoning powers, probably our prison population would be reduced by fifty per cent.

It is sad that an elderly, ailing man, who has already undergone bitter humiliation and who has but a short time to live, should be in prison. It is sad that his innocent family should suffer with and for him. But we suppose nobody ever regarded prisons as institutions calculated to promote joy. The same kind of sorrow emanates unceasingly from every one of them.

We don't know that punishment tends to prevent crime, and we don't think anybody else knows; but society must do something to express its disapproval of crime, and punishing the criminal is the universal method. Scarcely any statutory crime is more injurious to society than bank-wrecking—no other crime brings more suffering to innocent people. Pardoning Morse, the bank-wrecker, was a humane act; but he was able to get the pardon not because he had not been a great criminal, or because he was sick, or because he had an innocent family—but because his crime was of the genteel sort and he had influence. If he had blown open a post-office safe and abstracted the registered mail he wouldn't have been pardoned.

Sham Profit-Sharing

IN THE census year 1909 over six and a half million wage-earners were employed in manufacturing, and their average wage was five hundred and eighteen dollars a year. Take the total value of manufactured products, deduct the cost of raw materials used, the wages and salaries paid, the miscellaneous expenses, such as power, light, and so on; then deduct eight per cent of the capital invested and distribute all the surplus as increased wages or as profit-sharing among the wage-earners. The average wage would still be but a trifle over fifty dollars a month.

There is very little genuine profit-sharing with wage-earners in the United States or anywhere else. What is called by that name is often nothing more than an opportunity to invest in the stock of the company. In other cases it means only a modest distribution of profits above a certain amount, that really adds but little to the average income of the employees in the establishment.

However, no possible scheme of profit-sharing at present is sufficient to usher in immediately that Golden Age for labor which some enthusiasts imagine. The manufactures themselves must yield more. Goods must be made and distributed at lower cost before even a runabout is within the reasonable expectation of the average wage-earner.

Far-Fetched Fears

SENATORIAL objection to the arbitration treaties rests upon the following assumptions: That Great Britain or France, having solemnly ratified these compacts of peace and good will with us, will demand that we submit to arbitration three things which the whole world knows we do not consider arbitrable—these things being the Monroe Doctrine, our immigration laws, and assumption by the Federal Government of debts contracted by the Southern states during secession; and that, Great Britain or France having made these unconscionable demands, two out of the three eminent citizens of the United States whom the President appoints as our members of the joint high commission will decide against their own country and in favor of the unconscionable English or French claims.

Great Britain or France might as well object that, having entered into these treaties, the United States will demand that these countries submit their tariff laws to arbitration and that two out of three of their joint high commissioners will side with the United States in making that claim. No such objection was raised by those countries, because they were not looking for far-fetched, hypothetic and practically unimaginable cases of bad will on our part and of idiocy or treachery on the part of their own high commissioners. What they were looking for was a good opportunity of furthering the world's peace.

Gambling in Foodstuffs

THE usual bill has been introduced in Congress to prevent gambling in foodstuffs. It is a very drastic measure on its face, prohibiting the transmission or handling in any way of any message by mail or wire that refers to a speculative transaction in grain or provisions. If it were enacted and enforced a man who wished to take a flyer in May wheat would have to do business with his broker exclusively by word of mouth, pay over the margin in banknotes and receive his profits in currency—if by any possibility he had a profit to receive.

Undoubtedly the bill will not be passed. Undoubtedly it would never be enforced if it were passed. A great many bills to prevent or restrict gambling in foodstuffs and stocks have been framed, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether any of them will work.

New York's experience shows how gambling in stocks can be reduced to comparatively harmless proportions. Probably the same method could be applied to board-of-trade gambling—we mean it could be taxed out of existence. New York levies a very small tax on every transfer of stock—enough to raise a little revenue for the state, but not enough to shut out the great bulk of Stock Exchange transactions which amount simply to bets on the market. No doubt a transfer tax, high enough to accomplish that purpose but not so high as to impose any material handicap upon legitimate investment, could easily be devised. A very small transfer tax on grain would discourage the rank and file of operators who play for a rise or fall of a cent a bushel, without seriously handicapping the legitimate grain trade.

Nothing Venture, Nothing Gain

THE choicest British securities were cheaper last year than ever before in this generation. Government bonds sold below seventy-seven cents on the dollar. The Irish Land Loan fell to a discount of twenty-two per cent. India, London County Council and Transvaal bonds, all bearing three per cent interest, declined.

This was not due to any scarcity of investible capital, for England absorbed during the year nine hundred million dollars of publicly issued securities, excluding all mere refunding issues. Only one-sixth of this amount, however, went into securities issued in the United Kingdom. Over one-sixth went to Canada. Three hundred million dollars went into issues by governments or corporations in British colonies and dependencies. Five hundred million dollars went to foreign, non-British soil—issues by corporations in the United States alone taking a hundred million dollars.

In four years the publicly issued securities brought out and subscribed for in England have amounted to four billion dollars; but much the greater part of this sum has gone abroad. The reason, of course, is that the foreign securities on the whole pay better interest. In the last quarter-century England has lost a huge sum in poor foreign investments; but she still prefers to take some risk and get some interest, rather than invest at three per cent and be perfectly safe. England is, of course, the greatest investing country in the world. On the whole, she finds it profitable to venture with a chance of gaining.

Modern Methods in Washington

A YEAR ago last June, Congress appropriated a hundred thousand dollars for a commission to study the subject of efficiency in Government departments. By simply pointing out that some departments were spending several hundred thousand dollars a year for hand copying which could be done at one-fourth the cost by modern office devices, this commission saved more than the total sum appropriated to maintain it.

The commission found that in one department the cost of handling incoming mail was under six dollars a thousand pieces; in another department it was over eighty dollars a thousand pieces. These are the averages for the departments; but individual bureaus in the departments show a still greater variation in the cost of doing nearly the same kind of work in nearly the same volume.

The Government spends approximately a billion dollars a year and employs over four hundred thousand persons. In a private enterprise of anything like the same magnitude there is coördinated management. If a new device or method is tried in one office and works well its use is immediately required in all other offices doing the same sort of work; so the whole concern gets the benefit of any improvement that is invented or introduced anywhere along the line. In the Government there has never been anything even approaching this coördination. A bureau in the north wing of a building may be doing a given piece of work by improved methods at a cost of six dollars a unit, while a bureau in the south wing continues to do the same work by antiquated methods at a cost of sixty dollars a unit. It has never been anybody's business to find out what any other department or even any other bureau is doing. Nobody had any money to spend for that purpose.

Now genuine economy always costs something. It is something to be bought and paid for—whether in the Government or in a private concern. The Government has been buying a little of this commodity and finding it a highly profitable purchase.

Government Telegraphs

GOVERNMENT ownership of any public utility is, of course, purely a matter of expediency. Will the public get better service or a lower price? Will labor get better wages?

Twenty years ago the latter question would commonly have been answered in the affirmative. It was held that if the Government should take over the railroad and telegraph lines more men would be employed and higher wages paid than under private ownership, because the Government is always bidding for votes. More recent experience, both here and abroad, makes this theory decidedly less plausible. Our Government certainly is not a prodigal employer. Its largest employment of labor is in the Navy and Post-Office Departments, consisting of navy-yard mechanics, postal clerks, letter carriers, railway-mail clerks and rural-free-delivery carriers. Complaints of long hours and meager pay are frequently heard in those quarters. Abroad, both in France and Italy, the government has taken against strikers who were government employees far more drastic action than would have been used against strikers in private employment. If our Government owned the telegraph lines and the employees struck they would probably find themselves immediately confronted with bayonets. We do not think that labor, by and large, is any better off under government ownership than in private employment.

The question of rates and service to the public remains. Certain utilities, such as the express business, no doubt could be more advantageously operated by the Government than by private owners. In every case it is simply a question of expediency, to be studied on its merits. Government ownership in itself is neither a panacea nor a deadly upas tree. It is merely one method of performing a given piece of work, which may be advisable in some cases and not advisable in others.

The Competitive Doctor

EMINENT members of the medical profession sympathize with the theory which Robert Herrick eloquently supports in his latest novel, The Healer—namely, that the practice of medicine should be a function of the state or of endowed institutions; so that no doctor would need to depend for his livelihood upon private fees—and an opulent old gentleman whose only real ailment was a bad temper would no longer monopolize the services of two skilled practitioners while twenty indigent persons who actually needed medical attention went without it.

The theory cannot be universally popular in the profession, however, for it would leave a goodly number of physicians and surgeons without an occupation. Here is a city with not less than half a dozen medical schools, each more or less actively competing with the others for students. The best of them is not too good—the worst just manages to keep its head above the waterline of a complaisant state law which is laxly enforced. They are poorly equipped and have second or third rate faculties; but they are able to compete, after a fashion, and they turn out their quotas of graduates, duly authorized to compete to the best of their ability. Even in the matter of life and death we still think very highly, on the whole, of competition.

Probably the motive of social service, as contrasted with that of private gain, already obtains more largely in medicine and surgery than in any other profession; and the great triumphs of the profession in recent years usually have been achieved in pursuit of service rather than in pursuit of gain.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Saxophony and Success

UPON an occasion, some fleeting years ago, the late Daniel Webster made a speech at Rochester, New York. History does not record what the late Daniel had in mind originally to elucidate to the assembled multitude; but history does record that he devoted his brief oratory to an eloquent if somewhat inspissate discourse on the glories of the Falls of the Genesee then, as now, falling not far from the point of utterance which, if my reading serves me right, was a balcony in Reynolds Arcade.

The late Daniel, having been exhilarated by a view of the falls—and by a few other things—cast to the winds whatever of philosophy he had previously determined to impart to his avid hearers and concerned himself with the falls, telling his audience redundantly, but none the less effectively, that the glory that was Greece had no Falls of the Genesee, or eke the grandeur that was Rome. Hence, he concluded that Rochester, New York, had an edge on both Greece and Rome.

And, as time goes by, we are constantly discovering other things we proudly possess that neither Greece nor Rome had, nor any settlement of ancient days. We are a superior people -unique, one might say, when it comes to having things no nation, past or present, can put down in a recapitulation of advantages and increments. As proof, I could cite a hundred instances—nay, a thousand; but I shall content myself with one glittering citation—and I make this boldly and without fear of successful contradiction.

'Tis here: Since time began we have had lawmakers. The entire endeavor of one branch of every community has been to make laws to hamper the freedom of the remaining branches; but show me—and I hurl defiance to all the world—show me the nation that has or had a lawmaker who plays or played a saxophone in the band! Show me! Ransack history and scan the commentaries of the present day. I challenge all and sundry. There is none such—none such—save one! We've got one—one!—grand, melodious and expert. I refer, it is almost unnecessary to state, to the Honorable Carl Carey Anderson, representative in Congress, from Fostoria, Ohio, who confers this distinction on the United States of America.

Do you see it now? Imperial Rome, in her most imperious days, never had a lawmaker who played a saxophone; nor did glorious Greece or dusky Egypt, or any other nation, people, civilization, or cycle whatsoever. He stands alone—Carl Carey Anderson, saxophone soloist in the Fostoria Silver Cornet Band; a distinction, I should say, that merits and shall receive adequate celebration.

You remember the saxophone, of course—the convoluted, not to say anfractuous, instrument that the man on the extreme left of the lineup of the Musical Mokes uses for comedy effects. After the mokes have done Il Trovatore, the man with the saxophone invariably relieves the situation by saying: "I will now give you an imitation of a cow!"—which he does via the saxophone. Also, the saxophone is of great utility in supplying a background for the flautist—musical-critic slang for flute-player—in Titl's Serenade. So you can see it is a great instrument—the saxophone. And—just think—we have a member of Congress who plays one in the band!

Would Like to be a Giraffe

NOR is that his only achievement. Carl Carey Anderson does not depend on one accomplishment to justify his eminence in the councils of the nation. He was at one time the most successful salesman of union underwear in the country, and he has a record as a joiner that makes Representative Ezekiel Candler, of Mississippi, with his string of affiliations, look like a hermit with no social aspirations. Carl Carey Anderson is a member, as he points out in his autobiography, of the Odd Fellows, the Mystic Shrine, the Maccabees, Knights of Pythias, Modern Woodmen, Home Guards, Musicians' Union, and a delegate to the Fostoria Trades and Labor Council. In addition, he belongs to the Elks, the Moose, the Owls and the Eagles, and intends to join the Rabbits, the Bullfrogs, the Giraffes and the Hummingbirds as soon as those fraternities shall be organized.

Anderson's genius with the saxophone was first recognized, congressionally, in the Sixty-first, which was the Congress before the present one. He had been mayor of Fostoria for two terms, during which time he continued his efforts in the underwear line—which efforts, by-the-way, brought him recognition in the trade as the king of union-underwear dispensers. The Sixty-first Congress was a Republican institution, captained by one Uncle Joseph Cannon, since retired from the quarterdeck; and Anderson is a Democrat. Nevertheless, the man who can play the saxophone, and who can sell more union underwear than any other protagonist of that pleasing cult, charmed the majority with his music and his conversation to such an appreciable extent that he secured for his district as many pensions and increases of pensions as any other member of Congress—which is going some; and also he grabbed off three public buildings, while other less musical statesmen had to be content with two—and some received none.

The secret of continued political success in this great country of ours lies in getting things for the folks back home—in extracting from the Treasury money that shall be expended in the district. Young Mr. Anderson knew this; and, knowing, he counted that day lost that did not allow him to export a little small change from the big building at Fifteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue to the Thirteenth Ohio District. When it so happened that there was no small change, or large, to be had Anderson devoted his efforts to seeing to it that each voter in his district had garden seeds and copies of the horse book and other truck dear to the heart of the rural constituent.

Also, he wrote letters. Any voter in his district who did not hear, along affectionate "My dear Bill" lines, from Anderson at least once a month had a legitimate kick coming. The ordinary representative keeps one or two stenographers and typewriters busy; but the representative who plays the saxophone uses twelve—and then has to work nights to let all on his list hear from him. The result was a perfectly natural triumph of mail over matter, for the voters of his district turned in when it came time to send men to the present Congress and reelected Carl Carey Anderson by a plurality of almost fifteen thousand, which is the greatest plurality ever given to a Democratic representative in Ohio, they say.

Carl Carey has a little precept that directs his movements, and that precept is as follows: "Be courteous and friendly with every one—but not modest. Modesty won't get any one anywhere!" And isn't that the truth? This world is stuffed with shrinking violets who might have grown to sunflowers but for their innate modesty. What this country needs is men who are not afraid to proclaim to the public their virtues of mind and character. There is too little of this projection of self into the arena. Our politics is speckled with men who are so diffident and verecund they never say a word about themselves or their achievements. Mr. Anderson is striving to bring about a change in this feature of our politics. "Modesty," as he well says, "won't get any one anywhere!"

Anderson, as he tells us in his biography, began life as a newsboy and bootblack, which occupations he followed from the age of seven or eight to ten or twelve. By the time he was sixteen he had earned and saved enough money to buy his mother a house. He worked in the railroad yard in Fremont, Ohio, when he was fifteen, and stayed in various railroad capacities until he began selling union underwear. That was the time he moved to Fostoria. As he well says, "Fostoria began to move ahead as soon as I went there, and it's been a good town ever since!"—which is a very good illustration of Mr. Anderson's idea of the futility of modesty in dealing with these larger problems.

He was mayor of Fostoria twice, in which capacity he acted as police magistrate. He refused to fine the drunks—or, when he did fine one, he sent the amount of the fine home to the drunkard's family.

"Pooh!" said a leading attorney of Fostoria. "A police court with Mayor Anderson on the bench is a farce comedy!"

"Better," retorted the mayor, with that readiness that characterizes all his utterances—"far better a farce comedy in the police court than a tragedy in a poor man's home!"

Which line of conversation and action and various other side and similar lines explain why the Thirteenth Ohio District is distinguished above all other districts in all other states by being so ably represented by a saxophonist; and also it helps a lot in ferreting out the reasons for that fifteen-thousand plurality.

Twelve Overworked Stenographers Write His Letters

Poor Teamwork

RECENTLY there was a little dinner in New York, given by the friends of Oscar S. Straus, the diplomatist, who was Secretary of Commerce and Labor for a time under President Roosevelt. Not many were present and all made speeches. When it came Colonel Roosevelt's turn he said:

"Mr. Straus was Secretary of the great Department of Commerce and Labor. I put him at the head of that department because I wanted the very best man in the country for the place. When I selected him I did not consider his race or his religion. I did not care whether he was French or German or a Jew, or what his politics was—or anything like that. I selected him because I thought he would make a great secretary, and was not influenced by any consideration of race or religion, or any political expedient. And he justified my choice."

Whereupon there were great cheers. The next speaker was Jacob H. Schiff, the financier. Mr. Schiff is quite deaf. He rose and said:

"I am glad to have had something to do with the selection of Mr. Straus as Secretary of Commerce and Labor. When Mr. Roosevelt was president he sent for me and told me he desired to name the most prominent and most able Hebrew citizen of New York for Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and asked me to help him select the man ——"

And Mr. Schiff does not know yet why he was interrupted with roars of laughter, in which the Colonel joined.

The Message to Nelson

THOMAS W. JOHNSTON, Junior, of the Kansas City Star, arrived safely at his hotel in Munich and desired to cable that fact to Baron Nelson, the owner of the Star, in Kansas City. So he wrote this cablegram: "Nelson, Kansas City. Safe; well. Johnston." Then he handed it in at the telegraph bureau in the hotel.

Half an hour later Johnston came downstairs and found a group of hotel employees surrounding the gold-laced head porter, who held the cablegram in his hand.

"What's the matter?" asked Johnston.

The head porter answered with much dignity:

"This telegram; yes; I understand not; yes; there is no state; yes; what state? yes; I know my America; yes; what state? yes; it must be so."

"Oh, that's all right," said Johnston. "Send it along. There's only one Kansas City. Kansas City, you know—just like New York and New Orleans."

There was another long and solemn discussion in German. Finally the telegraph operator seized the message and a look of great wisdom spread over his face.

"Ach!" he said. "I, the operator, now comprehend."

It was necessary for the operator to telephone the cablegram to the central office. He did so while Johnston listened, like this: "A cablegram; yes; I will read: 'Nelson, Kansas City—New York—New Orleans ——'"

Growing Little Folks

Require certain food elements for the best development of body and brain.

Sometimes these are lacking in every-day food, and many a child is thin and pale instead of plump and rosy.

Such children show quick improvement when given the right kind of food.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

is especially helpful to growing children because it contains the needed elements, such as Phosphate of Potash—the vital tissue salt of brain and nerve matter—frequently lacking in the ordinary diet.

A regular morning dish of Grape-Nuts and cream is an ideal breakfast for growing little folks, supplying the right food elements in the right way.

Children like the sweet, nutty taste of Grape-Nuts food and thrive upon it.

"There's a Reason"

Read the "Road to Wellville" in packages of Grape-Nuts.

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Windsor, Ontario, Canada

THE HEART EXCHANGE

Continued from Page 11

Wicks put out his hand and let it rest for a moment on her bright brown head.

"You poor little orphaned kid, you!" he said, and there was a world of sympathy and tenderness in his voice and in his gimlet eyes. "Never you mind, Annie—you mustn't mind my calling you by your first name. It's a habit we have in newspaper offices and shows that you belong to the sacred inner circle of the Up-Against-It Club. We're all failures here and members in good standing. I'm the honorary president. I'm just an old newspaper man. I'm harmless. You don't have to be afraid of me. And I'm not going to speak about your hard luck any more. But just remember this much: Any time the going gets heavy for you hoist the signal of distress and the boys in this office will see you over the rough spots in the road—that is, if I'm not here, or if I should die or something. Of course you'll come to me first. You know I throw my money away anyhow; and—by the way, where do you live?"

She told him.

"Walk home?" queried Wicks. "Of course—naturally," he continued, without waiting for her reply. "Carfare's an item. I'll graft a book of free tickets from the street-car company for you tomorrow. Can't have you walking home at one o'clock in the morning. Well, good night. . . . Don't mind me, Annie. I get mad forty times a day, but I'm harmless. . . . And any time you're up against it remember you belong to our club. You're entitled to full benefits. . . . Certainly; it's all right. . . . Good night."

At the foot of the stairs Wicks paused, looking sadly out into the deserted street.

Something splashed on his hand. It was a tear.

"Oh, I'm a dirty, low, good-for-nothing hound!" he snarled, apropos of nothing. "I'm a blooming, blasted cynic, with a shriveled soul; and I'm getting old and nobody cares—not even myself any more. I wish I was dead."

. . . . . .

A year dragged its slow course athwart the trail of human events. It found Mr. Wicks unchanged and still a total abstainer. The other men on the Herald were making a book on how long he would last. The end of the year found Annie Coyle still plugging in on the board with her left hand—and making good. Wicks, after that second interview, never spoke to her again save in the strict line of business. Their conversation was limited to such interchange as: "Get me the chief of police, Annie," and "There's your party, Mr. Wicks."

Every week for forty weeks Annie Coyle came to Mr. Wicks' desk and laid an envelope thereon. Mr. Wicks always swept the envelope savagely aside and never looked up from his work. Came a day when the last of the forty dollars was repaid and Annie Coyle reminded him that the debt was paid in full.

"More any time you want it," snapped Mr. Wicks, and didn't even look up from his work. She glanced at him a little sadly for a moment and went back to her board.

Another year passed; and on a day when all the world seemed bursting with the exuberance of spring Wicks came down to the job at one o'clock and found a note on his desk. It was from Annie Coyle, and this is what Mr. Wicks read:

Dear Mr. Wicks: My two-year contract expired yesterday and I am now free to get married. I will stay a month longer if you desire and break in my successor. Very sincerely, ANNIE COYLE.

"Suffering saints!" gasped Mr. Wicks weakly, and sat down very hard in his swivel chair. For fully ten minutes he was absolutely motionless; and when he rose finally the bitter, sneering expression round his mouth had intensified fifty per cent. He sought out the managing editor.

"I'm all in," said Mr. Wicks complainingly—"just simply worn to a razor edge. I can't stand another day of this grind, chief. I see big black spots when I read copy and I'm as jumpy as a bullfrog. I simply must have a few weeks off!"

"All right, Wicksy, old man," replied the managing editor. "Come back when you're feeling fit."

Mr. Wicks put on his hat, went downstairs and across the street to the nearest saloon, from which it will very readily be seen that the downhill pull had arrived once more.

At five o'clock Annie Coyle came on duty; and when she saw the new city editor sitting in at Mr. Wicks' desk she appeared worried.

"Is Mr. Wicks ill?" she asked. "This isn't his day off. What's the matter?"

Mr. Wicks' successor pro tem. grinned knowingly.

"No, Mr. Wicks is not ill not yet. He's stood it as long as he could, but something had to give. He's fallen off the chariot."

"I don't understand," said Annie Coyle, beginning to be a little frightened. "Was he in a runaway?"

The city editor pro tem. laughed at her sweet innocence.

"Bless your heart, Annie," he said, "but you are unsophisticated. Mr. Wicks is on his annual spree."

"Oh! Oh!" gasped Annie Coyle, and fled to the telephone room. Scarcely had the door closed behind her when Mr. Wicks came up the stairs with a firm and steady tread. As he entered the room he started to pull off his coat, just as he had done every day for fifteen years. He hung it on the wall above his desk and when he was ready for business he spoke to the city editor pro tem. just a single word:

"Skip!"

The deposed one looked up in frank amazement.

"I thought you had gone away for a vacation!" he said.

"I've had my vacation. I've rested four hours. Let me have that assignment book—and go out and get your dinner. I have a big story to shoot you out on this evening."

Wicks sat in once more at his desk and fell furiously to work, fully conscious of the fact that the clicking of typewriters in the local room had absolutely ceased; that the staff was staring in open-eyed wonder at the phenomenon of his return—sober. Presently he looked up and his baleful eye swept from one end of the room to the other.

"Yes," he said sneeringly; "I'm back again—and back to stay! Now that we all realize the fact, suppose we proceed to get busy and get out a newspaper."

The crash of type-bars instantly testified to the efficacy of Wicks' hint, and the city editor permitted a cold, sardonic grin to flicker round the corners of his mouth. Wicks put his telephone receiver to his ear. A minute passed, but Annie Coyle did not answer. Mr. Wicks banged impatiently on the receiver hook—and another minute passed. Still no reply from the exchange operator. So Mr. Wicks crossed the floor with quick, incisive steps and burst like a cyclone into the telephone booth.

Annie Coyle was not visible, and Wicks paused in sheer amazement to contemplate the rapidity with which things went to the dogs the minute his back was turned.

Suddenly he heard a sound that made his blood run cold. It was a sob. Gingerly Wicks tiptoed to the exchange station and peered over the top of it. Annie Coyle was seated at her post of duty, but her arms were outspread over the keyboard; and with her head buried in her arms she was crying very softly, while the little signal lights on the board winked and blinked unheeded.

This, then, was the reason why Wicks could not get his number; and on the instant his tensed nerves slacked suddenly. Tears Mr. Wicks had seen a-plenty in his day. He was used to scenes of woe, but this was different. It was terrible to see Annie Coyle crying. Wicks couldn't bear it. So he stepped softly round the switchboard and gently patted her wet cheek where it loomed up through the maze of rebellious brown hair.

"Buck up now, Annie," he said clumsily. "Come now, Annie. Really, this is very tough. Indeed it is. What's the matter, Annie? Somebody been giving you a calling down? You tell your Uncle Wicks who did it, and if it was anybody but the chief himself I'll have his scalp served with onions. Cheer up, Annie—there's a good girl ——"

Annie Coyle raised her head very suddenly, wiped her eyes with a wisp of a handkerchief and stared hard at Mr. Wicks.

"Why—I—they—that is, I understood you'd left to ——"

"To get drunk—eh?" Wicks finished the sentence for her and smiled grimly. "Well, I didn't, Annie. I wanted to, and

"We will have a quiet little dinner; that's all."

YET that's quite enough in this case, because the informal 'phone invitation comes from a really clever hostess who knows how to make the most of moderate circumstances.

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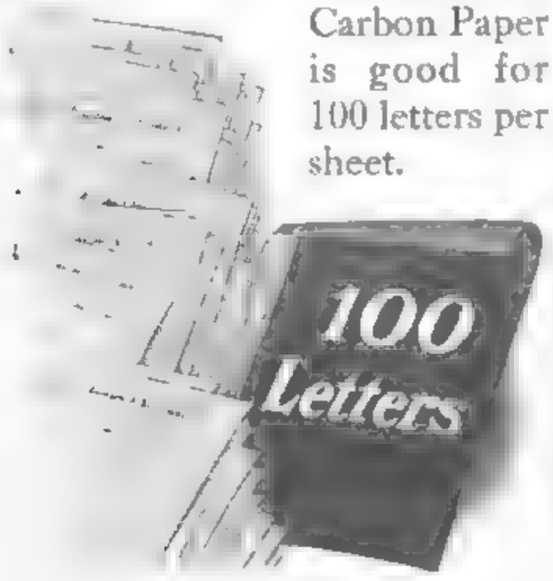

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for a few hours I thought I was going to; but—well, I didn't. I thought that, perhaps, if I stayed on the waterwagon you'd ask me to dance at your wedding, or let me give you away, or do something to please you. Now tell me what you've been crying about. Has Mr. Man been cutting up and worrying you?"

"Yes," said Annie Coyle faintly. Once more she hid her face on the keyboard.

"Going to marry him anyhow?" queried Wicks. "Of course you know your own business, Annie, and it's rude of me to interject myself into the matter; but well, you must be careful, Annie. It wouldn't do for you to get a man who wouldn't be very tender and kind to you."

"No," replied the girl; "I'm not going to marry him."

"Why?" demanded Wicks.

"Because he doesn't love me," sobbed Annie Coyle. "Nobody could love a girl with one ——"

"Oh, yes, he could, Annie," interjected Wicks swiftly. "That's just where you're very badly mistaken. I love you, Annie and I never think of your hands. I only know you've got a soul. However, I'm not going to bore you by forcing my regard on you; so cheer up and ——"

He was bending over her, striving in his man's fashion to instill some small measure of comfort into her unhappy heart. Unconsciously he lowered his head until it was almost on a level with hers; and, as he spoke, her arm—that poor little right arm—came swiftly upward and round his neck—oh, so tightly!

"I meant you," softly whispered the girl. "And I was—crying because you—wouldn't see—I loved you! You wouldn't pay any attention to me; and—they said you—that you ——"

It was too much for Mr. Wicks. That Annie Coyle, in the full possession of her senses, could descend to loving him was preposterous! His rough cheek was close to hers—so warm and soft and velvety; and to the man's hungry soul the touch seemed almost sacrilege.

Swiftly, almost savagely, his arms went round her, lifting her to her feet and pressing her to him.

"You poor little starved heart!" he breathed gently. "I've loved you—ah, Annie, how I've loved you!—from the moment I met you hungry in the street that night two years ago. I'm a kind of a lonesome, stray dog, Annie, and I didn't know—I didn't dare to dream — "

He paused to kiss her, marveling much at the greatness and the wonder of it all. And as for Annie Coyle—well, Annie could understand. Out of the bitterness of her lot she had learned many things; but *she* had dared to dream—and now it had all come true.

"I love you so!" she whispered contentedly. "You are good and kind; and oh, I want somebody to be kind to me and pet me and say foolish little things to me, because I'm ——"

"Don't," pleaded Mr. Wicks—"Don't, Annie. I've learned to love you—that way—and I'm selfish. I wouldn't have it otherwise, I fear. There'll always be that little lost hand to draw me back to you, sweetheart; and God knows it drew me back tonight. I'm through, Annie. I'll never touch another drop while I live. I'll be too busy making you happy even to think about it." He took her little left hand in his and kissed it very reverently. "Anyhow," he whispered brightly, "the wedding ring belongs on this finger. I've got a few thousands saved up, and there's a little country daily upstate that I can take over. It's good for ten thousand a year under live management, with a job printing office attached. We'll both quit tonight and let somebody else break in the new operator. And tomorrow—suppose we turn that vacation of mine into a ——"

"Honeymoon?" queried Annie, her eyes wide with adoration.

Wicks beamed. The old, bitter, sneering expression was gone from his mouth forever, for in his soul there was the peace that passeth understanding. And as he went reluctantly back to his desk, leaving Annie Coyle to plug in on the belated calls, Wicks forgot that he was growing old—for somebody cared now! He sat in his old swivel chair and commenced to dream of love and life and the years of service stretching ahead, until he forgot all about the downhill pull and the big black spots on his copy, remembering only that God had been very, very good to him. And his heart was filled to overflowing.

Queen Quality Tobacco

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The ***Queen Quality*** brand of granulated tobacco grows on quality soil. This is what makes it so rich, so mellow, so flavorsome. If any of your friends smoke ***Queen Quality*** sooner or later they will tell you about it. But the quickest way to enjoy it is to go right to a tobacco store and say, "Mister, I live in Missouri, way down on the sunny side, and I want to try the *big blue bag* for a nickel."

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You'd better hurry—some stores close early!

5c *for the Big Blue Bag*

F. B. Penn Tobacco Co.

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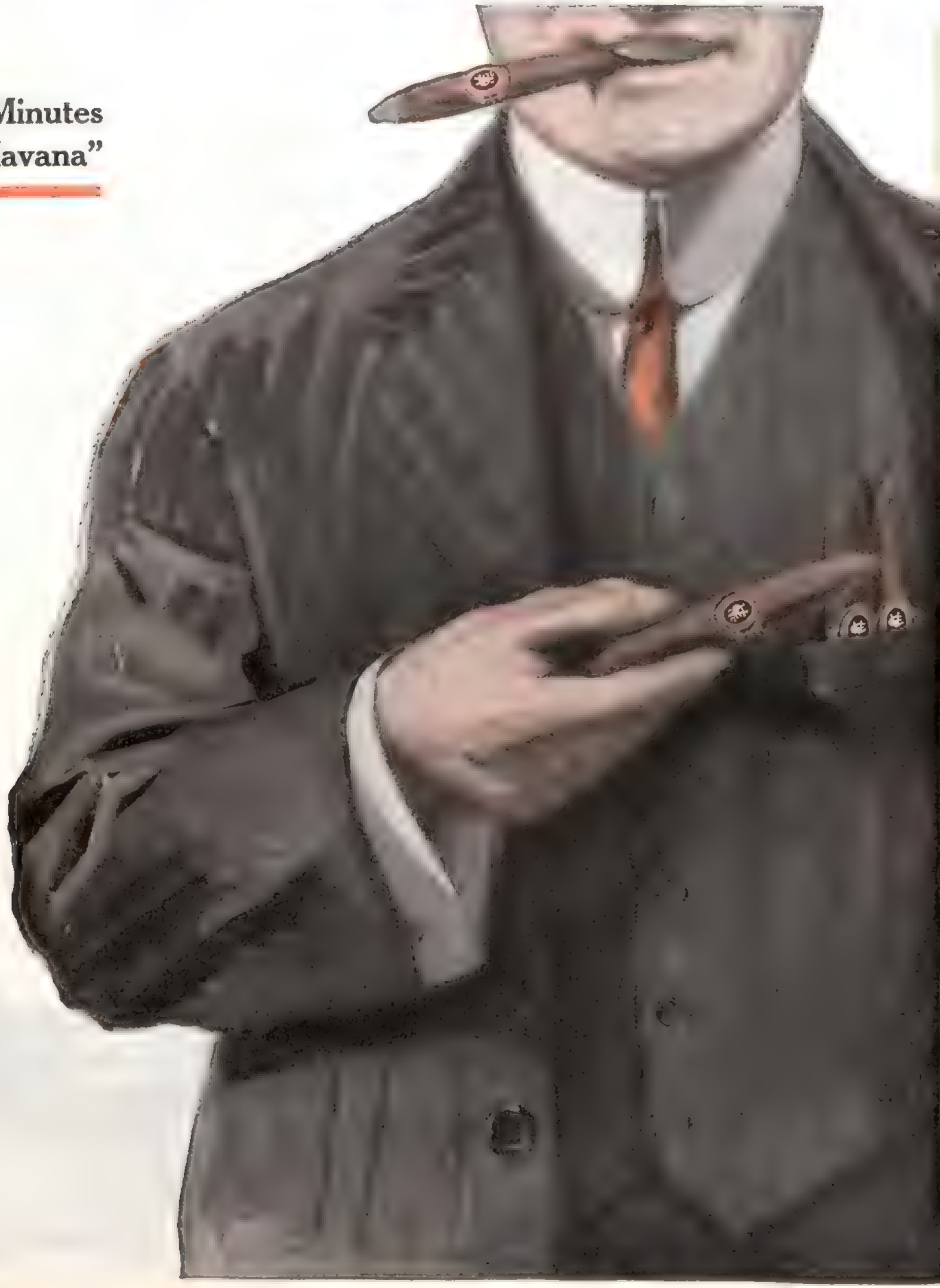

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The French Exposition excelled notably in arts and industries. Its *Grand Prix* was the most coveted honor that ever attracted piano-makers. Exhibits included the leading makes of the world.

On the jury were twenty eminent musical experts, internationally chosen. Decision was unanimous, *disinterested*, occupied solely with *merit*. It is of ever-vital interest to Americans that this greatest of *Grands Prix* (and sixteen additional awards) went to

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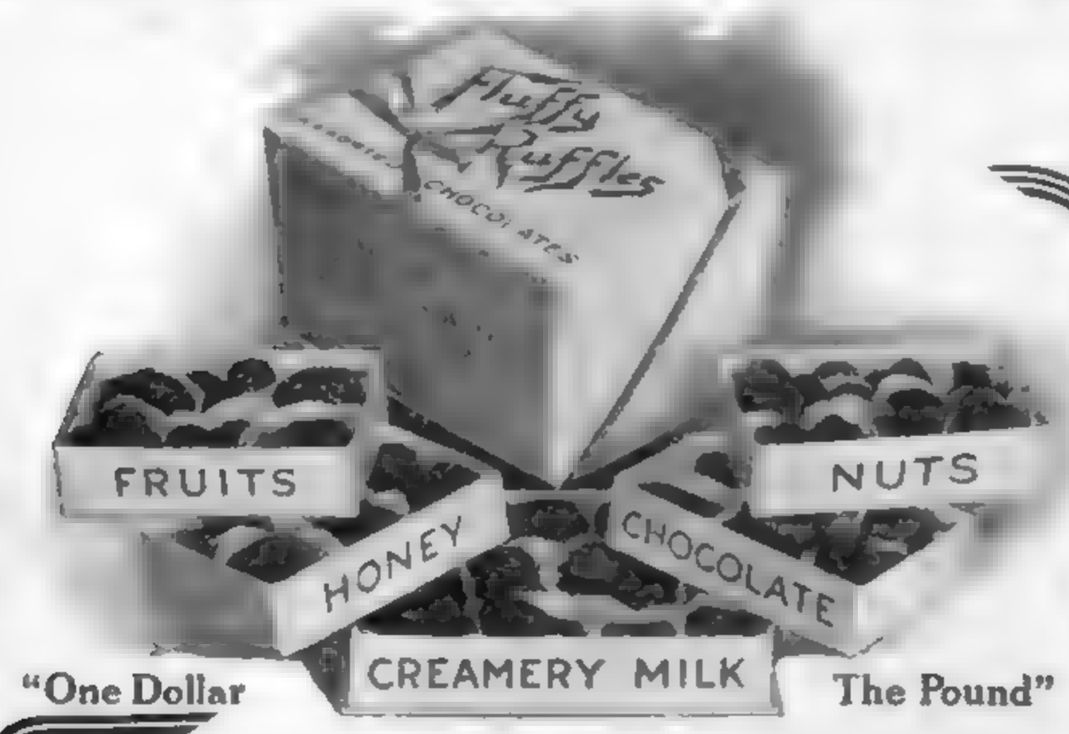

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WHY WE LEFT THE FARM

(Continued from Page 18)

That one article I needed so badly and it would have cost so little comparatively. I went about my work without any of the high courage I had felt before. At such times, as I looked at myself in the mirror, a kind of shock passed through me at the change I was beginning to see there; and I turned away half ashamed.

The next summer I not only had the regular hands to feed and their rooms to care for—the room above the toolhouse was now occupied by unused machinery—but extra hayhands and threshers, sometimes as many as thirty at a time.

My brother and sister came to visit me that summer and their attitude toward me and my situation added to the humiliation I was already beginning to feel. After they had been with me a few days they began to treat me as we unconsciously treat a well-beloved member of the family suddenly stricken with an incurable malady. Their pitying glances followed me, though they instantly looked away when I caught them eying me. It was one thing to joke about my marrying a farmer beforehand—quite another to see me carrying out some of their wildest predictions.

When Ethel came into the hot kitchen one afternoon and discovered me over a steaming washtub of towels, the perspiration pouring from my face, she shut her teeth with a click and almost hissed:

"You have already done enough work today to exhaust a stevedore. And your husband is a ——"

I felt the blood leaving my face as I turned and faced her, trembling.

She gave me no chance to reply however; nor did she finish what she started to say. She literally rushed out of the room, her face flaming. No doubt the contrast between her dainty white frills and laces and my sober working garb only made her distress greater.

To me, all that the scene implied seemed suddenly intolerable. Scalding tears of self-pity would mingle with the perspiration for a little while.

I had been wild with delight when they wrote me they were coming. Truth compels me to state that, dearly as I loved them, I was glad when they went home.

Family Interference

Promptly after their return home mother wrote me a long letter begging me to come to visit her. She sent an invitation to Louis, too, of course, but said she knew he was very busy; and, if he couldn't come, she suggested that he stay with his mother a while and give his mother-in-law the great pleasure of seeing her only grandchild. Much more that was kind and sweet the letter contained; and I knew, as well as if I had been present, the conversation that had taken place among my family after Ethel and John had returned.

I handed the letter to Louis to read. His only comment, after completing its perusal, was:

"Much they know about farming—to ask us to visit them now!"

I promptly wrote an affectionate, cheerful reply, saying that we were much too busy now to visit her; "but, perhaps, later ——"

I am really at a loss to account for the peculiar state I now fell into. I grew nervous and self-conscious; when my old friends came to see me, which they still occasionally did in spite of the fact that I never returned their visits, I felt strangely ill at ease with them. I felt as if I was in a different world from other people—a world where nothing counted but rushing work. I grew alarmed and began to struggle against this feeling. As struggling seemed only to make the matter worse, I thought:

"I must get away from home more. I must try to get an afternoon occasionally to go to see somebody and take up neighborhood interests again."

But how? My horse was always used in the fields; and there is a strange prejudice among country people that would place a woman walking to see a neighbor in nearly the same class with a tramp. At least it was so where I lived. And, even if I had cared to brave public opinion in this way, baby had now grown so big I could not have carried her so far as our nearest neighbor's home.

A Telegram That Put It Pat

Here's an extract from a telegram sent to Farm Journal by Victor M. Grab & Co., Chicago:

"*Instructed agency to renew copy in April number. Results most gratifying. In our opinion Farm Journal is not a publication but an institution with the Farmer.*"

Right! Farm Journal *is* an institution with the Farmer. It understands him and has been so successful in its efforts to give him what he needs and likes in the way of advice and entertainment that its paid subscription list exceeds three quarters of a million.

This tremendous circulation has been built up strictly on merit and not by catchpenny schemes. Moreover, it consists chiefly of long term subscriptions, two, three, four, five and ten years, with more than a few for twenty and thirty year periods.

There's Quality circulation for you—combined with quantity! And that's the rare combination that the wise advertiser is looking for.

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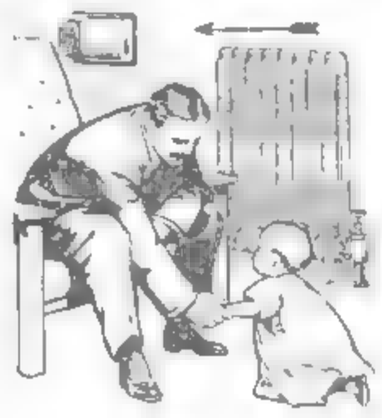
Ap[illegible] to [illegible] Be prompt!

All rooms evenly warm!



It is one thing to "heat" a house—another to warm it. It may be *heated* at 85 degrees, and money wasted for excess fuel. But, all rooms held evenly at 70 degrees in coldest weather means a *warm* home without fuel wastes—and you have that by using an

IDEAL SYLPHON **Regitherm**

for regulating heating boilers and furnaces. It is self-acting and self-contained—no electricity, no water- or air-pressure, no complex machinery; nothing to wear out.

REGITHERM control is very simple. The sensitive regulator (with the "everlasting" Sylphon brass bellows) goes on the wall of living room; you set indicator at any temperature wanted (60° to 85°). Then keep hands off—the REGITHERM does the rest, day and night all winter, by opening and closing the heater draft and check dampers, as necessary. Rooms never get too cold, nor what you call "hot"—just evenly warm at a healthful degree.

No coal wastes—one winter's economy will pay for a REGITHERM and also save the energy of running down and up cellar stairs to regulate dampers.

Our free booklet "New Heating Aids" fully explains the REGITHERM, also tells about Norwall and Sylphon Valves and Regulators—the better heating they produce, with money and labor saved. Why not write to-day?

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department R CHICAGO

Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

WILD'S

PARQUET INLAID LINOLEUM

Beautiful hardwood effects without hardwood troubles.

True reproductions of parquetry in warm tones of maple, walnut, oak and mahogany. Noiseless, elastic, sanitary (no joints to collect dirt); easily cleaned with soap and water; less expensive than hardwood and almost as durable as concrete. Patterns are *inlaid*, the colors being the same from top to bottom

Sold by Dealers in High-Grade Linoleum.

JOSEPH WILD & Co.

386-370 Fifth Avenue New York

No; there was no help for it. I could not get away just now. Later, perhaps

That hope a farmer's wife has of things being better later on is often the only thing that keeps her out of the grave or the madhouse.

One Sunday afternoon, as Louis and I sat on the porch, Kitty, a magnificent mare never used for farm work, put her head over the gate and whinnied friendlily. An idea occurred to me.

"Why don't you let the men work Kitty sometimes and let me have Bird?" Bird was my horse.

Louis replied carelessly:

"Kitty is too valuable and raises too fine colts for me to risk hurting her with hard work."

A lump rose in my throat and a kind of despair seized me. I answered as lightly as I could, though my voice was not very steady:

"Then it is only the human female who runs no risk of hurting herself and her offspring by hard work?"

The thrust went home and Louis flushed angrily; but his reply was quietly spoken:

"If you did not want to work you should not have married a farmer." And he rose and walked off.

We had never quarreled. Quarreling and crying are two things in which I very rarely indulge. I am by no means meek and lowly inside, but it takes a very positive abuse to make me create a scene. Probably John was right when he said: "Eleanor is like dynamite. She seems perfectly harmless until you hit her just right, but when she does go off something is going to move!"

The new eighty acres being three miles from home made it necessary that the men should take their lunch with them when they worked there. Louis sometimes took his, too, and they all drank the water from the old well on that place. I had always felt pride in the fact that neither Louis nor the baby had ever been sick a day, for I secretly attributed that fact to my sanitary management of the house and premises; but now, in spite of my care, a horrible thing happened.

The Tables are Turned

Early in the fall Louis and one of the men were taken down with typhoid fever. The man was removed to his father's house and ultimately died there. Louis lay for many weeks hovering between life and death.

Of late I had felt—often bitterly—that I was worse off than the poorest woman of my acquaintance; but I found now that money counted for a great deal in a crisis like this. By paying her the wages of a trained nurse, I induced a competent woman to take charge of the kitchen and my child. The best doctors in the county, from our county-seat twelve miles away, were daily in attendance on Louis. Everything that could be done for his comfort and to make the chances for his recovery better was done.

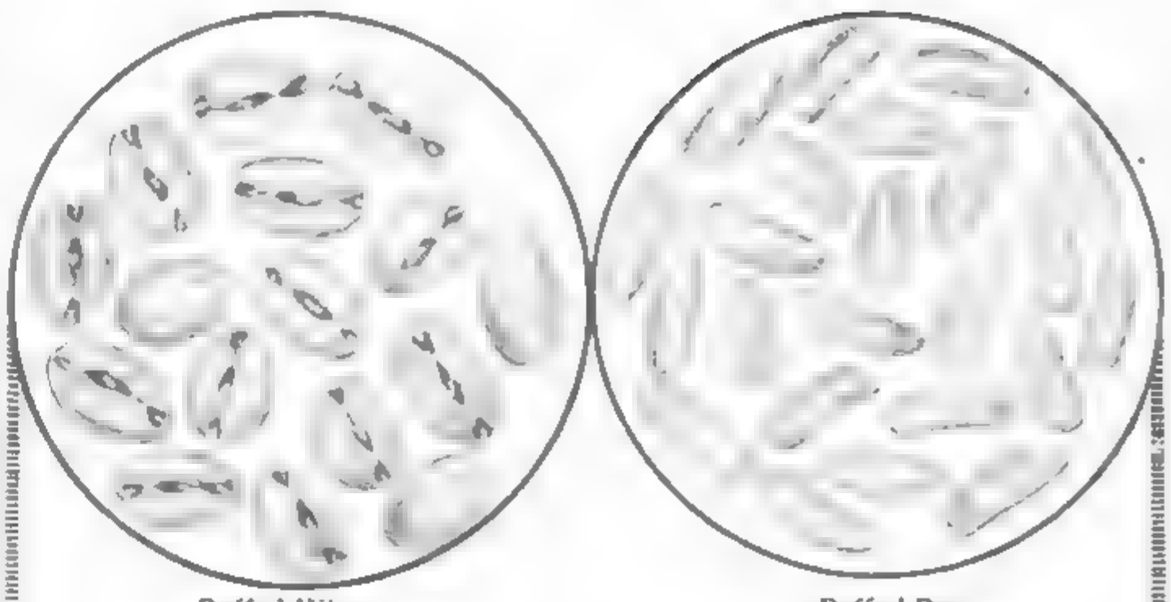
As for myself, I never left his bedside except to do what was absolutely imperative for my child and to eat my meals. Such sleep as I got was snatched by minutes as I sat by his bed or lay on a couch in his room. I could not and would not trust him to other nursing than my own. I closed eyes and ears to everything outside of the sickroom. I refused to see anything that went wrong in the house or on the farm. I became almost a stranger to my own little child. My one thought was that my husband must be saved. No trained nurse can take the place of an ordinarily intelligent wife or mother, with her very soul staked in the battle with death.

The day was at last won. One frosty morning Louis came creeping down the stairs, a shadow of his former self—but alive, thank God!

Before he had recovered sufficiently to be his old self again, our second child was born.

The woman who had been engaged to nurse me and who was also making an attempt to do the housework—my high-priced cook was dismissed as soon as I was no longer needed at my husband's bedside—stayed two days. News came that her child was very sick—and, of course, she left with the messenger.

Everything to be done in the house now devolved on Louis. He had to care for me, care for the children and do what cooking was done. He had to wash clothes, and sweep, and bake, and clear away dishes.



Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Prof. Anderson Brought to Us This Invention

It was wheat and rice kernels exploded by steam—puffed to eight times normal size

They tasted like toasted nuts

They seemed to us like cereal confections—the most delightful foods ever created

But we asked for the people's judgment

We opened a lunch room in the heart of New York, to which hundreds of people came daily

And we offered them there all at equal price—all sorts of cereal foods.

Four out of five who took ready-cooked cereals chose either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice

That settled the matter. We made the foods. And now 22,000,000 dishes monthly are consumed by delighted users

Please Let the Children Choose

We ask you to do likewise

Submit to your children the various ready-cooked cereals. Tell them to pick their choice.

You'll find that these puffed grains—crisp, porous and nut-like—are selected nine times in ten

That's a fortunate fact. For these whole-grain foods, with every food granule blasted to pieces, are the most digestible foods in existence.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

These foods are not merely foibles.

They are scientific creations.

The grains are sealed up in huge steel guns. For an hour we revolve them in an oven heat of 550 degrees—until all the grains' moisture is changed to high-pressure steam.

Then that steam is exploded. And, by that explosion, the millions of food granules are literally blasted to pieces. Thus digestion can instantly act.

The puffed grains are four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken.

Ways of Serving

In the morning serve them with cream and sugar. Or mix them with any fruit.

For luncheons, or suppers, or between-meal foods, serve like crackers in a bowl of milk

Boys at play like to eat the grains dry. Girls use them in candy-making. In many such ways these nut-like grains take the place of nuts.

Let children eat them whenever they are hungry, for these puffed grains don't tax the stomach.

And begin today if you don't yet know how good these puffed foods are.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

(224)

It is not the light you use, but the light you waste, which costs you money

Useful light brings tangible dollars-and-cents returns. It makes all the space you pay rent for more profitably usable; makes employes more efficient; makes output greater in volume, more uniform in quality, cheaper to produce and easier to sell; makes customers happier and trade better. Makes money every way.

Wasteful light does just the reverse. It wastes current; it wastes effort; it wastes materials; it wastes eyesight and health. And all these are money. It loses trade instead of winning it.

Study your lighting equipment. That will save money and make money. This is equally true, whether you are lighting a factory, a shop, a store, an office, a theatre, a club, a hotel, a restaurant, a railroad station, a train, a trolley car, or an art gallery. Or your home—that is very important, because poor light in the home means poor health in the family.

Help

This profitable subject has been neglected by most business managers because they "had nothing to start from." There was nothing printed on the subject but technical works until our Illuminating Engineering Department prepared "*Scientific Illumination*", an easy but thorough book written to help managers of all kinds of businesses on their lighting situation.

Write for "*Scientific Illumination*." It will show you how to start thinking right. Then the Illuminating Engineering Department is at your service to help make your light right if it is wrong, or to help plan a new lighting system correctly.

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New York. Uptown, 19 West 30th Street
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Holds the Sox up. Holds the Shirt down.
Does not bind the leg.

Long or short drawers. No bulging of Shirt bosom. Fine for full dress shirts. Only garter endurable with varicose veins. Styles A and B in Silk, 75c.; Lisle, 50c. Style C, 25c.

Satisfaction guaranteed. At your dealers or send price and receive a pair postpaid.

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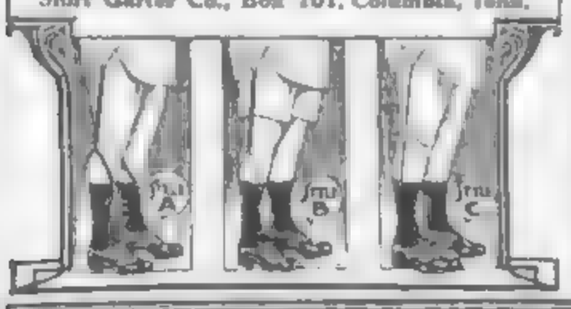

Think of the Advantage of Columbia Cufturn Shirt

of having an extra pair of cuffs right on the shirt, out of sight yet always ready without the bother of attaching or detaching. Simply a turn gives you

A Clean Cuff For a Soiled Cuff

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is known the world over as synonymous with **The Best Seeds That Grow!** Are You willing to pay a fair price for selected seeds of the choicest vegetables and most beautiful flowers? If so, it may prove of mutual interest if you **write to-day** (a postal card will do) for THE 1912 BURPEE ANNUAL. This is a bright new book of 178 pages that is intensely interesting to every one who gardens either for pleasure or profit. Shall we mail you a copy? If so, what is your address? Our address is,

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I really think he tried to do his best; but, as day succeeded day, he grew crosser and crosser with our little girl and less and less attentive to me and the baby. I sometimes actually suffered for lack of the attentions that I needed, for I was very weak and helpless. His attitude was such that I ceased asking him to do for me anything that was not absolutely imperative.

Finally came the morning when, in frenzy at the continued crying of our oldest child—a mere baby—he slapped her flat on the floor and dragged her from my room. I lost all control of myself and broke into wild hysterics. My shrieks and the young baby's wails, mingled with the lusty howls of our oldest child, no doubt sounded to Louis like Pandemonium broken loose.

He did not come near to soothe or help me in any way, though it seemed to me my body was disintegrating with the horrible sobs that racked me. Instead, he buried his face in his hands and groaned in fierce despair.

My paroxysm gradually wore itself away; but so low had my vitality flickered in the outburst that it was hours before I could lift a hand or move myself in any way. My mind, however, was perfectly clear. I saw, as distinctly as things are supposed to be revealed in visions, that it had taken but five days of what I had stood for years to turn a good man into a brutal savage.

The next morning I crept from my bed and got breakfast. Though Louis shamefacedly protested a little, I could see that the relief it was to him to have me up and at work far outweighed any anxiety he felt as to the injury it might do me.

After breakfast he wiped the dishes for me, and then, politely asking if I thought I could get along without him, mounted his horse and rode to town, twelve miles away, not returning until nightfall.

As I moved weakly about, doing what I could that day, I caught my reflection in a mirror; and I faced it and the truth about my life as dispassionately as if I were somebody else. Wrinkled, hollow-eyed, worn to a shadow, was the sad, cowed-looking creature who stared back at me from the glass. Twenty years of ordinary living could not have done to me what less than five years on the farm had done!

The Fruits of Hard Labor

I might have told myself bitterly that I was disillusioned; that I had married an unfeeling and selfish monster who would soon work me into my grave to make way for a second Mrs. Louis. I am glad to say I was not guilty of that foolishness. Instead, I told myself that women on the farm today are caught between the upper millstone of present enlightenment and the nether stone of past necessity. In other words, an enlightened farm woman of the present day is trying to do the work of two generations. She must see that the members of her family are properly fed, clothed, bathed, and that they have pure air, attractive rooms and sanitary surroundings to live in. If, in addition to this, her home, like those of a hundred years ago, must be turned into a hotel, laundry, meat and soap factory, canning factory and poultry plant, with herself as sole manager and laborer, she stands small chance of not being ground out of existence in a few years.

I saw very clearly that in my own case there would be no betterment so long as we lived on the farm. Louis' mother had worked like a galley slave and borne a large family of children, while her husband lived in comparative ease—or, as he expressed it, "enjoyed the fruits of her labor." It was only natural that Louis should think that this was the inevitable position for men and women to occupy after the first flush of youth. His point of view would never change so long as his business could be made to dominate his home. He was so ambitious that everything would be sacrificed to his financial success.

I said aloud to that sad image in the glass: "I shall leave the farm never to return—before another spring, with Louis if I can, without him if I must."

My mind being made up, nothing but death could have prevented my carrying out the resolution. Even yet I shudder to think that I might have died and never escaped from the farm.

Women are often compelled to "work in a mysterious way their wonders to perform." Had I delivered my ultimatum to Louis in the exact form in which I stated it to myself, it is quite within the possibilities that he would have let me go without him. I do not say that it was probable, but possible. I cannot help pleasing myself with the thought that, had it come to the actual test, he would have surrendered at discretion; but, even if he had, I am sure that he would never have forgiven me.

In casting about for a starting-point I determined to try an appeal to his strongest business instinct—the insatiable desire for more land. I wrote to dozens of addresses for circulars describing cheap Western lands. Every mail brought railroad folders, letters from real-estate men and chambers of commerce, with maps, beautiful booklets, and all the other things by which these people strive to interest the homeseeker. I took time to cull the choicest and read them aloud to Louis. I suggested that our farm would buy several thousand acres of this fertile Western land that would be worth as much an acre when the children were grown as our present farm was worth now. His ancestors for generations had been pioneers and I could see that he was really considering the thing. Fortune also favored me, for it was not long before he had a buyer for part of the farm, who offered him a much larger price than he had paid for it. As Louis could buy land closer home for less money, he sold.

Emancipation Well Won

I then urged, with every persuasion that I knew how to use, that we travel to this Western country and see what it had to offer before again investing in high-priced land. An unusually good renter he knew was looking for a place for the ensuing year. Louis rented the remainder of our farm to him and sold off his livestock and farming implements; and I knew I was free.

We traveled leisurely through a good many states and saw millions of acres of virgin land. Louis' shrewdness was proof against all real-estate blandishments, however, until we arrived at the thriving city where we now live. He was impressed with the surrounding country, both as to the quality of the land and the cheap price.

I suggested that we rent a house, send for our furniture, and that he should take his time looking for something that would be sure to suit him.

As he was naturally cautious, this plan met with his instant approval. He had already decided that this country was where he wanted to locate; but he believed he could buy cheaper from the landowners themselves than from their agents if he would take his time and look for bargains.

Frankly, I hoped he would be induced to take up some business in town without my showing any such desire. Knowing his energetic disposition and his horror of spending money without any source of immediate income, I really expected that he would be led into trying to "make our expenses" while in town. So I said nothing more. Instead, I attended strictly to the business of getting settled in a good neighborhood and making our new home as pleasant and attractive as possible.

My belief in what his disposition would lead him to do was eventually justified. He fretted a good deal about our expenses between the times when he was looking for land bargains. When a business opening in town offered he promptly took it.

From a small beginning, that business has grown to be very profitable. Louis now makes far more money than he ever did on the farm. He owns lands and houses and shares in various business enterprises in the town; in fact, he has full scope for his energy and ambition without turning his home into a workshop.

He no longer begrudges the money for conveniences—or luxuries, either, for that matter. He likes to live up to the standards of his neighbors and business associates—we did that in the country, you know. We have a beautiful home, even luxurious, and I can easily keep servants. When one does unexpectedly leave before another takes her place, the work is hardly more than play to me, compared with what I did on the farm.

I have recovered my old poise and something of my youthfulness. I have time to be a teacher and companion to my children. Louis and I both have time to be good friends and comrades. He says he would not care to go back to the farm. As for me, there is not money enough, or any other inducement in the wide world, to make me live on a farm again under the same conditions.

The Senator's Secretary

JOHN GARNER, of Texas, who represents in the House a district in the southern part of that state as big as several whole Northern states that might be mentioned, comprising some twenty-eight counties, each one about the dimensions of Delaware, and extending along the Rio Grande River for miles and miles, was making an argument before the Ways and Means Committee the other day relating to the subject of goats. They detached John from his appendix a time ago, and while he was in the hospital he had plenty of time to think on the various outrages that are infesting the body politic. Being an earnest and sincere thinker, John thought some burning thoughts. One line of his cogitation embraced goats. It seems that John's constituents raise a good many goats, large quantities of them, the climate and the feed and the surroundings being suitable for the cultivation of this humble but useful animal. Likewise, John's constituents make a good deal of money from the fleece, or hair, or fur, or whatever it is that these goats produce.

Now there are but three places in this world where the goat of the kind that brings in the money flourishes, the same being Turkey, South Africa and the United States—or certain portions thereof. Goat-raising seems to be a cinch, and some time ago the Turks, desiring to raise all the goats, put a ban on the exportation of goats for breeding purposes. Lately South Africa did the same thing, or threatened to. Inasmuch as the persons who raise goats in this country have not been at it long enough to have the strains just right, they need breeding stock from places where the goat industry is in a better stage of development.

The Goat Trust

This condition led Mr. Garner, who is quite set in his opinions, to suggest some suitable reprisal in the way of tariff restrictions. It led him, also, to ask what is the matter with having this Congress look into this important condition. Mr. Garner went so far as to designate this iniquitous affair as the Goat Trust, and he desired to know why Congress, or the Ways and Means Committee, should not investigate this Goat Trust for the purpose of determining what may be done to combat this combination in restraint of goats.

Though it may be true that there is a Goat Trust of the kind Mr. Garner attacks operating against the goat-raisers of this country, it must be said that Mr. Garner is too local and too utilitarian in his viewpoint. Speaking capra-hircusly, the real Goat Trust of this country is the Republican party. That organization, as at present constituted, has gathered all the goats into its fold, holds a monopoly on them, and will be subject to investigation for the same during the campaign that is coming, and to sentence on election day, for its contravention of the traditional right of all political parties to harbor an equitable number of goats.

Utterly regardless of custom, precedent, strategy and time-tried political acumen, the Republican party has gathered to itself all the political goats. It has created a monopoly of them, has flaunted its possessions in the face of an outraged people, and is now face to face with the inevitable moment when the public, in the guise of investigators, shall demand an accounting for these goats and shall press for a reason for this eager conspiracy to deprive other parties of their share of the goats.

The Goat Trust! Not since Mr. Taft became president has the Republican party overlooked an opportunity to annex a political goat. Not a goat, straying down the halls of Congress, or through the executive departments, or in any field of policy or issue or diplomacy, but has been herded promptly into the Republican corral and branded G. O. P. None has escaped. Every goat that shook his horns or waved his whiskers anywhere has been gathered in. The Republicans have them all—a Goat Trust for fair.

That megathemum goat, the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law, is the exclusive property of the Republicans. They took it as a kid, fed it and nourished it and brought it to its complete goaty powers, and then drove it up to the White House and presented it to the President. He, not being wise as to goats, received it and gave it the official brand. Ever since that time this goat has been butting over Republicans, butting over majorities, and finally it became so rambunctious that it butted over the House of Representatives and butted the Democrats into power. Nor is its power as a butter decreased. It still has a butt or two left for use in the future.

Another goat that was flocking by itself and could have been kept out of the fold was the Ballinger-Pinchot goat. That was a measly little goat that deserved no consideration, but the President had to have it. So he got it—and he has it yet. Instead of shooing this goat off the premises by discharging both Ballinger and Pinchot instantly, the President only half shooed it off by letting Pinchot go, and thereby allowed Ballinger to grow into the enormous goat he finally became. And the goat is still there, frisking through the party lines and raising hob generally.

Acquisitions to the Flock

He seemed set on getting all the goats, the President did. When the mania for collecting—even goat-collecting—hits a man there is no way of heading him off. "Ah," said the President one day, "here is a specimen of goat we haven't in our fold. I must have that one." So he acquired the Reciprocity goat for the party, and that goat is still eating Republican hay and Republican tin cans and Republican woodpulp, and the Republican farmers are standing round and waiting for a chance to show what they think of this particular specimen—which chance they will have next fall. Of course it wasn't necessary for the party to have this goat, but when the spirit of monopoly gets in the blood there is no eradicating it. Reciprocity seemed such a sleek and harmless goat, but it turned into a holy terror, and now exhibits every trait of the most malignant of political goats that exceedingly extensive species affords.

Meantime quite a flock of tariff goats appeared and were promptly acquired. There was the wool-bill goat and the free-list goat and several other consanguineous goats, all of which would have ceased to be Republican goats and would have become Democratic goats had the President transferred title by signing the bills creating them; but the Republicans wanted all the goats there are and took these over promptly. They are still in the inclosure, and some more of the same flock are likely to be added before the present session of Congress is over.

Tariff goats are favored highly by the Republican collectors. The Tariff Board goat is the exclusive property of that organization, and though it is strictly a Republican goat it may be said to have duplex characteristics, for although it is a Republican goat in the sense of ownership it will also be used as a goat by the Republicans in the latter-day sense of the word goat. Still the Democrats in the House, considering the Tariff Board as too much of a goat, may stop its rations, and when it comes to the final accounting the Tariff Board goat may be but a memory, unless, perchance, it persists in keeping alive on its own statistics, of which there are plenty to sustain a large flock of goats for a long time.

An Advance Guard

There are plenty more, including the celebrated Norton patronage-letter goat, but these will undoubtedly suffice to prove the contention that when it comes to Goat Trusts the Republican party is the greatest Goat Trust that ever was—The Goat Trust. John Garner may have reason for his complaint against another Goat Trust, but that one is a mere pooling arrangement compared to the big one within the Republican party. They have gathered all the goats, and by their goats they shall be judged.

And, by way of a little forehanded judging, the Republicans in the Seventh Kansas District a time ago took a whack at it and sent to Congress a Democrat to take the seat left vacant by the death of Representative Madison. Madison was a Republican who won by about forty-eight hundred votes in the election of 1910. There were minor and local reasons for this victory by the Democrats, of course, but it had been plainly stated to the voters not only by the Republican, but by the Democratic orators, just what a Democratic victory would mean. It was pointed out that a repudiation of the regular Republican candidate would be held to be, in a way, a repudiation of the Taft Administration, but the voters didn't seem to mind that, and they went ahead and repudiated.

Moreover, the Democrats have won in about every special congressional election held since Mr. Taft became president, or, to be closer to the real cause, since he signed the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law and defended it; and there have been great Democratic gains in other elections. The real facts of the situation are that the Republicans of this country are largely progressive, not in the sense of being tied to any particular exemplar of the progressive movement, but really progressive and sincere in their demands for a change in existing conditions. They are not in sympathy with their leaders and distrust them. They are voting the Democratic ticket and will keep on voting it, not because they are Democrats or have been converted to Democratic principles, but as a lesson and a warning and a punishment for the Republican party, and as a protest. Or they are staying away from the polls altogether and getting satisfactory results that way.

The strength of the Democratic party since the elections of 1910 is much more apparent than it is real. The Democratic party has gained no considerable number of recruits. Its seeming additional strength has come almost entirely from this spirit of protest in the Republican party and from the differences between the Standpatters and the Progressives. The Progressives are determined the party shall be reorganized, readjusted and revived. They are in active revolution, not against the Republican party *per se*, but against the men who have been in control of that party for many years. The easiest and most feasible way to get results that will be great enough to impress the sodden standpat intelligences of these old leaders seems to be to elect Democrats. They are getting in the habit of that, and it will be mighty hard to change them before the presidential election.

The Old, Old Bogey

The army trotted out the Japanese bogey again this year. Those army and navy people are sadly deficient in imagination. They apparently cannot think of anything except Japan to scare Congress into making what they think are proper appropriations. If these dogs of war had a spark of invention between them they would not go on year after year with the Japanese scare. It is getting old and worn now. It doesn't scare any more.

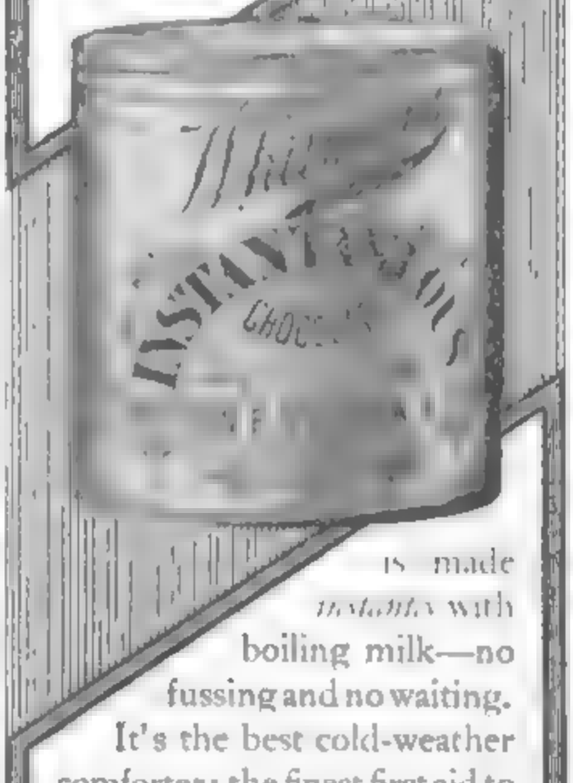
Still they use it continuously. This time they appeared before the House Committee on Military Affairs and solemnly scared that body with the statement that there are thirty-five or forty thousand Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands, most of whom were in the Japanese army formerly and all skilled in bearing arms, and that something is going to happen. They were a bit vague as to what it is that is going to happen, but they were certain of the fact, and they used the presence of these Japanese warriors in Hawaii to prove it.

In the name of the Nine Gods of War, those of us who are compelled to remain here and listen to this sort of thing year after year call on the army and the navy to show a little ingenuity. Why must Japan always be dragged in portentously when the appropriation bills are pending? Why not try some other nation? Let us get into quaking fear of Germany, or of France, or of Abyssinia, or of Persia, or of Monte Carlo—any country except this perennial Japan. The people who have to listen to these tales of woe have some rights. Variety is the spice of life, and it might be the spice of appropriation bills also, if the solemn warriors of the army and navy could be weaned away from their favorite war scare and induced to promulgate a new one. For, to be truthful about it, Japan has ceased to be a scare—if it ever was one—and the army and the navy need some new ideas if they expect more money.

Yours Instantly

Whitman's

Don't confound Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate with cocoa—it isn't. It is made of cocoa beans and *there* the resemblance *stops*. Powdered Cocoa has most of the cocoa butter removed. All of the nutritious cocoa butter is *left in* Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate. That's why it tops cocoa in flavor and deliciousness; and that's why it is such a nourishing *food-drink*. Nothing is added to the natural elements of cocoa but cane sugar.



is made *instantly* with boiling milk—no fussing and no waiting. It's the best cold-weather comforter; the finest first aid to "half-frozen" folks. Mixed in a jiffy and served steaming.

Service—if *Instantaneous* is not sold conveniently for you, we will send it, prepaid, on receipt of the retail price: half pound can 40 cents, one pound can 75 cents, five pound can $3.50. Sample tin mailed for ten cents in stamps.

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate is distributed all over the world by jobbing houses and is sold by the best grocers everywhere, and by our sales agents who show the sign:

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THE MOB FROM MASSAC

(Continued from Page 7)

not hidin' our faces from the noonday sun. We air open and aboveboard about this thing. Every able-bodied, self-respectin' white man in our precinct is right here with me today. We've talked it over and we know what we air doin'. If you want to take down our names and prosecute us in the cotes you kin go ahead."

Somebody else spoke up.

"I'd admire to see the jury in this county that would pop the law to ary one of us for swingin' up this nigger!" he said, chuckling at the naked folly of the notion.

"You're right, my son," said the judge, singling out the speaker with his aimed forefinger. "I ain't tryin' to scare grown men like you with such talk as that. I know how you feel. I can understand how you feel—every man with white blood in his veins knows just what your feelin's are. I'm not trying to threaten you. I only want to reason with you and talk sense with you. This man ain't been identified yet—remember that!"

"We know he's guilty!" said the leader.

"I'll admit that circumstances may be against him," pleaded the judge, "but his guilt remains to be proved. You can't hang any man—you can't hang even this poor, miserable little darky—jest on suspicion."

"The dogs trailed him, didn't they?"

"A dog's judgment is mighty nigh as poor as a man's sometimes," he answered back, fighting hard for every shade of favor. "It's my experience that a bloodhound is about the biggest fool dog there is. Now listen here to me, boys, a minute. That boy in the jail is goin' to be tried just as soon as I can convene a special grand jury to indict him and a special term of court to try him, and if he's guilty I promise you he'll hang inside of thirty days."

"And drag that pore little thing—my own first cousin—into a cotehouse to be shamed before a lot of these town people—no!" the voice of the leader rose high. "Cotes and juries may do for some cases, but not for this. That nigger is goin' to die right now!"

He glanced back at his followers; they were ready—and more than ready. On his right a man had uncoiled a well-rope and was tying a slipknot in it. He tested the knot with both hands and his teeth, then spat to free his lips of the gritty dust and swung the rope out in long doubled coils to reeve the noose in it.

"Jedge Priest, for the last time, stand aside!" warned the beaky-nosed man. His voice carried the accent of finality and ultimate decision in it. "You've done wore our patience plumb out. Boys, if you're ready come on!"

"One minute!" The judge's shrill blare of command held them against their wills. He was lowering his umbrella. "One minute and one word more!"

Shuffling their impatient feet they watched him backing with a sort of ungainly alertness over from right to left, dragging the battered brass ferrule of his umbrella after him, so that it made a line from one curb of the narrow street to the other. Doing this his eyes never left their startled faces. At the far side he halted and stepped over so that they faced this line from one side and he from the other. The line lay between them, furrowed in the deep dust.

"Men," he said, and his lifelong affectation of deliberate ungrammatical expression was all gone from him, "I have said to you all I can say. I will now kill the first man who puts his foot across that line!"

There was nothing Homeric, nothing heroic about it. Even the line he had made in the dust waggled, and was skewed and crooked like the trail of a blind worm. His old figure was still as grotesquely plump and misshapen as ever—the broken rib of his umbrella slanted askew like the crippled wing of a fat bat; but the pudgy old hand that brought the big blue gun out of the right pocket of the old alpaca coat and swung it out and up, muzzle lifted, was steady and sure. His thumb drew the hammer back and the double click broke on the amazed dumb silence that had fallen like two clangs upon an anvil. The wrinkles in his face all set into fixed, hard lines.

It was about six feet from them to where the line crossed the road. Heavily, slowly, diffidently, as though their feet were weighted with the leaden boots of a deep-sea diver, yet pushed on by one common spirit, they moved a foot at a time right up to the line. And there they halted, their eyes shifting from him to the dustmark and back again, rubbing their shoulders up against one another and shuffling on their legs like cattle startled by a snake in the path.

The beaky-nosed man fumbled in the breast of his unbuttoned vest, loosening a revolver in a shoulder holster. A twenty-year-old boy, his face under its coating of dust as white as flour dough, made as if to push past him and break across the line; but the Massac blacksmith caught him and plucked him back. The leader, still fumbling inside his vest, addressed the judge hoarsely:

"I certainly don't want to have to kill you, Jedge Priest!" he said doggedly.

"I don't want to have to kill anybody," answered back Judge Priest; "but, as God is my judge, I'm going to kill the first one of you that crosses that line. If it was my own brother I'd kill him. I don't know which one of you will kill me, but I know which one I'm going to kill—the first man across!"

They swayed their bodies from side to side—not forward but from side to side. They fingered their weapons, and some of them swore in a disappointed, irritated sort of way. This lasted perhaps half a minute, perhaps a whole minute—anyway it lasted for some such measurable period of time—before the crumbling edge of their resolution was broken through. The break came from the front and the center. Their leader, the lank, tall man with the downtilted nose, was the first to give ground visibly. He turned about and without a word he began pushing a passage for himself through the scrouging pack of them. Breathing hard, like men who had run a hard race, they followed him, going away with scarcely a backward glance toward the man who—alone—had daunted them. They followed after their leader as mules follow after a bell-mare, wiping their grimy shirtsleeves across their sweaty, grimier faces and glancing toward each other with puzzled, questioning looks. One of them left a heavy can of coaloil behind him upright in the middle of the road.

The old judge stood still until they were a hundred yards away. He uncocked the revolver and put the deadly big blue thing back in his pocket. Mechanically he raised his umbrella, fumbling a little with the stubborn catch, and tilted it over his left shoulder; his turtlelike shadow sprang out again, but this time it was in front of him. Very slowly, like a man who was dead tired, he made his way back up the gravel path toward the courthouse. Jeff magically materialized himself out of nowhere, but of Dink Bynum there was no sign.

"Is them w'ite gen'l'men gone?" inquired Jeff, his eyes popping with the aftershock of what he had just witnessed—had witnessed from under the courthouse steps.

"Yes," said the judge wearily, his shoulders drooping. "They're gone."

"Jedge, ain't they liable to come back?"

"No; they won't come back."

"You kinder skeered 'em off, jedge!" An increasing admiration for his master percolated sweetly through Jeff's remarks like dripping honey.

"No; I didn't scare 'em off exactly," answered the judge. "They are not the kind of men who can be scared off. I merely invoked the individual equation, if you know what that means?"

"Yas, suh—that's whut I thought it wuz," assented Jeff eagerly—the more eagerly because he had no idea what the judge meant.

"Jeff," the old man said, "help me into my office and get me a dipper of drinkin' water. I reckin maybe I've got a tech of the sun." He tottered a little and groped outward with one hand.

Guided to the room, he sank inertly into his chair and feebly fought off the blackness that kept blanking his sight. Jeff fanned him with his hat.

"I guess maybe this here campaignin' has been too much for me," said the judge slowly. "It must be the weather. I reckin from now on, Jeff, I'll have to set back sort of easy and let these young fellows run things."

He sat there until the couching sun brought long, thin shadows and a false

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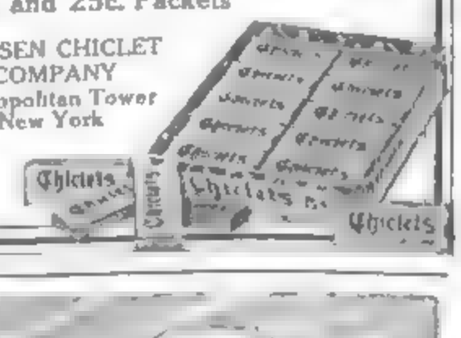

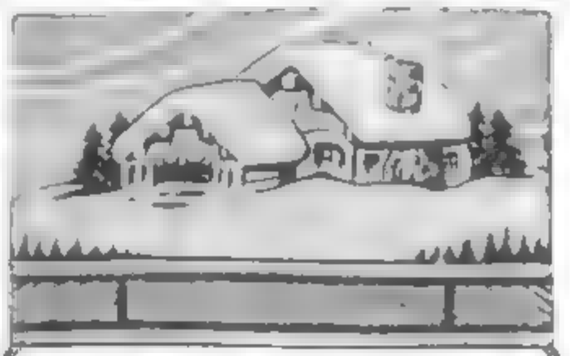

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promise of coolness. Suddenly the telephone bell rang and the old judge, raising his sagged frame with an effort, went to the instrument and took down the receiver. Long-distance lines were beginning to creep out through the county and this was a call from Florence Station, seven miles away.

"That you, Jedge Priest?" said the voice over the wire. "This is Brack Rodgers. I've been tryin' to raise the sheriff's office, but they don't seem to answer. Well, suh, they got the nigger what done that devilmint over at the Hampton place on the Massac this evenin'. Yes, suh—about an hour ago. He was a nigger named Moore that worked on the adjoinin' place to Hampton's—a tobacco hand. Nobody suspected him until this mornin', when some of the other darkies got to talkin' round; and Buddy Quarles heard the talk and went after him. The nigger he fit back and Buddy had to shoot him a couple of times. Oh, yes, he died—died about an hour afterward; but before he died he owned up to ever'thing. I reckon, on the whole, he got off light by bein' killed. Which, Jedge? The nigger that's there in the jail? No suh; he didn't have nothin' a-tall to do with it—the other nigger said so while he was dyin'. I jedge it was what you mout call another case of mistaken identity on the part of them fool hounds."

. . . . . .

To be sure of getting the full party vote out and to save the cost of separate staffs of precinct officers, the committee ordained that the Democratic primaries should be held on the regular election day. The rains of November turned the dusts of August to high-edged ridges of sticky ooze. Election day came, wet and windy and bleak.

The returns—county, state and national—were received at the office of the Daily Evening News; by seven o'clock the place was packed. Candidates and prominent citizens were crowded inside the railing that marked off the business department and the editorial department, while outside the railing and stretching on outdoors, into the street, the male populace of the town herded together in an almost solid mass. Inside, the air was streaky with layers of tobacco smoke and rich with the various smells of a small printing shop on a damp night.

The returns at large came by telegraph, but the returns of the primaries were sent in from the various precincts of town and county by telephone; or, in cases where there was no telephone, they were brought in by hard-riding messengers. At intervals, from the telegraph office two doors away, a boy would dash out and worm his way in through the eager multitude that packed and overflowed the narrow sidewalk; and through a wicket he would fling crumpled yellow tissue sheets at the editor of the paper. Then the editor would read them out.

It was on this night that there befell the tragedy I made mention of in the first paragraph of this story. The old County Ring was smashed up. One by one the veterans were going under. A stripling lawyer not two years out of the law school had beaten old Captain Daniel Boone Calkins for representative; and old Captain Calkins had been representative so many years he thought the job belonged to him. Not much longer was the race for sheriff in doubt, or the race for state senator. Younger men snatched both away from the old men who held them.

In a far corner, behind a barricade of backs and shoulders, sat Major J. Q. A. Pickett, a spare and knotty old man, and Judge Priest, a chubby and rounded one. Of all the old men, the judge seemingly had run the strongest race, and Major Pickett, who had been county clerk for twenty years or better, had run close behind him; but as the tally grew nearer its completion the major's chances faded to nothing at all and the judge's grew dimmed and dimmer.

"What do you think, judge?" inquired Major Pickett for perhaps the twentieth time, clinging forlornly to a hope that was as good as gone already.

"I think, major, that you and me are about to be notified that our fellow citizens have returned us oncet more to private pursoots," said the old judge, and there was a game smile on his face. For, so far back that he hated to remember how long it was, he had held his office—holding it as a trust of honor. He was too old actively to reënter the practice of law, and he had saved mighty little out of his salary as judge. He would be an idle man and a poor one—perhaps actually needy; and the look out of his eyes by no means matched the smile on his face.

"I can't seem to understand it," said the major, crushed. "Always before, the old boys could be depended upon to turn out for us."

"Major," said Judge Priest, letting his wrinkled old hand fall on the major's sound leg, "did you ever stop to think that there ain't so many of the old boys left any more? There used to be a hundred and seventy-five members of the camp in good standin'. How many are there now? And how many of the boys did we bury this past year?"

There was a yell from up front and a scrooging forward of bodies.

Editor Tompkins was calling off something. The returns from Clark's River and from Lang's Store had arrived together. He read out the figures. These two old men, sitting side by side at the back, listened with hands cupped behind ears that were growing a bit faulty of hearing. They heard.

Major J. Q. A. Pickett got up very painfully and very slowly. He hooked his cane up under him and limped out unnoticed. That was the night when the major established his right of squatter sovereignty over that one particular spot at the far end of Billy Sherrill's bar-rail.

Thus deserted, the judge sat alone for a minute. The bowl of his corncob pipe had lost its spark of life and he sucked absently at the cold, bitterish cane stem. Then he, too, got on his feet and made his way round the end of a cluttered-up writing desk into the middle of the room. It took an effort, but he bore himself proudly erect.

"Henry," he called out to the editor, in his high, homely whine—"Henry, would you mind tellin' me—just for curiosity—how my race stands?"

"Judge," said the editor, "by the latest count you are forty-eight votes behind Mr. Prentiss."

"And how many more precincts are there to hear from, my son?"

"Just one—Massac!"

"Ah-hah! Massac!" said the old judge. "Well, gentlemen," he went on, addressing the company generally, "I guess I'll be goin' on home and turnin' in. This is the latest I've been up at night in a good while. I won't wait round no longer—I reckin everything is the same as settled. I wisht one of you boys would convey my congratulations to Mr. Prentiss and tell him for me that ——"

There was a bustle at the door and a newcomer broke in through the press of men's bodies. He was dripping with rain and spattered over the front with blobs of yellow mud. He was a tall man, with a drooping mustache and a nose that beaked at the tip like a butcher-bird's mandible. With a moist splash he slammed a pair of wet saddlebags down on the narrow shelf at the wicket and, fishing with his fingers under one of the flaps, he produced a scrawled sheet of paper. The editor of the Daily Evening News grabbed it from him and smoothed it out and ran a pencil down the irregular, weaving column of figures.

"Complete returns on all the county races are now in," he announced loudly, and every face turned toward him.

"The returns from Massac Precinct make no changes in any of the races ——"

The cheering started in louder volume; but the editor raised his hand and stilled it.

"——make no change in any of the races—except one."

All sounds died and the crowd froze to silence.

"Massac Precinct has eighty-four registered Democratic votes," went on Tompkins, prolonging the suspense. For a country editor, he had the dramatic instinct most highly developed.

"And of these eighty-four, all eighty-four voted."

"Yes; go on! Go on, Henry!"

"And all eighty-four of 'em—every mother's son of 'em—voted for the Honorable William Pitman Priest," finished Tompkins. "Judge, you win by ——"

Really, that sentence was not finished until Editor Tompkins got his next day's paper out. The old judge felt blindly for a chair, sat down and put his face in his two hands. Eight or ten old men pressed in toward him from all directions; and, huddling about him, they raised their several cracked and quavery voices in a yell that ripped its way up and through and above and beyond the mixed and indiscriminate whoopings of the crowd.

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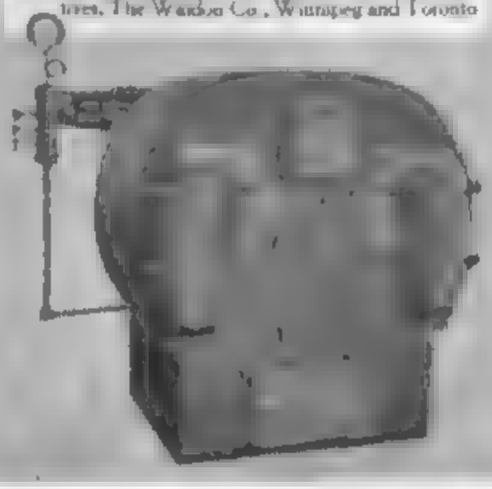

THE SECRETS OF A RAILROAD EXECUTIVE'S RISE

Concluded from Page 9

thus took from the master mechanic another phase of his immediate power. In other instances I recast the scheme of organization and drew up exacting and definite outlines of duties.

"All this stirred up a lot of opposition under me and unpleasant comment on the part of other division superintendents. Some of them were fair enough to concede that I was working along the right lines, but others knocked me hard, declaring that I was merely trying to make myself strong without really accomplishing anything for the company. I had always been a four-flusher, they said, and had secured my advancements that way.

"I was pretty well used to this sort of thing—and so long as I had the general superintendent with me, as I did have, I wasn't worried; but just about that time the general superintendent resigned to become general manager of another road.

"The new general superintendent was recruited from outside. In those days we were sadly amiss in developing our own organizations. I, of course, felt that some one of the division superintendents should have been advanced or, at least, that the vacancy ought to have been filled from among our own executives. To-day the tendency is strong in that direction, and the closer the management hews to the principle of self-perpetuation, the better the results. Down in my heart I felt that I was entitled to the job and capable of filling it. I had more logical reasons for this belief than some of the other division superintendents had for expecting advancement.

"For a time things went very badly with me. It looked as if my philosophy were all wrong—that being a cabbage in a turnip patch was about the worst possible policy. The other division superintendents were all inconspicuous chaps, without any pronounced ideas; and now, with a new chief over them, they hunted their holes, as it were. Every one of them was afraid to draw attention to himself, lest he be discovered and fired. My friends advised me to subside and quit stirring up new problems to worry the management."

The Time to Show Fight

"'It looks to me,' I said to my wife one day, 'that it's pretty nearly time to put that threat of mine into execution. I've either got to quit my job or else metamorphose myself back into a turnip. My enemies have been busy on the general superintendent, and he's turned against me. He isn't familiar with my history and he's not in touch with my ideas. He's upsetting the new scheme of organization I've been trying to install on my division and he won't listen to me.'

"'Then you'd better quit at once,' Mary advised.

"Next day, while I was still thinking about this advice, the master mechanic came into my office. He showed me an order from the general superintendent restoring the lavatories to his immediate command. This bit of paper he thrust under my nose in an insulting manner and remarked: 'Here's one of your crazy schemes exploded—and it isn't the last!'

"So this, then, was a fine example of the organization I had created so studiously and with sole regard for the company's benefit! This was what I got for parading as a cabbage when I might have gone along very comfortably as a turnip, without attracting any attention.

"However, it was too late now to crawl into my hole, even had I felt so disposed. As a matter of fact, I never had felt less like it in all my life. I am something of a fighter in more ways than one. That as to the new general superintendent, my house was crumbling about me, but I was more confident than ever that I was right. I knew I had goods to sell that had a high market value; every man of ability has salable goods these days. Executive ability is at a premium, but no man ever sold his ability at its value by crawling into a hole.

"The master mechanic, however, did crawl into the gloom. He was a big chap and rather muscular—but so was I. Before he knew what was happening I had him by the slack in his trousers and by the neck, and literally threw him downstairs.

"'Now go ahead with your dirty work!' I called after him as I heard him hit the lower landing. 'But before you begin it, just go round to the paymaster and get your money. You're no longer in the employ of my division.'

"That night I got aboard the limited and went up to general headquarters. Next day the general superintendent and I had it out. The general manager came into the superintendent's office in the thick of it, accompanied by the first vice-president, who was in charge of the operating department of the whole system.

"There was nothing in the nature of a personal quarrel, but I confess that I reviewed with some heat the existing situation. I told the general superintendent that I had almost decided, at the time the master mechanic caused the scene in my office, to resign. I repeated what I had said to my wife about quitting rather than stultify my ability to serve the railroad.

"'But, sir,' I went on, 'I have changed my mind about resigning. If I quit this railroad I quit it under discharge. I go down fighting. And if I remain I shall claim the right to use my brains in every possible way for the benefit of the company. I shall not force my ideas on you, sir, but I shall not have you say to me that you don't want any ideas. I shall not have you treat me in utter contempt, as you did when you countermanded my orders and sent the master mechanic to disrupt the organization.'"

The New Boss Converted

"Then I calmed down somewhat, as he grew purple in the face, and outlined for him my scheme of what a railroad organization ought to be. I showed him where a hundred opportunities for profit lay concealed even in the most lowly switchman or shopclerk. I gave him my reasons for recasting the organization as I had done it and explained what I hoped to accomplish in the future if I remained. I was not doing all this specialized, laborious thinking for my own amusement, I assured him. I was doing it to make my division the ideal one.

"The first vice-president and the general manager heard all this without interfering. When I was through the general superintendent arose and, to my astonishment, offered me his hand.

"'You have put the whole problem of railroading in a new light,' he said. 'I confess that I didn't understand you. I had heard only the other side of the thing. Hereafter you and I will work in harmony for the benefit of the road.' He was really a broad-gauge man who had been led astray by designing men.

"When I told my wife about all this she laughed in a way that was almost hysterical. I couldn't just make out what she was laughing at until she sputtered: 'John, for a cabbagehead, you're certainly all right!'

"A couple of years later, when the general superintendent was made general superintendent of transportation, I knew that I was slated to succeed him. There wasn't another division superintendent on the line who had the ghost of a chance, though several of them thought they did, and howled 'favoritism' when I sat down at the general superintendent's desk.

"It was now about a decade since I rose above my brakeman's job, after my five years of stagnation there. Every step in my advancement I could trace to the definite philosophy I had been following—the philosophy which urged me on continually to get above the common level in whatever I undertook. At heart, I was not conceited enough to believe that I possessed any wonderful talents beyond those of my fellows. I had walked up over a lot of them only because I had consciously set myself apart from them. I had done this, too, in ways that invariably drew the attention of those who must advance me. It had all been a great game with me, studied out with as much labor as if I had been playing a long game of chess with big stakes. The hardest thing about it was the everlasting difficulty of holding it down to the fundamental principle that, no matter how I made myself conspicuous, it must be in some manner that benefited my employers primarily and not myself. I often had to strangle the temptation to do otherwise.

"Yes, that is the philosophy exactly. I made my employers want me and want to advance me. I gave them more than value received. Perhaps selfishly, I kept my mouth shut about having a philosophy. You see, I didn't want to have a lot of fellows imitating me. I had a magic powder—to use the language of the fairy story—which I sprinkled before me in the path that led always higher and higher. If I gave away the ingredients of that powder I'd find other chaps elbowing me aside. Well, I'm high enough now so that I don't care.

"And yet I often wondered, and do wonder today, that men are so blind about these matters. Success lies in being different from the fellows about you. Anybody ought to see that. Perhaps most people do see it in the abstract, but they can't analyze the thing into any definite philosophy of action. They are not willing to knuckle down to the hard, grubbing detail and planning necessary to work the thing out as I worked it.

"My success has been a constant building of brick upon brick, each brick selected with the one object in view. If I were to start again today as a young man, possessing the philosophy of succeeding as I do now possess it, I'd be willing to guarantee that I'd walk up mighty fast in any line of business, whether it were railroading or merchandising, contracting or manufacturing.

"Well, now that I was up among the cabbages, I followed my habitual policy. 'Mary, what would be most conspicuous in a cabbage field?' I asked as I carved the roast one day, soon after my appointment as general superintendent. We had moved again and were now living in a metropolitan apartment, which mode of life was not altogether to my liking. It did not seem homelike or just the sort of place in which to bring up the children. Already I was itching to get along higher.

"'Well,' returned my wife, as she fastened the bib about the neck of our youngest, 'I suppose, John, that a pumpkin would attract the most attention—or perhaps a squash.'

"'A pumpkin has a better shape than a squash,' said I; 'so I reckon I'll perform in the cabbage field as a big yellow pumpkin. Perhaps some of these railroad presidents about the country will see me and pick me.'"

Another Step Up

"Thereupon I proceeded to broaden my scheme for welding our whole operating department into a closely-knit organization, remodeled and strengthened at every weak spot I could study out. Now, for the first time, I was in a position really to look for high-grade executive ability and not mere mechanical ability. Instead of doing most of the detailed thinking myself, as I had done up to this point, I ferreted out men who could think and showed them how to do it. I applied this scheme even to the station-agents and section-gangs. I impressed upon everybody under me that our railroad must be better and more profitable than other railroads—a sort of pumpkin among cabbages.

"Before a year had passed, I received a telegram asking if I would accept the second vice-presidency of a railroad that touched the Far West. The salary almost staggered me. I knew there was no present vacancy on my own line that could offer such an inducement; so I wired back that I would take the job if the company would let me have free swing with my ideas of railroading.

"This, as I had surmised, was just what the company wanted me for, and we closed the bargain. I went to my new post as chief of operation and transportation.

"Since then I have shifted about a little; but I don't care to go into particulars because I am getting rather close to the present day. My identity, no doubt, would interest some people; but, after all, it's the philosophy of the thing I'd like to emphasize rather than my own individuality. I prefer to remain in the background. I have not given this in any sense as an autobiography, but merely as a sort of formula through which any man of sound common-sense and ability can achieve success—in some degree, at least. Varying conditions, of course, will have more or less effect; but don't fall into the common error of believing that any conditions—short of physical or mental inability—can hold a man down if he really goes about rising."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The third will appear in an early issue.

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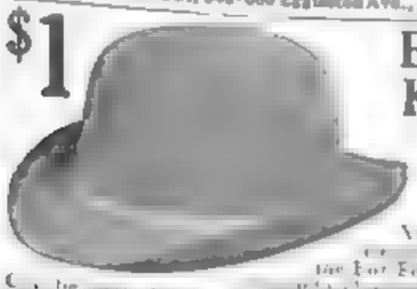

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Congress in the Twilight Zone

Continued from Page 4

means some work on Sunday. And almost fifty per cent work seventy-two hours or over a week a minimum of twelve hours a day, six days a week."

These startling figures were taken from a report prepared by the Commissioner of Labor in pursuance of a resolution introduced in the Senate by Mr. Borah. I endeavored to get a copy of this report, but found that it had not been issued by the Government printing office. Senator Borah told me that he had been trying for some time to get it out, but that it was "held up"—why, he did not know. Perhaps Senator Smoot, chairman of the Printing Committee of the Senate, could tell why.

We have, however, the report of the Commissioner of Corporations on the earnings of the Steel Trust. As pointed out in this report, there has been earned on and above the returns paid upon the capital actually invested, liberally estimated, about six hundred and fifty million dollars. Of this amount, four hundred and thirty-five million dollars has been accumulated and applied in additions to the plants. And over two hundred million dollars represents the dividends paid out upon the common stock, which was all water, and upon that forty per cent of the preferred stock which the Commissioner of Corporations finds to be water.

Notwithstanding these enormous profits the Steel Trust works human beings twelve hours a day for seven days a week! Keeping this in mind, let us examine Mr. Gary's testimony. He does not refer at all to the hours of labor in the steel plants. He talks about the blessings enjoyed by the workingmen, as follows:

"We have established in our company conditions, relations and benefits for our workmen that we could not possibly have done if we had been small or had been comparatively poor. We have a voluntary relief association. . . . We have a pension system. We have spent millions of dollars . . . in making changes which are calculated to prevent accidents. We have done that because it is the right thing to do, and we have done it because it is good policy to do it. It is a great thing to have our men protected. It is a great thing to have pleasant and friendly relations with our men. . . . I think it is good policy and good morals both to pay good wages."

Big Industrial Units

An examination of the testimony* given by Messrs. Brandeis, Gary and Perkins will repay any person who is interested in the trust question. From this testimony one gets the best that can be said for the trusts by their promoters—and an exhaustive, if not a complete, answer by one of the great lawyers of the country, who has had opportunities to study combinations from both the inside and the outside. The writer went to Washington believing that there was much to be said in favor of large combinations of capital—primarily because of decreased cost of production and distribution and of efficiency in management. The writer came away believing that efficiency does not necessarily go with size; that monopoly is inefficient as compared with a competitive business—inefficient both economically and socially. It is true that a business unit may be too small to produce the highest efficiency, but it is equally true that a unit may be too large and that inefficiency results. The tendency today is toward the creation of too large units rather than too small units, not because larger units tend to greater efficiency, but because the owner of a business may make far more money if he increases the volume of his business tenfold, even if the unit profit is reduced one-half in the process.

Mr. Average Citizen is right in his contention that the great combinations of capital were not effected that methods of manufacture might be improved, or that the cost of production might be cheapened, but solely to give the men concerned enormous money rewards as organizers. The motive was neither economical nor industrial, but entirely personal and mercenary. And an equal amount of claptrap was heard—is heard today—about "capturing the markets of the world"—capture by the sale of a domestic article to a foreigner at a lower price than an American pays at home.

Another bit of foolishness is the misuse of the expression "natural monopoly." "By speaking of a natural monopoly," said Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, "I mean one that is based upon superior industrial capacity." If that is what he means, and all he means, then there are no "natural" monopolies in industry. Transportation companies and public utilities, by reason of law and custom, are natural monopolies. Other monopolies are unnatural. When we consider "industrials," it is invariably found that their control and dominance are due to their monopolistic power *per se* and not to "superior industrial capacity."

All this has to do with the economic side of the trust question; the social side is not touched upon—and the problem should be solved primarily from the standpoint of the public welfare. If the officers of the Steel Trust could prove their case of economic efficiency there would still remain the awful spectacle of men working twelve hours a day for seven days a week—and when the shift comes, eighteen, sometimes twenty-four hours at a stretch. "He who seeks equity must do equity."

Before attempting to answer the question, What will Congress do in the matter of trust legislation?—or guessing at the answer—let us check up the views of a few of the legislators. In the first place there is a group of men, Democrats mainly, who without suggesting any constructive program say: "Enforce the law!" Senator Pomerene, of Ohio, a member of the Committee on Interstate Commerce, is one of these. The Speaker of the House of Representatives is another.

If Law Were Studied in Jail

"The first thing needed to protect the people against the trusts," said Senator Pomerene, "is to get an attorney-general of the United States who is in sympathy with the Sherman Law, which has both criminal and civil penalties. There has not been the slightest excuse for the non-enforcement of this law since the Supreme Court handed down its opinion in the trans-Missouri case in March, 1897—if there ever was any before that time.

"If the several heads of the Department of Justice since that decision was rendered had attempted to enforce the criminal penalties in my judgment there would be no trust question now to trouble the public. The statute is the product of the brains of Senators Edmunds, Hoar, George, Turpie, and other great lawyers who were in the United States Senate in 1890. There never was a statute more plainly written. Every American citizen understands it—unless it is the trusts and their highly paid lawyers, who have had more difficulty in misunderstanding it than in understanding it. When men permit themselves to be controlled by their selfish interests, without regard to the rights of others; when they combine together for the purpose of ruining their competitors and driving them out of business so that they may monopolize the trade of the community or of the world—all men who hold to the principle of 'live and let live' join in the belief that such conduct is reprehensible, that a free community cannot permit it, and that those who persist in such a course of combination and monopoly are violators of the law and ought to be punished.

"If one only of these men who violate the law and express so much doubt about its meaning should be sent to jail it would help to clear the mental and moral vision of all of them. The respect which some men have for the law depends upon their viewpoint. Those who cannot understand it from a point outside of the jail are better able to understand it from a point inside of the jail.

"I do not believe in promiscuous prosecutions, but where the evidence is as conclusive as in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases there ought to be criminal prosecutions."

"Senator, you say in effect that no attorney-general since 1897 has attempted to enforce the criminal penalties of the Sherman Law. Is it not a fact that President Roosevelt's attorney-general prosecuted the Tobacco Trust criminally in the so-called licorice case, and that the jury

*Parts X, XII, XV and XVI of the Trust Hearings before the [illegible] Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate—Senator Moses Clapp, Chairman.

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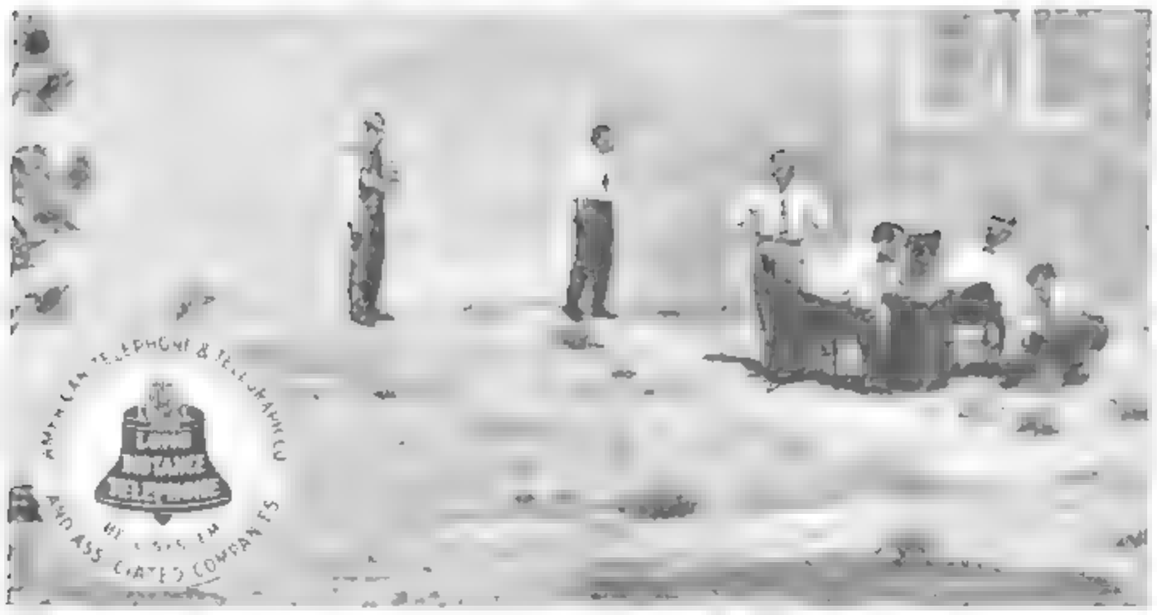

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convicted the corporation but refused to find the individual defendants guilty?"

"That is a fact," said Senator Pomerene; "but that was the verdict of one jury in New York City."

"Do you think that the unwillingness of the jury in the licorice case to convict the individual defendants naturally gave rise to the belief that violations of the Sherman Law were not regarded as criminal acts; in other words, that public opinion, which has crystallized very rapidly in the last two or three years, was not ready to send men to jail for acts that were not criminal in themselves but were proscribed by Federal statute?"

"I do not! Are you going to judge the juries in the whole country by the fact that the jury in the licorice case failed to do its duty?"

Perhaps not. But the fact remains that a jury in the Tobacco case was averse to convicting defendants for jail sentence; just as judges have shown themselves unwilling to impose such sentences on men of respectable standing in society for an offense regarded as merely statutory. The failure of the criminal case against the packers and the "conviction of the corporation" in the licorice case led President Roosevelt to seek a remedy in equity by dissolution against the Standard Oil and the Tobacco Trust. And as Senator La Follette has said, there were more prosecutions of the trusts during the Roosevelt administration than were instituted in all of the preceding administrations combined.

"There is no more reason why the Sherman Law should not be enforced," said Speaker Clark, "than that our law against horse-stealing should be permitted to go unenforced. The big criminals should pay the penalty just as well as the little criminals. Theoretically the law is no respecter of persons, and in practice it should be the same way. When the big insurance thieves who robbed widows and orphans all over the land and poured the proceeds of their thievery into the Republican campaign fund were permitted to go unwhipped of justice, everybody knew that it had a tendency to bring the courts into disrepute. To have sent that bunch of big rogues to the penitentiary would have done more good than to have sent a forty-acre field full of ordinary thieves to the pen. It's the same way with the Sugar Trust thieves, who stole millions from the Government and then escaped a felon's stripes and a felon's cell by paying back a small fraction of what they had stolen. There never has been a thief who would not have been glad to compromise that way. If the anti-trust law had been vigorously enforced in both civil and criminal features for the last ten years there would not be a trust in America today."

Champ Clark's Views

Had not politics been barred, Senator Pomerene would probably have added to his statement: "Nominate Harmon and elect him president of the United States, and he will appoint an attorney-general who will enforce the law."

Likewise, Champ Clark would possibly have said: "Nominate and elect me president, and I will appoint an attorney-general who will enforce the Sherman Law."

"But what about constructive legislation, Mr. Speaker?" I asked.

"I am in favor of making the Sherman Law stronger than it is at present, and if we cannot do that, then I am in favor of enforcing strictly the law as it now stands. But there will be no repeal of the present law if I can prevent it, unless it is for the purpose of making way for the passage of a stronger one."

Mr. Clark can "prevent it," if for no other reason than because no attempt will be made, either in the House or Senate, to repeal the anti-trust law; indeed, no congressman or senator would have the temerity to propose such action. But when it comes to supplemental legislation, Mr. Underwood, of Alabama, will have more to say about it than Mr. Clark, of Missouri. Mr. Underwood is Democracy's leader in the House of Representatives, and the chairman of Ways and Means is a Conservative, as witness his statement on the trust question:

"Personally I have no panacea for the trust problem," he said to me. "I am not in favor of the repeal of the Sherman Law. Perhaps there should be an act of Congress supplementary to that law. What I ask of the House is that the subject be taken up

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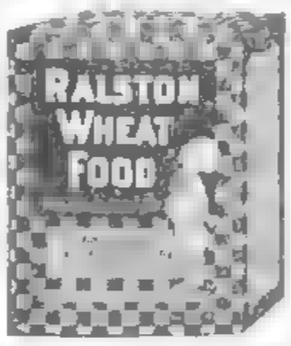

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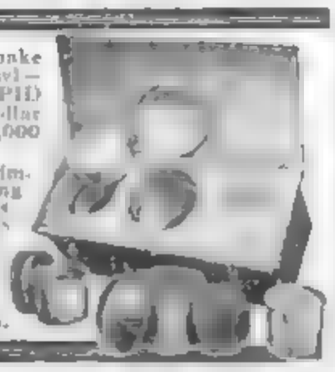

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deliberately—in its proper order—and legislation carefully considered. I think it wise, before we do much legislating, to see what the courts are going to do in enforcing the law and particularly in requiring corporations to conform to the law."

My guess is that Representative Underwood would prefer to leave to the courts the solution of the trust question—but it's only a guess. Certainly he will not permit the tariff question to be sidetracked and give trust legislation the right of way—as President Taft tried to bring about.

The only man I could find in the House of Representatives who was ready to legislate in regard to trusts was Representative Robert Lee Henry, of Texas. Mr. Henry is the second man on the Judiciary Committee, but more important, he is chairman of Rules—the committee that orders out the steamroller in legislative procedure. He has introduced a bill "for the purpose," he explained, "of clearly defining the legislative intent—[in the Sherman Law]—and making the penalty adequate." He has positive views on the trust question, and unlike the chairman of Judiciary he was willing to give expression to his ideas.

Mr. Henry on the Sherman Act

"When the Sherman Law was enacted," said Mr. Henry, "the framers had one principal aim in mind. They intended to pass an act that would prevent all combinations in restraint of trade or commerce among the states or with foreign nations, whether those restraints were reasonable or unreasonable as arising from the combinations denounced. In the Joint Traffic and Trans-Missouri cases the Supreme Court thus interpreted the act and overruled the dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice White, who, at that early date, undertook to insert the word 'reasonable' in the Sherman Act. Twenty years afterward the same justice, having become chief justice, finds the majority of the Supreme Court with concurrent minds favoring his view, overrules the original interpretation, and writes *reasonable* where unanimous Senate and House had denied it and where, for twenty years, his brethren on the bench had stayed his hand and said no 'rule of reason' should find lodgment there.

"The President in his message of December 4, 1911, defies any one to point out a single trust that cannot be reached by the law as 'amended' in the Supreme Court decision of last spring. I defy the President's criticism and mention the Joint Traffic and Trans-Missouri Freight Association cases of 1895 and 1897.

"Come, Mr. President, and deny, if you can, the proposition—that if Chief Justice White had those cases before him now, with the majority of his brethren on his side, he would declare the contract 'reasonable' and *legal* instead of 'reasonable' and *illegal*, as in 1895 and 1897. Those associations would now go scot free, instead of being outlawed as the Supreme Court decreed in those years. Here are two cases, Mr. President, and you are challenged to answer.

"At present the law is hazy and offenders pretend not to understand its meaning in order to violate its provisions. Let the Congress comprehend and clearly define by amendment the acts that constitute a combination, trust or conspiracy against trade and commerce. This can be done so clearly that he who runs may read and take warning. In the measure introduced by me these illegal acts are clearly specified. After carefully preserving the first sentence of the first section of the law of 1890, I have minutely set out the various methods of combination and trust organization that are prohibited.

"Again, trust magnates dread the penitentiary. The law should be amended and felony punishment provided. It is admitted that conspiracies against trade and commerce, combinations to destroy competition and agreements to engross the market, as typified by the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts, are crimes and should be punished. Hence they should be denounced by law in the same manner that penal statutes denounce highway robbery, embezzlement, swindling, theft and burglary, and the punishment made certain and adequate. Then only the debased heart and mind would seek to violate the criminal law."

Representative Henry's criticism of the Supreme Court's decision is an echo of the outcry that was heard last spring. Progressives in both parties seemed then to agree with the dissenting opinion of the late Justice Harlan. But many Progressives have changed their minds since that time, and it is doubtful if the views expressed by Mr. Henry would today receive indorsement in Congress.

The bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. La Follette is a composite—that is to say, it embodies in legislative form the ideas of a number of Progressives in and out of Congress. It is a supplement to the Sherman Law. It changes no specific provision, it alters no word in the eight sections that make up the anti-trust act. But it adds to that statute eight other sections that seek to accomplish the following results:

1. To remove, as far as possible, the uncertainties said now to exist in respect to the application of the Sherman Law to facts as they arise, by declaring that restraints of trade attended by certain practices are to be deemed unreasonable. In this way the La Follette Bill would make certain that which business men and lawyers say is uncertain and, therefore, injurious to business.

2. To make easier the proceedings instituted on behalf of the Government to enforce alleged violations of the anti-trust law. This is accomplished by a provision that whenever it shall appear that a combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade exists, the burden of proof to establish the reasonableness of the restraint shall be upon the party who contends that the restraint is reasonable—not upon the Government.

3. To make the remedy adequate and actually effective in case of a finding of illegality in regard to a combination.

The La Follette Bill is a mighty good bill and it seems to be well regarded at the Capitol. Some modification of this bill—a bill probably embodying the similar ideas of Senator Cummins—may pass the Senate. Then if some modification of the Henry Bill should pass the House, legislation will depend upon the ability of the conferees of both Houses to harmonize these somewhat discordant legislative proposals.

Politics First and Foremost

There will be no Federal license, unless the views of leading Democrats are considerably modified. There will certainly be no Federal incorporation. Perhaps the solution of the trust problem may come only through Federal charter and incidental regulation, but the Progressives are of one mind that there should be a sincere attempt to enforce healthy competition, before Congress adopts the theory of regulated monopoly. When the step toward national regulation of interstate industrial business is taken—if it ever is taken—the English Companies' Act should be the guide. The start could be made with enforced Federal license and a permissive corporation law based on the English model. Publicity, with information to investors of the terms of any issue of stock or bonds; officers and directors separate and distinct; the rights of minority stockholders amply protected—these and other features of the English law should be followed. In other words, the corporation should be democratized and there should be "representative government."

But those who advocate Federal incorporation must know that nothing will be done to bring this about so long as the Democrats are in partial control of the Government. For some time Senator Newlands has advocated Federal charter for interstate railroads whose functions are largely national, but he has been able to make no headway with his party. He explains it by saying that the Democrats "cling to the exercise of state functions and guard against Federal encroachment." What the Southern Democrat is clinging to, as a matter of fact, is the "Jim Crow car," and he will not run the risk of having some authority in Washington order such cars from the railroads of the South and prescribe equal service, regardless of "race or color."

The outlook for immediate relief from the exactions of the trusts could be much brighter. Of what avail is a decision of the Supreme Court "dissolving" a trust when the lower court recreates the monopoly—or, to be fair to the court, gives back to the original stockholders the power to monopolize? And although Congress would like to do something, nobody seems to like what somebody else proposes. Also, Congress has much to do. Great questions are pressing for consideration, in this the order of their importance: Politics, tariff, Politics, trusts, Politics, currency, POLITICS.

And the only one of these important subjects that is assured of proper consideration is—politics.

A Delight

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How Brownell Got What He Wanted

R. E. Brownell of the Brownell Shoe Co., Meadville, Pa., didn't know he could get a complete detailed statement of sales, purchases and expenses by departments, by salesmen and by classes of goods in eight stores, all with one bookkeeper didn't know it until a few months ago.

Now he says: "If it had cost us thousands of dollars to find it out and to get the means of doing it, we would consider it money well spent."

Brownell wanted the information to give him an absolute check on the amount of goods necessary in each of the eight Brownell stores.

"In our business," he says, "this information is needed every day to enable us to buy our stock to the best advantage. It must be up-to-date; it must be complete; it must be accurate."

Brownell uses a Duplex Burroughs Adding Machine. The Duplex is different from any other adding machine. It is different from any other of the *86 Burroughs* adding machines.

The ordinary adding machine carries a grand total—the only total it can give. The Duplex breaks the totals up into any number of groups of items, giving a total of each item while carrying a grand total of all the groups.

You probably don't know what this means to your work. Brownell didn't. But he says he'd rather *know* than to have $10,000 in cash and *not* know.

Let us tell you what it means to your work, without a cent of cost or obligation to you.

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Burroughs Duplex (Multiple Total) Adding Machine which accumulates all kinds of groups of figures into totals, carrying a grand total of these totals at the same time. For the

Retailer and Wholesaler

Totalling sales of each clerk and the store's gross sales at one operation.

Summarizing cash and credit items at one operation, with separate totals of each.

Recapitulating purchases by departments, with a grand total of all at the same time.

Totaling [illegible] and selling price by clerks, departments, or classes of goods.

Making monthly statements and trial balance at one operation.

For the Manufacturer

Summarizing costs by items and by jobs at one operation.

Adding time and amount for both time and piece laborers at one operation.

Summarizing material, labor and overhead expense by jobs, carrying a grand total of all at the same operation.

For Every Business

Trial balance-adding and listing debits and credits at one operation.

Proving ledger postings by sections, with total of each section and grand total of all at one operation.

Figuring inventories, securing totals of each class of goods and totals of all classes at one operation.

Out of a Schoolboy's Desk

By J. W. FOLEY

HENRY BEGG and me were cleaning out our desks in school and we found a lot of things that we put in there at difrunt times and forgot about.

Henry found some dride-up apple-corpse, part of a paper of snuff, rubber for a bene shooter, two Red Ranger stories about Injuns with paper backs, and his aggut shooter with moons in it which he was afrade was lost for good.

I found some red pepper in a peace of paper for putting on boys' gum and into lunches when they are not looking, some gurls' hare ribbons which were sitting in frunt of us when we took them off, sevrel peaces of gum faded from old age, some peach stones partly wittled into baskets, a wissle made out of a willow stick, and a ten-cent baseball given to me once by a big boy lopsided.

Many of the things we found are not to be used in a school though they are part of a boy's ejication, but a teecher does not always know that when she takes them away in schoolhours and locks them in her desk and not always gives them back to you.

A teecher has the power to take things away from you but she has no rite to keep them; but she has mite makes rite, which doesn't even if she thinks it does.

We took the things out of our desk so we could get our books in, which are more importunt but not as valyubul to us. We do not know how valyubul schoolbooks are till we grow old and forget them.

It is an offle thing to forget our schoolbooks and fill a popper's grave.

We also found in our desks a lot of notes all rolled up in little balls which we passed back and forth at difrunt times and got from gurls. Most of the gurls' notes you can tell from being about love some way or anuther.

A note or a candy hart with sweet words on it is about the only way a boy has to make love until his bashful days are over.

It takes a lot of curridge sometimes to pass a sweet note or a candy hart with a loving messidge on it to a gurl you don't know how will take it.

Henry Begg told me a gurl sent him a candy hart with a sweet messidge on it once and he put it in his mouth to hide it and swallered it whole and nearly changed his whole life.

When we got the notes home out of the dinner-pales we smoothed them all out back of the barn on a bored and read them over again with the wrinkles out as well as we could get them.

Some of them were a year old and we both laughed; how difrunt things are now!

A year makes a lot of difrunce how what you rite looks to you. If we would wait a year we would not rite a great many things.

Henry and me coppied a good many of the notes before we threw them away and laughed at many a one for the sake of old times back of the barn after we got the wrinkles out of it.

Here are some of them now and then explaned a little:

If she won't excuse you at three oclock I got some sope to froth at the mouth with. Let's try it.

(Not good sixsess with.)

Gimme your apple-corpse to put in Skinny Graham's inkwell when he goes out for a drink.

(Skinny was the best skollur.)

Got a blotter? I spilt ink on my jogafy and it's running all over the United States.

(Sevrel like this. Good sampul of quite a number.)

What did Washington die of in the second part of the ninth question where they bled him.

(Sampul of examinashun-day note.)

I ansurd the seventh question this way: When Captin John Smith was bound by the savvidges Pockahuntus rushed up and said, Why don't you speak for yourself, John? and he was released by Henry W. Longfellow. Is that the way you got it?

(Sampul of histery examunation note.)

Bill Sims smoked half a sigguret last nite on the way home and is going to smoke the uther half on the way home from school through his nose this afternoon.

(Expeld from school afterward for smoking on the school grounds up a tree through his nose.)

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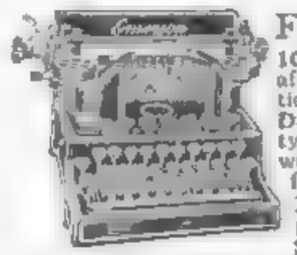

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Who was Julus Cæsar and what did he die of and how long ago was B. C.?

(Note on hisstery examinasnun day.)

Henry Owens caught a two-pound sucker rite about fifty feet above the mildam Wensday.

What bounds Vennazweela on the south and east?

(Sampul of jogafy examinashun note.)

Look at the boyle on teecher's nose.

Ben Wilson hid a big watermellun in the mangur of their barn and the cow et it, so there won't be a meeting of the Rangers tonite.

(Sampul of many notes about seacrut order.)

Don't rite that you love me on a note. Somebody mite see it besides us.

(Note from a gurl in ansur to one.)

Ime going to stay in recess and look in the duckshunary for Amy Jones.

(Farly note when in love.)

Could you see the patch in my pants when I was up to the bored just now? I hurd some gurls snickering and I wundered if it was me.

Gimme your grammer under the seat. Mine's got ink on the verbs and I can't study them.

(Sevrel like this.)

I pinned a peace of red flannel on Skinny Graham's coattale. Watch him when he gets up to the bored the next time in rithmetick.

(The same Skinny—the good skollur.)

I got a vaxination scar loose to show you. Ast me at recess.

Look at the back of Tommy Briggs' neck. I put ink on and he doesn't know it.

(Also a good skollur.)

If she calls me up to the bored for the seventh example pertend to faint or something so I can run for some water and get out of it.

(Sometimes it worked.)

I got a tode in my pocket to put on Amy Jones' desk. Watch her in about a minute.

(Note after-love turned to hate.)

I got some snuff if you want to sneeze so you can ast to go out for a while.

(Fare suxess sometimes.)

Ime done with the Red Ranger story if you want to read it inside of your jogafy.

(Sevrel of these.)

Ast to go out for a drink and Ile have a faint spell and meet you outside.

(Good if not too often.)

What did you get for the fourth example about the five geese and the two turkeys which the old women sold partly drest?

(Rithmetick sampul.)

Did you rite the ansurs to all the rithmetick lesson on your shurtsleave? I forgot some of it on mine. Pass me what you rote on your sleave.

Was it Abrahm Lincoln or Columbus that split rales for his bored?

(Hisstery sampul again.)

What was the names of Columbus's uther ships that discovered America besides the Shem and Ham? It sounds like Jaffa.

(Ditto hisstery.)

I was only sixty in deportment on my report card, but I managed to make it ninety on the road home by scratching a little.

(Never found out.)

It ain't gum; it's tar out of a barrel on the way to school. But it chews splendid, but a little hot in your mouth. (Ansur to gum note.)

Do they know yet who rubbed the lard on the bored? Drop your slate if it was Billy Edwards.

I hurd Amy Jones was going to the party with that warty new boy in the A class in the second seat with the striped necktie and the blue shirt on, but it's something you could hardly see unless you beleaved it, don't it?

They shot at us with salt and pepper last nite, but we're going to try again tonite if the moon doesn't come up. (Watermellun note again.)

Did you see Skinny Graham go for a drink just now? I put some red pepper inside of his desk where he keeps his gum when he isn't chewing it.

(Skinny the good skollur again.)

A good many good notes we et up at difrunt times when teecher was watching us, but we manneged to save some pretty good ones.

Skinny Graham the good skollur got the brane fever afterward, but not from us.

Bill Sims got expelled for smoking siggurets on the way to school through his nose.

Billy Price's father raised a pig every little while and they moved out in the country with Billy so they would have a chance to butcher him.

The rest of us are all well.

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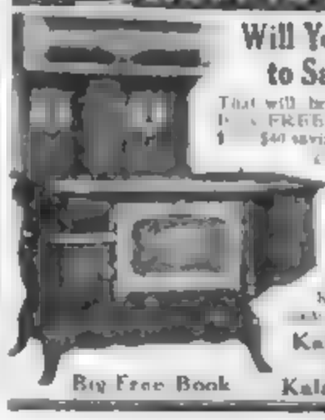

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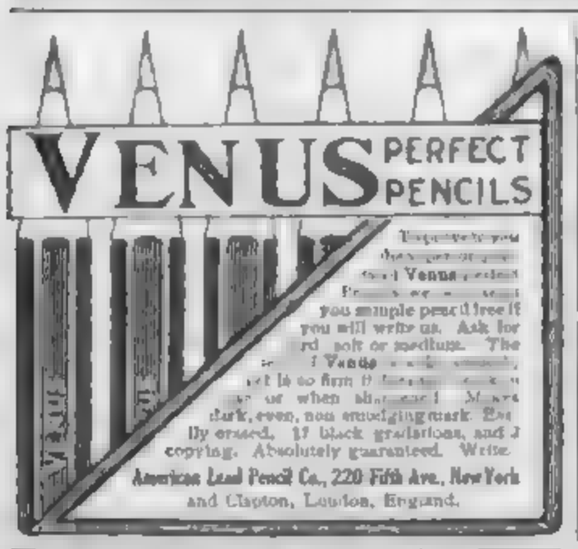
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THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 31)

"I am going to talk to Miss Lalonde," she said. "After we have had an opportunity of witnessing your skill, Mr. Chetwode, we may trust ourselves another time. *Au revoir!*"

Fenella and Ruth watched the punt glide down the stream, Sabatini stretched between the red cushions with a cigarette in his mouth, Arnold handling his pole like a skilled waterman.

"You like my brother?" Fenella asked.

The girl looked at her gratefully.

"I think that he is the most charming person I ever knew in my life," she declared.

XXII

SABATINI'S attitude of indolence lasted only until they had turned from the waterway into the main river. Then he sat up and pointed a little way down the stream.

"Can you cross over somewhere there?" he asked.

Arnold nodded and punted across toward the opposite bank.

"Get in among the rushes," Sabatini directed. "Now listen to me."

Arnold came and sat down.

"You don't mean to tire me," he remarked.

Sabatini smiled.

"Do you seriously think that I asked you to bring me on the river for the pleasure of watching your prowess with that pole, my friend?" he asked. "Not at all. I am going to ask you to do me a service."

Arnold was suddenly conscious that Sabatini, for the first time since he had known him, was in earnest. The lines of his marble-white face seemed to have grown tenser and firmer; his manner was the manner of a man who meets a crisis.

"Turn your head and look inland," he said. "You follow the lane there?"

Arnold nodded.

"Quite well," he admitted.

"At the corner," Sabatini continued, "just out of sight behind that tall hedge, is my motor car. I want you to land and make your way there. My chauffeur has his instructions. He will take you to a village some eight miles up the river, a village called Heslop Wood. There is a boat-builder's yard at the end of the main street. You will hire a boat and row up the river. About three hundred yards up on the left-hand side is an old, dismantled-looking houseboat. I want you to board it and search it thoroughly."

Sabatini paused and Arnold looked at him, perplexed.

"Search it!" he exclaimed. "But for whom? For what?"

"It is my belief," Sabatini went on, "that Starling is hiding there. If he is I want you to bring him to me by any means that occurs to you. I had sooner he were dead, but that is too much to ask you. I want him brought in the motor car to that point in the lane there. Then, if you succeed, you will bring him down here and your mission is ended. Will you undertake it?"

Arnold never hesitated for a moment. He was only too thankful to be able to reply in the affirmative. He put on his coat and propelled the punt a little farther into the rushes.

"I'll do my best," he asserted.

Sabatini said never a word, but his silence seemed somehow eloquent. Arnold sprang on to the bank and turned once round.

"If he is there I'll bring him," he promised.

Sabatini waved his hand and Arnold sped across the meadow. He found the motor car waiting behind the hedge and he had scarcely stepped in before they were off. They swung at a great speed along the narrow lanes, through two villages, and finally came to a standstill at the end of a long, narrow street. Arnold alighted and found the boat-builder's yard, with rows of boats for hire, a short distance along the front. He chose one and paddled off, glancing at his watch as he did so. It was a quarter of an hour since he had left.

The river at this spot was broad, but it narrowed suddenly on rounding a bend about a hundred yards away. The houseboat was in sight now, moored close to a tiny island. Arnold pulled up alongside and paused to reconnoiter. To all appearance it was a derelict. There were no awnings, no carpets, no baskets of flowers. The outside was grievously in need of paint. It had an entirely uninhabited and desolate appearance. Arnold beached his boat upon the little island and swung himself up on to the deck. There was still no sign of any human occupancy. He descended into the saloon. The furniture there was mildewed and musty. Rain had come in through an open window and the appearance of the little apartment was depressing in the extreme. Stooping low, he next examined the four sleeping apartments. There was no bedding in any one of them, nor any sign of their having been recently occupied. He passed on into the kitchen, with the same result. It seemed as though his journey had been in vain. He made his way back again on deck and descended the stairs leading to the fore part of the boat. Here were a couple of servants' rooms, and though there was still no bedding one of the bunks gave him the idea that some one had been lying there recently. He looked round him and sniffed—there was a distinct smell of tobacco smoke. He stepped lightly back into the passageway. There was nothing to be heard and no material indication of any one's presence, yet he had the uncomfortable feeling that some one was watching him—some one only a few feet away. He waited for almost a minute. Nothing happened, yet his sense of apprehension grew deeper. For the first time he associated the idea of danger with his enterprise.

"Is any one about here?" he asked.

There was no reply. He tried another door that led into a sort of pantry, without result. The last one was fastened on the inside.

"Is Mr. Starling in there?" Arnold demanded.

There was still no reply, yet it was certain now that the end of his search was at hand. Distinctly he could hear the sound of a man breathing.

"Will you tell me if you are there, Mr. Starling?" Arnold again demanded. "I have a message for you."

Starling, if indeed he were there, seemed now to be even holding his breath. Arnold took one step back and charged the door. It went crashing in, and almost at once there was a loud report. The closet—it was little more—was filled with smoke, and Arnold heard distinctly the hiss of a bullet buried in the woodwork over his shoulder. He caught the revolver from the shaking fingers of the man, who was crouching upon the ground, and slipped it into his pocket. With his other hand he held his prisoner powerless.

"What the devil do you mean by that?" he cried fiercely.

Starling—for it was Starling—seemed to have no words. Arnold dragged him out into the light and for a moment found it hard to recognize the man. He had lost over a stone in weight. His cheeks were hollow and his eyes had in them the hunted look of some wild animal.

"What do you want with me?" he muttered. "Can't you see I am hiding here? What business is it of yours to interfere?"

Arnold looked at him from head to foot. The man was shaking all over; the coward's fear was upon him.

"What on earth are you in this state for?" he exclaimed. "Whom are you hiding from? You have been set free. Is it the Rosario business still? You have been set free once."

Starling moistened his lips rapidly.

"They set me free," he muttered, "because one of their witnesses failed. They had no case; they wouldn't bring me up. But I am still under surveillance. The sergeant as good as told me that they'd have me before long."

"Well, at present I've got you," Arnold said coolly. "Have you any luggage?"

"No! Why?"

"Because you are coming along with me."

"Where?"

"I am taking you to Count Sabatini," Arnold informed him. "He is at his villa about ten miles down the river."

Starling flopped upon his knees.

"Oh! don't take me to him!" he begged.

"Why not?"

"He is a devil, that man," Starling whispered confidentially. "He would blow out my brains or yours or his own without a second's hesitation if it suited him. He hasn't any nerves or any fear or any pity. He will laugh at me—he won't understand; he is so reckless!"

"Well, we're going to him anyhow," Arnold said. "I don't see how you can be any worse off than hiding in this beastly place. Upstairs and into the boat, please."

Starling struggled weakly to get away, but he was like a child in Arnold's hands.

"You had much better come quietly" the latter advised. "You'll have to come, anyway, and if you're really afraid of being arrested again I should think the count would be the best man to aid your escape."

"But he won't let me escape," Starling protested. "He doesn't understand danger. I am not made like him. My nerve has gone. I came into this too late in life."

"Jump!" Arnold ordered, linking his arm into his companion's.

They landed somehow upon the island. Arnold pointed to the boat.

"Please be sensible," he begged—"now at any rate. There may be people passing at any moment."

"I was safe in there," Starling mumbled. "Why the devil couldn't you have left me alone!"

Arnold bent over his oars.

"Safe!" he repeated contemptuously. "You were doing the one thing that a guilty man would do. People would have known before long that you were there, obviously hiding. I think that Count Sabatini will propose something very much better."

"Perhaps so," Starling muttered. "Perhaps he will help me to get away."

They reached the village and Arnold paid for the hire of his boat. Then he hurried Starling into the car and a moment or two later they were off.

"Is it far away?" Starling nervously asked.

"Ten minutes' ride. Sabatini has arranged it all very well. We get out, cross a meadow and find him waiting for us in the punt."

"You won't leave me alone with him on the river?" Starling begged.

"No, I shall be there," Arnold promised.

"There's nothing would suit him so well," Starling continued, "as to see me down at the bottom of the Thames with a stone round my neck. I tell you I'm frightened of him. If I can get out of this mess," he went on, "I'm off back to New York. Any job there is better than this. What are we stopping for? Say, what's wrong now?"

"It's all right," Arnold answered. "Step out. We cross this meadow on foot. When we reach the other end we shall find Sabatini. Come along."

They turned toward the river, Starling muttering now and then to himself. In a few minutes they came in sight of the punt. Sabatini was still there, with his head reclining among the cushions. He looked up and waved his hand.

"A record, my young friend!" he exclaimed. "I congratulate you indeed. You have been gone exactly fifty-five minutes, and I gave you an hour and a half at the least. Our friend Starling was glad to see you, I hope?"

"He showed his pleasure," Arnold remarked dryly, "in a most original manner. However, here he is. Shall I take you across now?"

"If you please," Sabatini agreed.

He sat up and looked at Starling. Starling hung his head and shook like a guilty schoolboy.

"It was so foolish of you," Sabatini murmured; "but we'll talk of that presently. They were civil to you at the police court, eh?"

"I was never charged," Starling replied. "They couldn't get their evidence together."

"Still they asked you questions, no doubt?" Sabatini continued.

"I told them nothing," Starling replied. "On my soul and honor, I told them nothing!"

"It was very wise of you," Sabatini said. "It might have led to disappointments—to trouble of many sorts. So you told them nothing, eh? That is excellent. After we have landed I must hand you over to my valet. Then we will have a little talk."

They were in the backwater now, drifting on toward the lawn. Starling shrank back at the sight of the two women.

"I can't face it," he muttered. "I tell you I have lost my nerve."

"You have nothing to fear," Sabatini said quietly. "There is no one here likely to do you or wish you any harm."

Fenella came down to the steps to meet them.

"So our prodigal has returned," she remarked, smiling at Starling.

"We have rescued Mr. Starling from a solitary picnic upon his houseboat," Sabatini explained suavely. "We cannot have our friends cultivating misanthropy."

Mr. Weatherley, who had returned from the boat-builder's, half rose from his chair and sat down again, frowning. He watched the two men cross the lawn toward the house. Then he turned to Ruth and shook his head.

"I have a great regard for Count Sabatini," he declared, "a great regard; but there are some of his friends very many of them, in fact—whose presence here I could dispense with. That man is one of them. Do you know where he was a few nights ago, Miss Lalonde?"

She shook her head.

"In prison," Mr. Weatherley said impressively, "arrested on a serious charge."

Her eyes asked him a question. He stooped toward her and lowered his voice.

"Murder," he whispered "the murder of Mr. Rosario!"

XXIII

THROUGH the winding lanes, between the tall hedges, honeysuckle-wreathed and starred with wild roses, out on to the broad main road Sabatini's great car sped noiselessly on its way back to London. It seemed to pass in a few moments from the cool, perfumed air of the country into the hot, dry atmosphere of the London suburbs. Almost before the occupants realized that they were on their homeward way the fiery glow of the city was staining the clouds above their heads. Arnold leaned a little forward, watching, as the car raced on to its goal. This ride through the darkness seemed to supply the last thrill of excitement to their wonderful day. He glanced toward Ruth, who lay back among the cushions by his side as though sleeping.

"You are tired?"

"Yes," she answered simply.

They were in the region now of electric cars—wonderful vehicles ablaze with light flashing toward them every few minutes, laden with Sunday evening pleasure seekers. Their automobile, however, perfectly controlled by Sabatini's Italian chauffeur, swung from one side of the road to the other and held on its way with scarcely abated speed.

"You have enjoyed the day?" he asked.

She opened her eyes and looked at him. He saw the shadows and wondered.

"Of course," she whispered.

His momentary wonder at her reticence passed. Again he was leaning a little forward, looking up the broad thoroughfare with its double row of lights, its interminable rows of houses growing in importance as they rushed on.

"It is we ourselves who pass now along the lighted way!" he exclaimed, holding her arm for a moment. "It is an enchanted journey, ours, Ruth."

She laughed bitterly.

"An enchanted journey that leads to two very dreary attic rooms on the sixth floor of a poverty-stricken house," she reminded him. "It leads back to the smoke-stained city, to the four walls within which one dreams empty dreams."

"It isn't so bad as that," he protested.

Her lips trembled for a moment; she half closed her eyes. An impulse of pain passed like a spasm across her tired features.

"It is different for you," she murmured. "Every day you escape. For me there is no escape."

He felt a momentary twinge of selfishness. Yet, after all, the great truths were incontrovertible. He could lighten her lot but little. There was very little of himself that he could give her—of his youth, his strength, his vigorous hold upon life. He took her hand and held it tightly. Yet it was hard to know what to say to her. It was the inevitable tragedy, this, of their sexes and her infirmity. He realized in those few minutes something of how she was feeling—the one who is left upon the lonely island while the other is borne homeward into the sunshine and tumult of life. There was little, indeed, that he could say. It was not the hour, this, for protestation.

They passed along Piccadilly, across Leicester Square and into the Strand. The wayfarers in the streets, of whom there were still plenty, seemed to be lingering about in sheer joy of the cooler night after the unexpected heat of the day, the women in light clothes, the men with coats thrown open and carrying their hats. The car passed down the Strand and into Adam Street, coming at last to a standstill before

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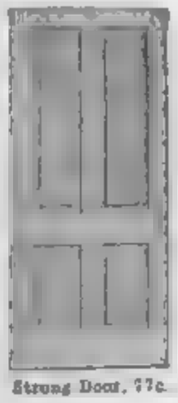

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the tall, gloomy house at the corner of the terrace. Arnold stepped out on to the pavement and helped his companion to alight. The chauffeur lifted his hat and the car glided at once away. As they stood there for a moment upon the pavement and Arnold pushed open the heavy, shabby door, it seemed indeed as though the whole day might have been a dream.

Ruth moved wearily along the broken, tessellated pavement and paused for a moment before the first flight of stairs. Arnold, taking her stick from her, caught her up in his arms. Her fingers closed round his neck and she gave a little sigh of relief.

"Will you really carry me up all the way, Arnie?" she whispered. "I am so tired tonight. You are sure that you can manage it?"

He laughed gayly.

"I have done it many times before," he reminded her. "Tonight I feel as strong as a dozen men."

They climbed the flights of stone steps one by one. Curiously enough, notwithstanding the strength of which he had justly boasted, as they neared the top of the house he felt his breath coming short and his heart beating faster, as though some unusual strain were upon him. She had tightened her grasp upon his neck. She seemed, somehow, to have come closer to him, yet to hang like a dead weight in his arms. Her cheek was touching his. Once toward the end he looked into her face and the fire of her eyes startled him.

"You are not really tired," he muttered.

"I am resting like this," she whispered.

They stood at last upon the top landing. He set her down with a little thrill, assailed by a medley of sensations the significance of which confused him. She seemed still to cling to him and she pointed to his door.

"For five minutes," she begged, "let us sit in our chairs and look down at the river. Tonight it is too hot to sleep."

Even while he opened his door he hesitated.

"What about Isaac?" he asked.

She shivered and looked over her shoulder. They were in Arnold's room now and she closed the door. On the threshold she stood quite still for a moment, as though listening. There was something in her face that alarmed him.

"Do you know, I believe that I am afraid to go back," she said. "Isaac has been stranger than ever these last few days. All the time he is locked up in his room, and he shows himself only at night."

Arnold dragged her chair up to the window and installed her comfortably. He himself was thinking of Isaac's face under the gaslight as he had seen him stepping away from the taxicab.

"Isaac was always queer," he reminded her reassuringly.

She drew him down to her side.

"There has been a difference these last few days," she whispered. "I am afraid—I am terribly afraid that he has done something really wrong."

Arnold felt a little shiver of fear himself.

"You must remember," he said quietly, "that after all Isaac is, in a measure, outside your life. No one can influence him for either good or evil. He is not like other men. He must go his own way, and I, too, am afraid that it may be a troublous one. He chose it for himself and neither you nor I can help. I wouldn't think about him at all, dear, if you can avoid it. And for yourself, remember always that you have another protector."

The faintest of smiles parted her lips. In the moonlight, which was already stealing into the room through the bare, uncurtained window, her face seemed like a piece of beautiful marble statuary, ghostly, yet in a single moment exquisitely human.

"I have no claim upon you, Arnold," she reminded him, "and I think that soon you will pass out of my life. It is only natural. You must go on, I must remain. And that is the end of it," she added, with a little quiver of the lips. "Now let us finish talking about ourselves. I want to talk about your new friends."

"Tell me what you really think of them?" he begged. "Count Sabatini has been so kind to me that if I try to think about him at all I am already prejudiced."

"I think," she replied slowly, "that Count Sabatini is the strangest man I ever met. Do you remember when he stood and looked down upon us? I felt—but it was so foolish!"

"You felt what?" he persisted.

She shook her head.

"I cannot tell—as though we were not strangers at all. I suppose it is what they call mesmerism. He had that soft, delightful way of speaking and that gentle mannerism. There was nothing abrupt or new about him. He seemed, somehow, to become part of the life of any one in whom he chose to interest himself in the slightest. And he talked so delightfully, Arnold. I cannot tell you how kind he was to me."

"It's a clear case of hero-worship," Arnold declared. "You're going to be as bad as I have been."

"And yet," she said slowly, "it is his sister of whom I think all the time. Fenella she calls herself, doesn't she?"

"You like her too?" Arnold asked eagerly.

"I hate her!" was the low, fierce reply.

Arnold drew a little away.

"You can't mean it!" he exclaimed. "You can't really mean that you don't like her?"

Ruth clutched at his arm as though jealous of his instinctive disappointment.

"I know that it's brutally ungracious," she declared—"it's a sort of madness even. But I hate her because she is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in life. I hate her for that and I hate her for her strength. Did you see her come across the lawn to us tonight, Arnold?"

He nodded enthusiastically.

"You mean in that smoke-colored muslin dress?"

"She has no right to wear clothes like that!" Ruth cried. "She does it so that men may see how beautiful she is. I—well, I hate her!"

There was a silence. Then Ruth rose slowly to her feet. Her tone was suddenly altered, her eyes pleaded with his.

"Don't take any notice of me tonight, Arnold," she implored. "It has been such a wonderful day and I am not used to so much excitement. I am afraid that I am a little hysterical. Do be kind and help me across to my room."

"Is there any hurry?" he asked. "It hasn't struck twelve yet."

"I want to go, please," she begged. "I shall say foolish things if I stay here much longer, and I don't want to. Let me go."

He obeyed her without further question. When they had reached her door he would have left her, but she still clutched his arm.

"I am foolish," she whispered—"foolish and wicked tonight. And besides, I am afraid. It is all because I am overtired. Come in with me for one moment, please, and let me be sure that Isaac is all right."

"Of course I will come," he answered. "Isaac can't be angry with me tonight, anyhow, for my clothes are old and dusty enough."

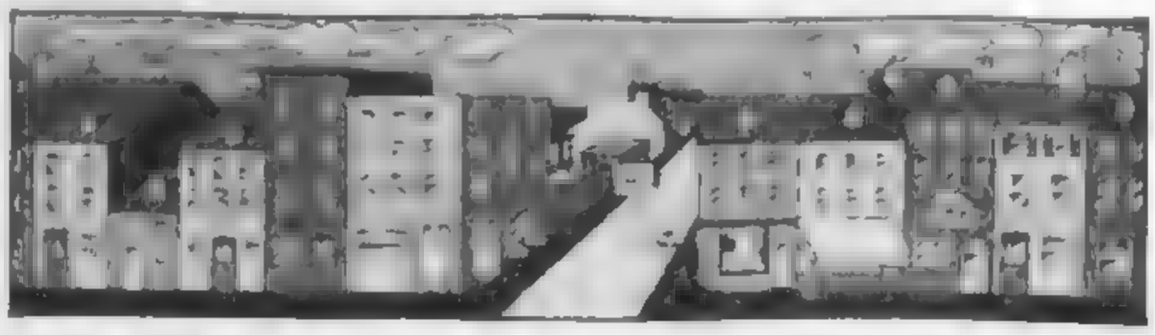
He opened the door and they passed across the threshold. Then they both stopped short and Ruth gave a little start. The room was lit with several candles. There was no sign of Isaac, but a middle-aged man with black beard and mustache had risen to his feet at their entrance. He glanced at Ruth with keen interest, at Arnold with a momentary curiosity.

"What are you doing here?" Ruth demanded. "What right have you in this room?"

The man did not answer her question.

"I shall be glad," he said, "if you will come in and shut the door. If you are Miss Ruth Lalonde I have a few questions to ask you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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First get Andrews Big Free Book and Free Estimate. Have your local dealer put it in or we will send our expert steam fitters—or we will [illegible] complete in our factory and ship it "knock down" so you can put it in yourself (it is very easy with our complete plans and directions) or get some [illegible] handy man. Tell us which way you prefer when you send for Free Estimate. See coupon below and avail yourself of our Free Thermostat offer.

Other Andrews Equipment Sold the "Andrews Way"

Sewage Disposal

The Septic Tank [illegible] of Mr. Andrews' [illegible] a manner that [illegible] State size of house and [illegible] when writing for estimate.

Water Supply

This system is particularly [illegible] any [illegible] where [illegible] A steel tank [illegible] was [illegible] Steel capacity desired when writing for prices.

Plumbing

The Andrews Plumbing line is complete of the very best material, complete plans and instructions for erecting accompany each order. Pipes are cut to fit, threaded, etc., so that any handy man can easily erect. Ask for estimate.

Cast Iron Boilers

Andrews Peerless Cast Iron Boilers have been widely used for a number of years and give fine satisfaction. A number of features not found in other cast iron boilers make them very efficient and the most economically constructed on the market.

Andrews Locomotive Steel Boiler

The most economical boiler made. Easy to clean and simple to operate

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1237 Heating Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.

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Plumbing, Water Supply, Sewage Disposal and Gasoline Lighting

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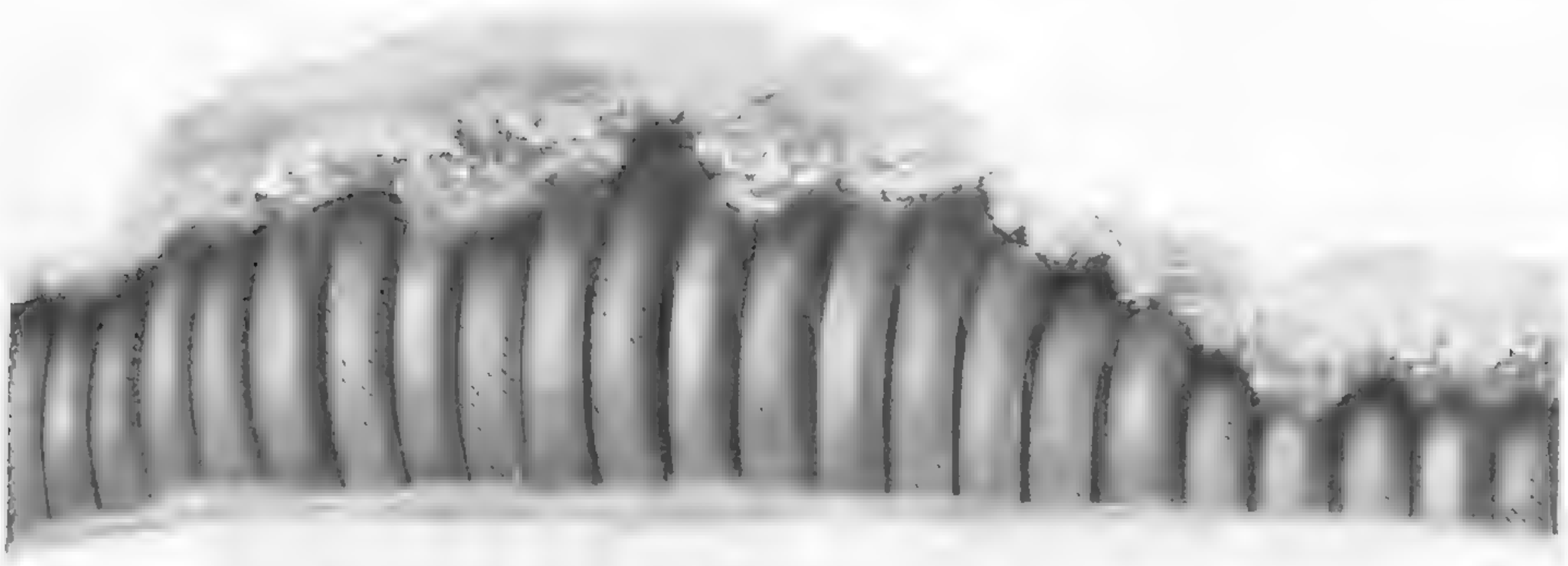
Agents and Dealers Wanted

Good For $20 Thermostat Free

Direct or Thru Dealer if you write at once in answer to this ad. Address Andrews Heating Co., 1237 Heating Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. Better or Heating Plant [illegible] or later. Andrews Heating Co., 1237 Heating Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. Please send me [illegible] for free estimate [illegible] If I [illegible] Name [illegible] Address [illegible]



The Flood-Like Advance of No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

This is what happened when men proved that tire bills could be cut in two:

In 1907 we sold 28,685 tires.
In 1908 we sold 51,542 tires.
In 1909 we sold 105,127 tires.
In 1910 we sold 210,762 tires.
In 1911 we sold 409,521 tires.

That's pneumatic automobile tires alone.

So far this year the demand has run three times that of 1911.

This is what happened when motor car makers made their final comparisons:

44 makers in 1910 contracted for Goodyear tires.
64 makers for 1911—
127 makers for 1912.

And these makers are experts on tires.

No-Rim-Cut tires now far outsell any other make. And the demand is six times larger than two years ago. It's the coming tire.

Are All These Men Mistaken?

Note how that demand doubles every year—grows and grows with increasing experience.

Today—after 900,000 have been tested out—the demand is growing faster than ever.

Yet for years these tires cost one-fifth more than other standard tires. Now they cost but an equal price.

Can you think these men mistaken—these motor car makers, these tens of thousands of users who have come to this patented tire?

They Sought What You Are Seeking

They sought for a way to cut tire bills in two. We proved that these tires could do it.

They sought tires which can't rim-cut. One glance at these tires proves rim-cutting impossible.

They sought oversize tires, to take care of their extras—to save the blow-outs due to overloading. And they found this oversize without extra cost in No-Rim-Cut tires.

That's why they bought, in the year 1911, 409,521 Goodyear tires.

Loss—$20 Per Tire

We figure the average loss of men who don't use them at $20 per tire. It varies, of course, with the sizes. And care or abuse affects it. One can't be exact on these savings.

We figure it this way.

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined clincher tires are rim-cut. No-Rim-Cut tires wipe out that loss entirely.

Ten per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage. And No-Rim-Cut tires, measured by air capacity, average 16.7 per cent larger than five leading makes of clinchers.

The clincher tire is the old-type tire—the hooked-base tire—which No-Rim-Cut tires are displacing.

This No-Rim-Cut feature, plus the oversize feature, will save motor car owners this year, we figure, a million dollars a month.

The Only No-Rim-Cut Tires

In No-Rim-Cut tires there are three flat bands of 126 braided wires vulcanized into the tire base. These wires make the tire base unstretchable.

These tires stay on without hooking to the rims, because nothing can force them off the rim until you remove the removable flange. Then they slip off in an instant.

Your removable rim flanges, when you use this tire, are curved outward instead of inward. That's why they can't cut the tire.

We control by patents the only way to make a practical tire of this type. Other devices, used to meet our competition, have serious shortcomings which we explain in our Tire Book.

That is why the demand for hookless tires centers on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. Nothing else known can take the place of these bands of braided wires.

These patented tires now cost no more than other standard tires. They fit any standard rim, quick-detachable or demountable. So, when you give up clinchers, don't adopt experimental tires.

More and more, the men who know best are insisting on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. Soon or late, you are bound to come to them.

GOODYEAR
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years spent in tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

EASY MONEY

(Continued from Page 15)

hold of don't go when it comes to tame Chinks on ships. What luck, son?"

"All set. Come on; I'll play you a game of casino—and sweeps don't go."

. . . . . .

If you should care to go down into the money belt, stand on the most prominent corner in that inflated district and whisper the name of Peter K. Harding into the atmosphere so that at least seven men could hear it, you might be surprised to find four men grab their trousers pockets and flee for the nearest doorway, two more turn pale and gasp, and the seventh, who would be a financial reporter, follow you for three blocks.

Peter K. has offices where he can keep an eye on the Sub-Treasury and at the same time watch the Assay Office next door. His view also takes in the Stock Exchange, and that combination is painfully aware of the espionage; for, to tell the truth, it is a notorious fact that it will bear some watching. Many men go in to see Peter K. Some get by the guard and wish they hadn't; others fail and envy the fortunate ones who also failed, though they didn't know it. Not two per cent of Peter's visitors are satisfied with what they get, but they all keep on trying just the same.

Two weeks after Mr. Simpson's plans had been laid against the pocketbook and peace of mind of Mr. Harding, Mr. James Forsythe Kingsley drove up to the offices of the astute financier in a purple motor car that was so absolutely correct in its appointments that it made the statue of George Washington look guilty and self-conscious. Even his mother would have failed to recognize Jimmie in the painfully deliberate young Englishman who alighted from the car and lingered on the pavement to affix his monocle more firmly in his eye. Inside, to the clerk who inquired his wishes, he merely said:

"Tell Mr. Harding that—aw—Viscount Hurlingham—aw—wishes to see him."

"Very good, sir," said the obsequious clerk, and vanished behind the green baize door. He returned in a moment.

"Mr. Harding will see you. This way, if you please." And he ushered Jimmie to the magic door and turned him over to the guard.

To be perfectly truthful, Jimmie was a trifle startled at getting to his man so easily for he had quite expected to have to hector his way through the barriers. However, he followed languidly. Within the sacred precincts of the great man's room, he strolled forward and dropped into a chair near the sacred desk at which Peter K. wrote without looking up. He waited a moment, then tapped upon the polished rosewood with his cane.

"I say, you know!" he remarked, and Peter K. leaped in his chair.

"What in blazes did you do that for?" he demanded fiercely, but Kingsley merely fixed him with his monocle and stared.

"They brought you up awfully badly, didn't they? My word, yes!" he remarked, and Peter K. choked with a savage gasp. Then he glared the glare that had turned lesser financiers into icicles and had been known to galvanize even office boys into momentary activity.

"What do you want here? Hey?" he demanded fiercely.

Jimmie stared calmly at him and leaned his chin upon the head of his stick.

"Money," he said finally.

"Money?" echoed Peter K., doubting if he had heard aright. The word seemed something strange.

"That's it, old chap," smiled Jimmie. "Ever see any? Eh, what?"

Peter K. began to boil over.

"Why, you—you ——" he began, when Jimmie cut in:

"Hurlingham's the name, my good sir. Viscount Hurlingham, of Brewster Hall. Brother to Lord Markdale, you know, and all that sort of thing. Met your daughter too. Charmin' gell. Reminds me of you—fact. Markdale's quite smitten. My word, yes!"

Peter Harding stared at his visitor for several long seconds. Then he breathed a long sigh that seemed like the exhaust of an overcharged siphon.

"Well, I'll be ——" He hesitated, and Kingsley filled in for him:

"Blowed—eh? Don't hurry, old chap."

"Lord Markdale—eh?" said Harding at last. "And you want money—eh?"

Jimmie tapped him on the arm.

"That's two 'eh's' almost together. Mustn't do that, you know. Rotten bad form!"

Peter K. regarded him astoundedly.

"Whose money?" he finally asked in a querulous tone. "Whose—eh?"

"Yours," answered Jimmie promptly.

The financier watched him carefully for some moments and finally broke into a laugh, at which his secretary, seated at the desk in the corner of the room, shuddered. He believed his chief was breaking up and this was the first hint of weakness.

"They're all after my money," said Peter K.; "but they are all afraid to tell me so. By gad, yes! Markdale's brother—eh? Didn't know he had a brother—much less that he brought such a thing with him. Where is he?" he demanded suddenly, with the precision of a shot, just as if he expected to bring his man down at the first barrel.

"Shootin'," replied Jimmie instantly. "Next county. Rocky Mountains, you call 'em, I b'lieve. What?"

The secretary leaped from his chair in alarm, for Harding had first thrown his head back and then forward in the first hearty laugh he had enjoyed in years. It was not particularly successful from the standpoint of the listener, for it grated and creaked with much disuse—groaned on the curves and squeaked dismally as it went over the switches; but it was a laugh, and it caused the guard outside to project a worried face into the room. Judging from the speed with which he withdrew it, he must have been inexpressibly shocked, for laughs were uncommon in that corner of the world.

"'Rockies! Next county!' Oh-oh-oh!" wailed Harding, rocking back and forth in his swing chair, while Jimmie watched him stolidly over the top of his stick. Finally the financier shut his mouth like a steel trap.

"Come now. What can I do for you?" he demanded.

Kingsley regarded him with pleasant vacuity.

"Come somewhere and have a cup of tea," he proposed genially. "It's about four."

For a moment Harding turned a brick-red, tinged here and there with purple—but he failed to explode. It was a long day since any one had invited him to tea. The young man evidently meant it, he concluded, and the color faded as he condescended to explain.

"My time's worth about ten thousand an hour today, my young friend," he said. "I'm afraid the tea would be a little too expensive."

Jimmie looked at him solemnly and nodded his head.

"All right," he agreed. "Bit stiff—eh? Now, look here. Old Markdale's beastly hard up. I'm worse. Younger brother, an' all that rot, don't you know? Nothin' but what Markie allows me. Now he's tight; and when he's tight I'm stony. He's got to raise the wind, you see. He's ——" Mr. Kingsley looked over his shoulder at the secretary and then at Peter K. The latter took the hint.

"Chester, see if that cable has gone to Rio, will you? And you needn't hurry back."

Jimmie hitched his chair closer to the desk.

"You know the bally old Hall, of course," he went on. "Pictures—eh? What? You know. Some rippers too—what? All th' rest of the rummy heirlooms too. Well, Markie's brought three or four over with him."

Harding looked frankly puzzled.

"Heirlooms?"

"No—pictures."

"They must have cost him a neat sum to get through the customs."

Kingsley laughed.

"Not a copper—fact is, old chap, they're on the Minerva. Got 'em on the bally old yacht, right and tight-O."

"On the Minerva?"

"Right-O, old top. Stowed away in Markdale's quarters. Perfectly safe."

"Well?" queried the financier after a pause, during which Jimmie bored him through with the monocle and thereby made him as nervous as a cat.

"Buy 'em!" observed that young man.

Without a word Harding arose and walked to the door. He listened there a moment, then returned.

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CUTS COAL BILLS ½ to ⅔
and Insures Clean Even Summer Heat in Zero Weather

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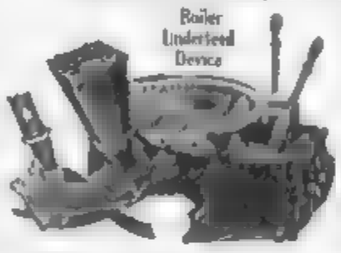
The Peck-Williamson Underfeed
HEATING SYSTEMS WARM AIR STEAM-HOT WATER FURNACES-BOILERS

The *principle* of Underfeed coal-burning is *right*. Coal is fed from below. *All fire is on top.* Smoke and gases, wasted in other heaters, must pass up through the fire in the Underfeed, are consumed and converted into heat. *Soft coal slack*, which would smother fire in other furnaces and boilers, and pea and buckwheat sizes of hard and soft coal yield as much heat in the Underfeed as *highest* priced coal in furnaces and boilers of the ordinary type. The few ashes are removed by shaking the grate bar as in other furnaces and boilers. The Underfeed System is adapted for ALL buildings — large or small — residences, offices, churches, halls, etc.

Frank C. Krueger, of Kalamazoo, Mich.—one of Jack Frost's favorite retreats—writes "I am heating a ten-room house and every room is kept warm during the whole heating season. I burn West Virginia slack without smoke or soot and my coal bill has never been over $32 a year. The Underfeed Furnace does more than you claim it will do and is the best investment I can find."



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Furnace Dealers, Plumbers and Hardware Dealers—Write To-Day for Our 1912 Proposition

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But something very different — very distinctive, so much so that we have called it
MAPLEINE
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To distinguish it from all other flavors.

It contains no maple sugar nor sap, yet some pronounce it similar to maple while others think it is better.

Try it for yourself—you be the judge. Use it in place of lemon or vanilla for custards, ices, icings and fillings for cakes, candies, puddings, and above all for flavoring white sugar syrup.

Grocers sell Mapleine 35c for 2-oz. bottle (Canada 50c). If yours does not, write Dept. E1

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These new Remington models supply visible writing ***under new conditions***—without loss of efficiency.

To realize what this means—the combination of Remington strength with visible writing—note the type bars. Note them specially. See how they are hung in a double row. This gives room for the broad pivot bearings. Note the bar itself, the strong, rigid bar, the Remington bar you have always known, made from a steel drop forging. Compare this bar with the ordinary thin bar, stamped out of sheet steel, and you will understand one reason why the very name "Remington" stands for Strength and Reliability in a Typewriter.

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Ford Model T Touring Car, 4 cylinders, 5 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$690
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Write for booklet, "Ford Factory Facts," and read it before you buy any motor car. Address Department P.

Ford Motor Company
DETROIT

"Do you know what the duty is on works of art?" he asked.

"Haven't an idea, really; but I'll bet it's rotten high," replied the sham Viscount Hurlingham.

"Do you know what that duty would cost me?" went on Peter K.

"Not a bally red," replied Jimmie quickly. "Tell the bally customs chaps to go to the devil! I'll bring 'em ashore for you. Blow me if I won't."

Harding glanced obliquely at him.

"Smuggle 'em?" he inquired in a low tone, and Jimmie nodded over the top of the desk at him.

"Know what they'll give you if you're caught?" went on Peter.

"Don't care, as they won't catch me. Beggars aren't sharp enough!"

Peter K. considered carefully—and, considering, fell.

"When and where can I see them—the pictures?" he asked. "Aboard the yacht?"

Jimmie frowned laboriously and heavily.

"Not good enough," he announced. "You couldn't get aboard without a lot of blighters seein' you. They'd smell a mice—'pon my word, they would. No end sharp, some of those chaps. Tell you what—I'll bring 'em ashore in the launch. How's that, umpire?"

"Where? You know you can't cart pictures round the waterfront in a yacht's launch without causing talk."

"There's a boathouse sort of affair at Ninety-sixth Street. We're lyin' off there, you know. I'll fetch 'em—let's see—tomorrow night at ten. What d'ye say, old chap? And don't bring your motor, you know. Better have a bit of a walk by yourself. You wait for me—eh?"

"What are they—the pictures?"

"One Murillo, one Tintoretto, one Velasquez, and another Spanish chap. Remember, if I'm not sharp on the nail hang about a bit—there's a good fellow. I'll have a key to the bally place and I shan't keep the launch. Run alongside, lift out the bundle; off again with the boat down the river—and there you are—eh? Hawkins—that's my man, you know—he'll run the boat and pick me up later."

Peter K. Harding looked at the young man with an added respect, and laid a gnarled hand upon his shoulder.

"When you came in here I thought you were a fool," he said. "I take it back."

Jimmie stared at him with a troubled expression.

"I say, you know!" he protested. "Bit rough on me, don't you think? I've always been a dab at this sort of thing, you know. They had me booked for a berth in the diplomatic service. Chaps all say I've a way of doin' things. No end of schemes in here," and he tapped his forehead. "Had an idea I'd go into finance over here. Nothin' small though. My word, no!"

Peter K. smiled a little grimly.

"There's always an opening in," he said, "but it's mighty hard to find a way to get out again. Never mind. I'll see you tomorrow at ten."

There was a stiff and somewhat chilly breeze blowing along the riverfront the next night, and Peter Harding wished he had brought at least a light overcoat. However, he paced up and down the little dock in an effort to keep the chill off, and waited anxiously. Five minutes later a slender craft had swept up to the little wharf, the bogus Viscount Hurlingham had stepped out and lifted after him a bundle done in a tarpaulin.

"Away you go, Hawkins!" said Jimmie Kingsley, and the little craft shot off again into the night. He turned to Peter K. "Here you are, old chap! Give us a hand, will you?" Together they picked up the package and carried it to the door of the boathouse. Jimmie took a key from his pocket, slipped it into the padlock, and a moment later swung back the door. "In we go," he said, and then groped about. "Beggar said there was a lamp here on a shelf. Here we are." A moment later the light flared up.

The remaining details are so trite that they become almost inconsequential. Peter K. purchased the four pictures after a most cursory examination, but one fraught with seeming technicalities. Jimmie turned admiringly to him.

"My word, you are a nailer at this sort of thing, aren't you?" he observed. "Know 'em like a book—eh? Big man in one thing, big man in all—eh?"

Peter looked self-conscious.

"I have gone in for this pretty well," he confessed. "It's my pleasure. I apply the same common-sense to it I do to my business—that's all. Application will make a success in any line."

When the negotiations had been completed Harding had borrowed a fountain pen from Kingsley and had filled out his personal check for one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Together they rewrapped the pictures and placed them outside the door, after which Kingsley walked up the embankment.

"Coast's clear," he said, and they carried the four works of art up the hill to the driveway, where they waited in the vestibule of an apartment house until a taxicab hove in sight. Kingsley stood on the curb, smiling, as Peter K. and his pictures departed.

A week later, when Peter K.'s check had been deposited, collected, diverted, divided and assimilated into the coffers of the firm of Simpson & Kingsley, and Peter K. himself had ceased to think of the transaction save with a satisfied glow of possession when he remembered the pictures he had come by so cheaply, the astute Mr. Simpson announced with his morning coffee that the final act was about to take place.

Whereupon Mr. Simpson disappeared into his own room, and only emerged to request that Mr. Kingsley procure for him five stamps. Wondering what he could want with stamps, Jimmie dutifully went out to get them, to find when he returned that his aged friend had gone out.

Forty minutes from the time Jeremiah Simpson left his apartment an elderly man, with a bristly iron-gray mustache and a semi-uniform cut of garments, entered Peter K. Harding's official portico and inquired for the financier himself. He asked that his card be taken to Mr. Harding at once and passed it over. Ten minutes later he emerged from the office and walked to the subway. One hour later he entered the apartment on Riverside Drive, walked into the room where James Forsythe Kingsley reclined in an easy-chair, carefully removed the iron-gray mustache, took off the semi-uniform coat, reached into his inside waistcoat pocket, drew forth ten yellow-backed bills and laid them gently on the table.

"But—but where did you get 'em?" demanded Mr. Kingsley, with wide-open eyes.

Mr. Simpson was turning away, but looked about again.

"Get 'em? Them bills? Oh, a little memento from our good friend Peter K. Harding. Nice old party. Begged me to have a smoke on him. Gave me the address where he buys 'em too. A nice, generous old man—believe me, Larry."

Mr. Kingsley took his old friend by the shoulders and turned him about. "You tell me, you old sinner! What did you say to Peter to make him come across like that?"

"I believe it must have bin that, Larry," Mr. Simpson said, laying a card on Mr. Kingsley's palm. "I'm quite sure of it, now I think real hard. You see I just went down there and sent that in to him—not that, of course, but one like it. The bullpup that guards his door comes out and drags me in like I was his brother and wanted to lend him money. Peter looks at me an' I looks at him. Then I coughs an' lays another card on his desk. He looks at it an' at me an' I looks at him an' grins; an' he reaches for a checkbook—an' I waves it back; an' he grins kind of greenlike an' looks inquirin' at me; an' I steps up close an' whispers in his ear. Later I come away."

Young Mr. Kingsley looked down at the card in his hand. It read:

JAMES S. GRAVENHURST
UNITED STATES CUSTOMS SERVICE

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

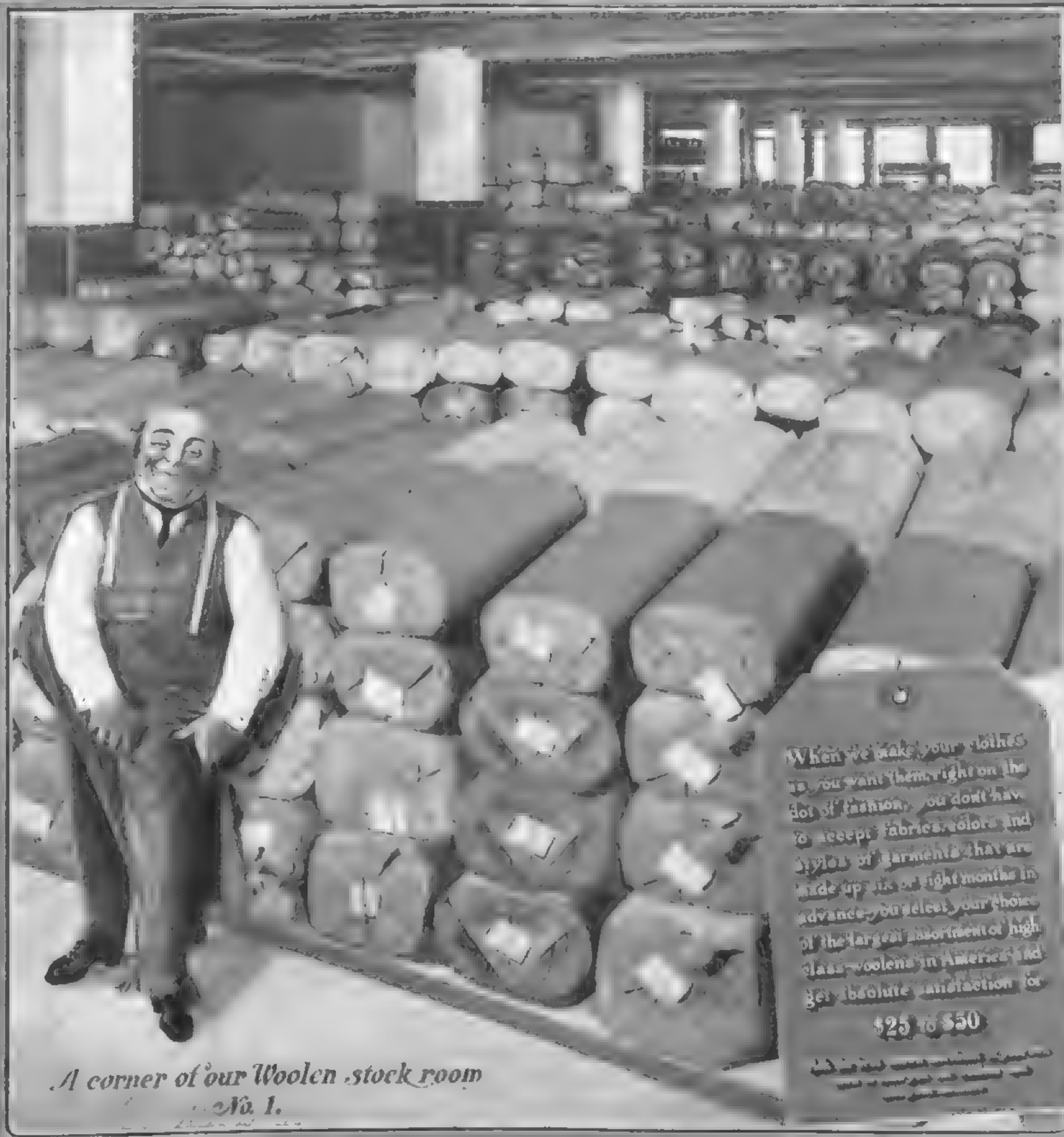
"Had 'em printed while I waited. Cost me a quarter too!" returned Mr. Simpson genially. "I forgot to tell you that I had wrote a line on the card with a leadpencil while I was waitin' outside."

"What?" inquired Jimmie.

"Oh, just a few words—'It's right dusty on the river at Ninety-sixth!' I'll say this for Peter: he's right quick to take a hint." Mr. Simpson looked longingly out on the river where Lord Markdale's yacht lay in the sunlight. "I'll bet I could sell Peter K. that boat if I was to try real hard. He's awful fond of things like that!"

He turned about to find Mr. Kingsley struggling in convulsions of mirth—and smiled genially.

Who's Your Tailor?



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SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT

NEW YORK LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

346 Broadway, New York

Balance Sheet, January 1, 1912

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Real Estate	$ 10,616,711.90	Policy Reserve	$566,919,308.00
Loans on Mortgages	116,298,323.50	Other Policy Liabilities	7,359,006.83
Loans on Policies	113,516,068.47	Premiums and Interest prepaid	3,385,535.50
Bonds (market value Dec. 31, 1911)	421,122,821.04	Commissions, Salaries, Taxes, etc.	1,287,423.53
Cash	7,284,253.12	Dividends payable in 1912	11,690,143.32
Premiums in course of collection	7,724,930.65	Reserve for Deferred Dividends	83,064,153.00
Interest and rents due and accrued	8,121,577.82	Reserves for other purposes	10,979,116.32
Total	$684,684,686.50	Total	$684,684,686.50

TO THE POLICY-HOLDERS:

Within the year just closed the Insurance Department of New York has examined the Company. The examination went much deeper than the mere question of solvency and a correct statement of assets and liabilities. It went to questions of economy, efficiency and especially to the attitude of the Executive Officers toward the rights of policy-holders, the laws of the State and the regulations of the Department.

It would not be possible for me by any use of statistical tables, ratios or comparisons, to present a statement so luminous and convincing as that made by Honorable William H. Hotchkiss, Superintendent of Insurance, at the close of his examination.

It is the last word in State supervision — impartial but just — constructed on the sound theory that it is as much the duty of a public official to commend fine public service as it is to denounce wrong-doing or inefficiency. The muckraker will find nothing interesting in it. You will. It is, therefore, printed below in full.

Darwin P. Kingsley

President.

New York, Jan. 10, 1912.

(Copy of Memorandum filed at Albany, December 9, 1911, by Hon. Wm. H. Hotchkiss, Superintendent of Insurance)

State of New York—Insurance Department

IN THE MATTER OF THE EXAMINATION OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

MEMORANDUM OF THE SUPERINTENDENT

It is thought proper to file with the report on the examination of the New York Life Insurance Company, dated November 21, 1911, the following memorandum:

The examination of this Company now completed, is the second since the enactment of the amendatory laws of 1906. It is even more complete and painstaking than was the examination of three years ago.

The New York Life is one of the great life insurance companies under the supervision of this department. As of December 31, 1910, such Company had assets approximating closely to $650,000,000, outstanding insurance exceeding $2,000,000,000, and an annual premium income of about $80,000,000. It disbursed to policy-holders in 1910 over $53,000,000. As of December 31 last, such Company held in reserve for its policy-holders — including deferred dividends — upwards of $600,000,000, and in contingency and special funds for the protection of policy-holders, nearly $18,000,000. **It does business generally in the United States and in 39 principal nations of the world.** It has approximately 996,000 policy-holders.

The mere recital of these figures indicates the magnitude of the task committed to the examiners, and gives emphasis to the fact that after an examination covering seven months, such examiners concluded:

"The final results of this examination show that the work of the Company is done efficiently and economically; its claims are paid promptly; its policy-holders are treated fairly; its dividends are apportioned and paid without discrimination; and the Company complies with the requirements of the law and the rulings of the supervising authorities in both the spirit and the letter."

The above statement should not be taken, however, as indicating that this Company and its work were in no respect found the subject of criticism. The fact worthy of note is that the criticisms made by the examiners have to do with minor details and do not concern the management, the observance by such management of the law, the Company's treatment of policy-holders, or matters of Company policy generally. **Indeed, the criticisms set forth in the report are so relatively unimportant as to be in effect negligible.**

The impression made by the examiners' report was considerably strengthened by a personal inspection of the Home Office of this Company made by me shortly after such report was completed. Evidences of economy, both in the number of employees and in the space occupied, as well as in the use of labor-saving devices of various kinds, were noticed. The efficient organism of this great institution, centering as it does in its so-called "office committee", was everywhere evident. **An almost over-scrupulous desire to comply with every statutory requirement or departmental regulation was also noted.** Indeed, for general Home Office efficiency, for watchfulness over the little things that go to increase a company's expense ratio, for accuracy of record and in accounting methods, and for a full observance of the law, **this Company is entitled, not merely to the commendation given it by the examiners, but to the official approval of this department here recorded.**

William H. Hotchkiss

Superintendent of Insurance.

Dated, Albany, December 9th, 1911.

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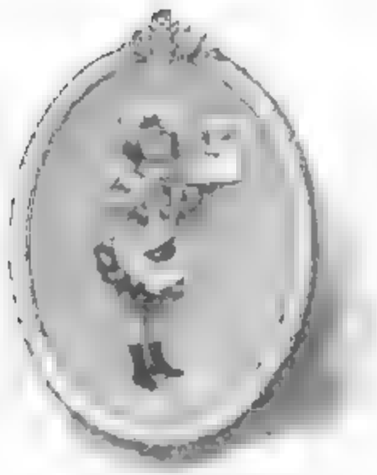

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THE GALLERY GODS

(Continued from Page 18)

unfamiliar difficulties. It is very much the same with pictures. The masterpieces of the Italian Renaissance exhibit qualities for the most part the result of immense physical and mental labor to overcome difficulties that today are scarcely felt.

For instance, the painting of the great picture by Leonardo da Vinci—La Gioconda—recently stolen from the Louvre, occupied the artist four years; and, in order to call up a sweet and smiling expression on his sitter's face, he caused her to be entertained with music and other diversions. Now, to be perfectly frank and honest, did he manage after all to paint a particularly beautiful and smiling woman? Would any man be tempted beyond his strength if brought into contact with a woman with a face like that? Scarcely. He did, however, invest his picture with an extraordinary quality of sincerity that was largely the result of the enormous pains he took.

Half a dozen snapshot photographs will enlighten the artist of today on many more points besides the movement of smiles on the face of a pretty woman than Leonardo learned in a twelvemonth. And the artist of today can paint a prettier and more charming woman than even the great Italian portrayed. Our artists know far more about art today than was ever known before. They, therefore, read into the Old Masters qualities which the painters of old never dreamed were there! The great fault of all modern art, in spite of the brilliant capabilities of individual painters, is lack of sincerity. We know too much and do too little.

Under the Influence of Hot Air

"Beauty," some wise man has said, "is in the eye of the beholder." This is to say that, if you see a picture and regard it as beautiful, you have probably contributed something yourself to the effect it has on you. Your perceptions are keen, and you look for and see beauty where others whose perceptions are not so keen would see nothing.

A man accosted me a year or two ago in a gallery in Paris. The exhibition contained modern works which I should have thought would have been easily understood by any one.

"I see you are interested," he began. "I know nothing about art. I suppose these are very fine. You appear to know something about it. Do you mind telling me—honestly—what qualities there are in these pictures to admire?"

So I explained as well as I could. We walked backward and forward in making comparisons. I pointed out in every picture referred to the qualities which struck me as being admirable. I even went into technicalities, for I saw that the intellectual side—or perhaps we should call it the phase of the subject which is materialistic—appealed with greater force to the stranger than the spiritual or imaginative. If I spoke of the size of a barn he seemed to catch hold; but if I told of emotion or passion in reference to the picture of a barn he never even got a glimmer of what I meant.

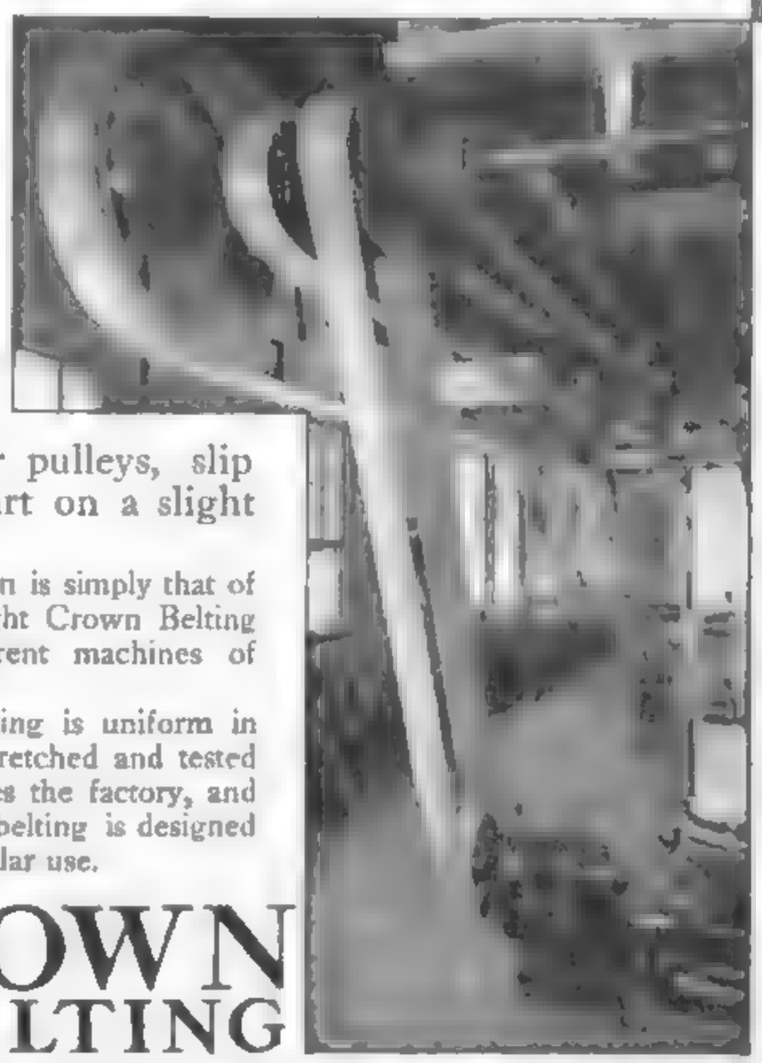
"I simply can't see it," he gasped out. "I see a house, trees, water, clouds, a bridge and a couple of cows; and then you tell me the whole canvas wouldn't be worth a cent if it were not for the sensation of movement in the picture. I simply can't experience the slightest sign of movement. I can't get it out of my head that the picture is just as dead as a doornail; and if it's dead how in snakes can it move?"

"But I told you before it's not the picture that moves. It is the sensation of movement which is conveyed by those hurrying clouds; that dry, wind-swept expanse; that rushing stream. When you look at that picture can't you feel the breath of cold wind coming up from the sea?"

"No; I can't," he said; "but I can feel the breath of hot air coming out of that register, and if you don't mind we'll move on."

I got to know that man. He was an interesting study. I walked every important gallery in Paris with him; and I am bound to say he never brought with him a single idea which enabled him to understand a picture, from the time I met him until we parted at St. Lazare. Neither was it for want of trying. I would leave him painfully studying a sunrise in tender pinks and grays, by Corot, and at the end of half

Lose Less Power



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SALES DIVISION

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA

an hour the best I could get out of him was that the artist had evidently been sketching on a badly managed estate, because "that tree ought to have been grubbed up long ago. It was in the way and would prevent the proper navigation of the creek."

"But the sky, man—the sky! Look at the silvery light half penetrating the mist, and that touch of rose! Don't you feel——"

"No; I don't. But I'm not blind. I can see it's pink and gray; and it's so thick you can hardly make out whether those are trees or merely bits of bad weather left there from the night before. Why on earth couldn't the man paint the picture when it was a bit clearer and he could see what he was about?"

It was worse with portraits. They were no more to him than waxworks. Whistler's portrait of his mother in the Luxembourg he regarded with profound disgust. "If she looked like that, why perpetuate the fact? I've seen hundreds of old women sitting on chairs; but I never thought they looked interesting, and that picture only convinces me the more that my point of view was right."

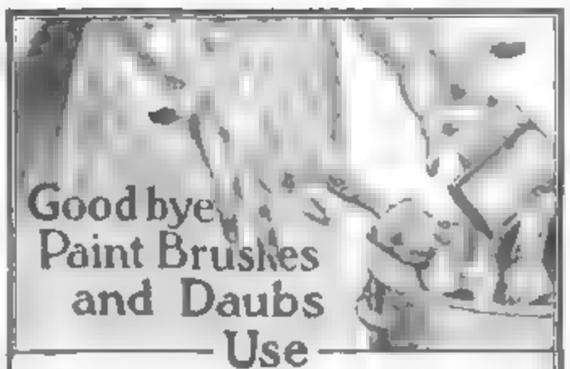
The man who has a heart for the appreciation of landscape is he who sits all day long in a city office. For him the artist opens a window into Paradise when he shows a sweep of twenty miles of open country, with cloud battalions hurrying fast to the west.

How Beauty is Skin Deep

The writer was sketching on one occasion in the Valley of the Loire, in France. The subject embraced a view of the river, with brilliant bushes of flowering weeds in the foreground and dashes of vivid green where still water under a bank had allowed floating vegetation to accumulate. A peasant came by and stopped to look. He was interested, agreeable, and helpful in promising to accommodate paint-box, canvas and easel at his cottage until the next day. He did more than that. He got up earlier than usual in the morning, took down a scythe and cleaned up the whole of that foreground of weeds and set fire to them. Then he raked off the green scum from the water and set a boy to pull up the rushes along the edge. When I arrived the canvas was delivered up safe and sound, but the subject had disappeared for at least another twelvemonth.

However, if it be accepted that in order to understand and enjoy pictures one must possess powers of artistic perception, this would seem to imply no limit to the spectator's investing works of art with as great a degree of merit as he likes, according to the depth and acuteness of his own vision. If this be so—if, to repeat the formula, beauty is in the eye of the beholder—then the man who can see most beauty—or who says he can—may easily be accounted the best judge. If you doubt him he can always turn round and say you lack artistic perception.

This gives a splendid opportunity to two classes of connoisseurs—liars and lunatics. The first-named are to be found among those who are interested in the sale of pictures. The second are among the professional art critics. If a man wants to sell a picture, and is constantly engaged in advertising its good qualities, he will stick at nothing in praise of the canvas, for no one can prove him wrong. After a time, he not only persuades others that what he says he sees in the picture is actually there but he comes honestly to believe the story himself. On the other hand, the art critic—if he be an honest man—is sometimes possessed of hypersensitive nerves. He not only brings to his work a trained and highly developed perception, but is also liable to confound perception with imagination—a very easy thing to do. In short, he may perceive good qualities in a picture or he may imagine he perceives them. When he arrives at the latter point his judgment is on the wobble. Among the pictures which have been painted in recent years by certain groups of European artists are canvases resembling nothing so much as childish and crude imitations of German woolwork. Some established critics are praising these. Certain Americans in Paris are collecting them. Their imagination is getting the better of their perception. It is one of the hardest things in the world, however, to analyze one's own emotions, which are composed partly of what we feel and quite as much of what we think we feel. It is always a corrective, however, to remember that pictures, after all, are themselves actual matter. They are not of the stuff of which dreams are made.



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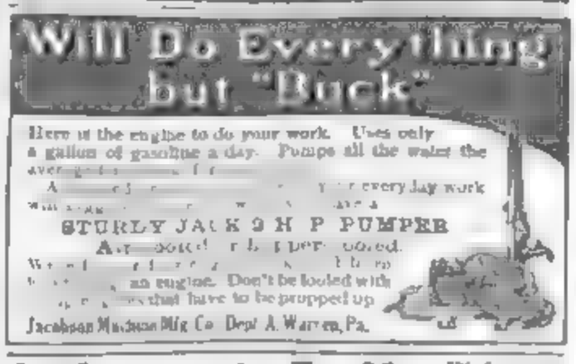

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THE old saying has it that "imitation is the sincerest flattery"; but imitation ought to be very much more than that, and in matters of business it is really so—for the right kind of imitation, the judicious and enlightened kind, is and ought to be a very high kind of wisdom. Imitation comes next to originality as a factor in business success. Even the very highest kind of originality would be sure to fail unless assisted by imitation. It is really surprising and it is much to be deplored that it has become common to decry imitation as something feeble and cheap—something to be ashamed of and avoided; but that is not the viewpoint of successful men, nor does it represent their methods at all. It is not only by following their own ideas but by being, at the same time, wise enough to copy what is excellent in the methods of others that men achieve any marked prosperity; and, in this, business men are precisely like men in every other department of life. The idea that imitation is to be avoided should be absolutely banished by any one who wants to advance.

There never lived a more original man than Napoleon. He was proud—and had the right to be—of his own genius. He used startlingly new plans and combinations, and boasted that he would make opposing generals burn their books of tactics; yet, without his own close preliminary study of those books and his absorption of all that was good in them, he could never have been a general himself. Had he not been able to copy the best from Cæsar and Hannibal, he would never have been Napoleon! And likewise any business man, no matter what his ability or the degree of his individual insight, must be ready to see the best in the work of other business men to imitate it, whether that best is excellent in the methods of a single individual or is set forth in the general body of business wisdom that represents the accumulation of generations of experience. One must imitate in order to be abreast of progress; and it is only after getting abreast that one's individuality may put one in advance.

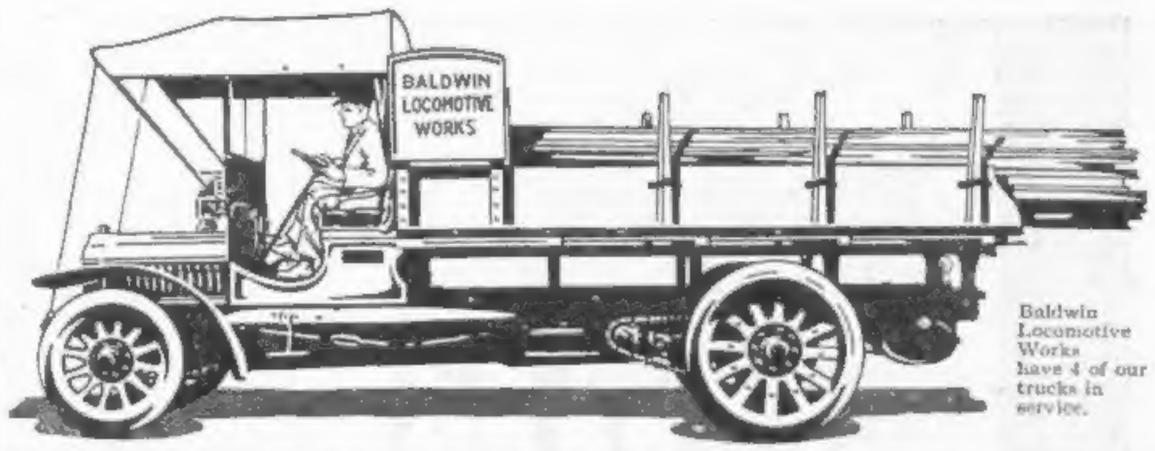
Profitable Imitation

I have frequently been impressed by the imitation and the watchfulness of neighbors or competitors, with intent to profit by copying, which are displayed by the greatest business or manufacturing establishments; in fact, the greater a house is, the more closely watchful it seems to be of the methods of others. Readiness to imitate is one of the unfailing signs of largeness and breadth of view; and yet the right kind of imitation must never be confounded with the cheap and puny copying that is done by cheap and puny minds.

The very first time that the virtues of imitation came strikingly to me was in the case of a man who was not a business man at all, but an Ohio farmer—though, right here, I ought to say that the ordinarily accepted meaning of the term "business man" is all wrong, for every man who follows any kind of occupation for money is necessarily a business man, whose work is appraised and handled on business principles. A lawyer, making and vending his arguments, is precisely as much a business man as is the manufacturer or merchant. The doctor, the artist, the school-teacher—all are business men, who must do their work and handle what they have to sell on business principles. Napoleon himself was a business man, and a very keen one, who delivered to France services of a very high order and saw to it that he received an immense price for them.

This farmer, then—this business man of the soil—I came upon one day as he was crouched upon a hillock watching another farmer—his neighbor. It was not that the other man was doing anything that was either unusual or suspicious; so far from that, he was only doing ordinary farm-work in a freshly plowed field; and yet he was watched with such an eagerness as would seem to attach only to something extraordinary!

I had to speak to the man who was watching, though I disliked to draw him from his absorbed contemplation; and he turned toward me with a sort of shamefaced start. "But it's nothing I ought to be ashamed



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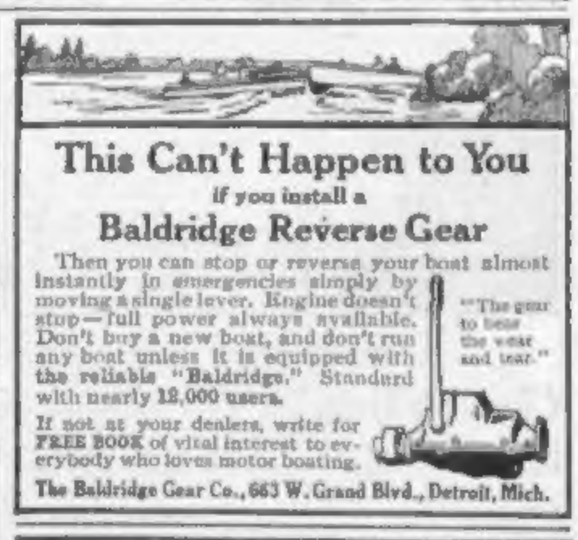

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Special prices to boat builders and agents. Big book free. Also STATIONARY ENGINES 2 to 12 h.p.

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They die outdoors!

No mixing

No Spreading—No Muss—No Trouble

Just crumble up a Rat Bis-Kit about the house. Rats will seek it, eat it, die outdoors. Easiest, quickest, cleanest way. Large size 25c. Small size 15c. All druggists or direct prepaid. THE RAT BISCUIT CO., 10 North Limestone St., Springfield, Ohio

Faultless Patent NEK-GARD Day Shirts

$1.50 and up

The Best-Made Better

Avoids that spot on the neck

Faultless

SINCE 1881

The shirt with the new patent Nek-Gard, protecting the neck in *front* as well as back, thus avoiding bruising, pinching and that unsightly spot on the front of neck which contact with collar button usually causes. Add this big comfort-and-convenience advantage to the superior style, fit and quality of FAULTLESS Shirts and you have every reason for preferring them. We have not yet been able to supply all localities, but will see that you are supplied if you cannot obtain from your dealer. Look for the Faultless label in the neckband.

"Faultless" SINCE 1881 REG'D

E. ROSENFELD & CO. Dept. S, BALTIMORE, MD. U.S.A.

Makers of Faultless Night Shirts and Pajamas—"The Cozydozy Kind"

Absolute Protection

Keeps all burglars and other prowlers on the **outside** of your house or flat. A loud, never failing alarm goes off the instant anyone attempts to enter any door or window; awakens the household and scares away the burglar. Can be installed in a few minutes by any man or woman without removing or marring woodwork. $15 complete. Write for free booklet.

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Brighter than electricity or acetylene, cheaper than kerosene. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Makes and burns its own gas. Lighted instantly. No dirt, grease nor odor. Agents wanted. Get catalogue and prices.

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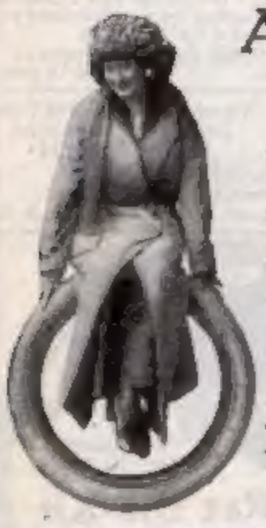
We teach you by mail. Free booklet, "Money in Drawing," tells how; gives proof. **NAT. PRESS ASS'N, Dept. 67, Indianapolis**

Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires



You have known the name, Kelly-Springfield, since 1895. If the tires weren't good you'd never see the name today.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.
20 Vesey Street, New York

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Atlanta, and Akron, Ohio. Seneca Rubber Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.

The Thos. Maddock's All White Bathroom Keeps Itself Clean

OUR white china bathroom fixtures add the last touch of comfort to the bathroom.

They are so easy to keep clean, so attractive in appearance, and so durable that they will outlast any other bathroom fixture.

And they cost no more than breakable glass—or brass ones that tarnish—or whose nickel plating soon wears away.

If your dealer has not the Thos. Maddock's White China Bathroom Fixtures, write at once for our booklet. From it you may select any fixtures you want and have them sent to you express prepaid.

Send a postcard for the booklet now.

Thos. Maddock's Sons Co.
Trenton, New Jersey

of," he said, realizing that his start must have been noticed by me; and he went on to say that, coming recently from a town where he had not made a success, to take over this farm, which had come to him by inheritance, he had found that he knew almost nothing of practical farming.

"I could not learn it all by reading books or asking questions; and I was afraid—being a stranger—of ridicule or of being told the wrong things if I let on how little I knew; but I've simply got to make a go of this place. And so, on top of what I could pick up in other ways, I just come out here and watch my neighbor, who is one of the best money-makers round here. I just watch his plowing and planting and cultivating every day to see what he is doing that day, and I follow him as closely as I possibly can." He paused a few moments and then added thoughtfully: "You can learn lots by copying some other fellow." This came back to me very forcibly the other day when the manager of a Chicago department store expressed himself in almost the same words: "I try to learn something every day from what my competitors are doing," he said.

The department stores, indeed, follow out the general idea of imitation to a surprising degree. Each big department store, in any of the big cities, has on its payroll men and women whose business is to watch for things to imitate or avoid—for it is the most ardent devotees of imitation who realize most fully that watching other people's methods will be profitable by showing what to keep away from as well as what to adopt.

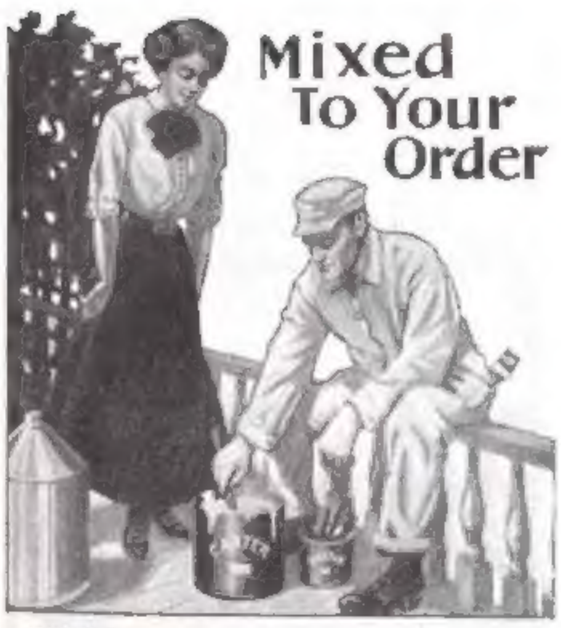
Customer or Competitor?

The watchers of any department store keep in close touch with the stock and prices and methods of the other stores. They investigate and report, day by day, anything interesting in prices; anything new or suggestive in window arrangement or the display of stock; anything at all that is interesting or valuable. These people are known to very few connected with the establishments that employ them, while in the stores of competitors they are merely ordinary customers, who do a good deal of inquiring and who make more or less actual purchases—the actual purchasing being admirable on account of obviating any suspicion in regard to their real motives, and the purchases themselves being, as far as possible, of a kind to be illuminative, with their prices, to their own employers.

If any new detail in management is introduced, perhaps in the way of elevator service or some new device to make customers' waiting rooms agreeable, or in the method and scope of the delivery system—whatever, in short, it may be—the store that introduces it knows that competitors will at once be in full possession of the knowledge and that imitation will follow if the new detail seems a good one. "If you want arms take them from the enemy!" the dashing Bolivar loved to say; and successful North American business men follow in principle this idea of the successful South American general.

Advertisements—such a vital part of the business of today—are watched with the greatest closeness. Each manufacturing concern, each big store, studies closely every advertisement of those in the same line and is swift to follow up any suggestive hint. Whenever there are special prices offered on special goods the matter is gone into instantly; and there will be some very good reason for it if the prices are not met by the other houses and a special display prominently made of similar goods. The business man of today cannot hide his light under a bushel.

I know two Western business men, partners, who are so radically different that, whereas one absorbs the idea of any available new thing he sees, the other rarely finds in such a way any inspiration. One or the other must go to New York annually; but, though either can attend to the definite business there just as well as his partner, there is an immense difference between them otherwise. Though one always and inevitably returns with a mind enriched by suggestions of usefulness that are to be followed and emulated, the other always and just as inevitably returns with nothing that he has picked up. "Where do you find Indian arrowheads?—for you have so many of them," said a friend who was walking along a road with the famous Thoreau, the Nature-lover, whereupon Thoreau replied: "I find them everywhere!"—stooping and picking up one as he spoke.



With Carter White Lead and any good tinting colors, an experienced painter will produce any shade or tint you want, will spread a brushful on a board that you may see just how it will look, and if necessary, change it until it exactly suits your ideas.

More than this—some lumber is more absorbent than others; old paint is never in the same condition on the sunny side of a house as in the shade; atmospheric conditions also affect the life of paint. All these things are considered by the experienced painter, and he will mix his Carter White Lead paint to suit the condition of any surface.

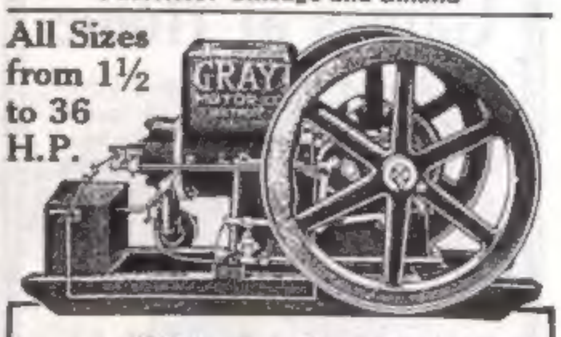
CARTER
Strictly Pure
White Lead
"The Lead with the Spread"

is the pure white lead of our forefathers, only whiter, finer and more perfectly made by an improved, modern process. Pure Carter White Lead and linseed oil paint does not crack nor peel, but wears gradually, as paint should, and after years of service is ready for repainting without burning or scraping.

If you have buildings that need painting, now is the time to arrange for the work. Plan **now** to paint **right.** Begin by sending for our book, "Pure Paint." It is a text-book on house painting and includes a beautiful set of color plates showing houses attractively and tastefully painted. **FREE** to property owners, architects and painters.

Carter White Lead Company
12080 S. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.
Factories: Chicago and Omaha

All Sizes from 1½ to 36 H.P.



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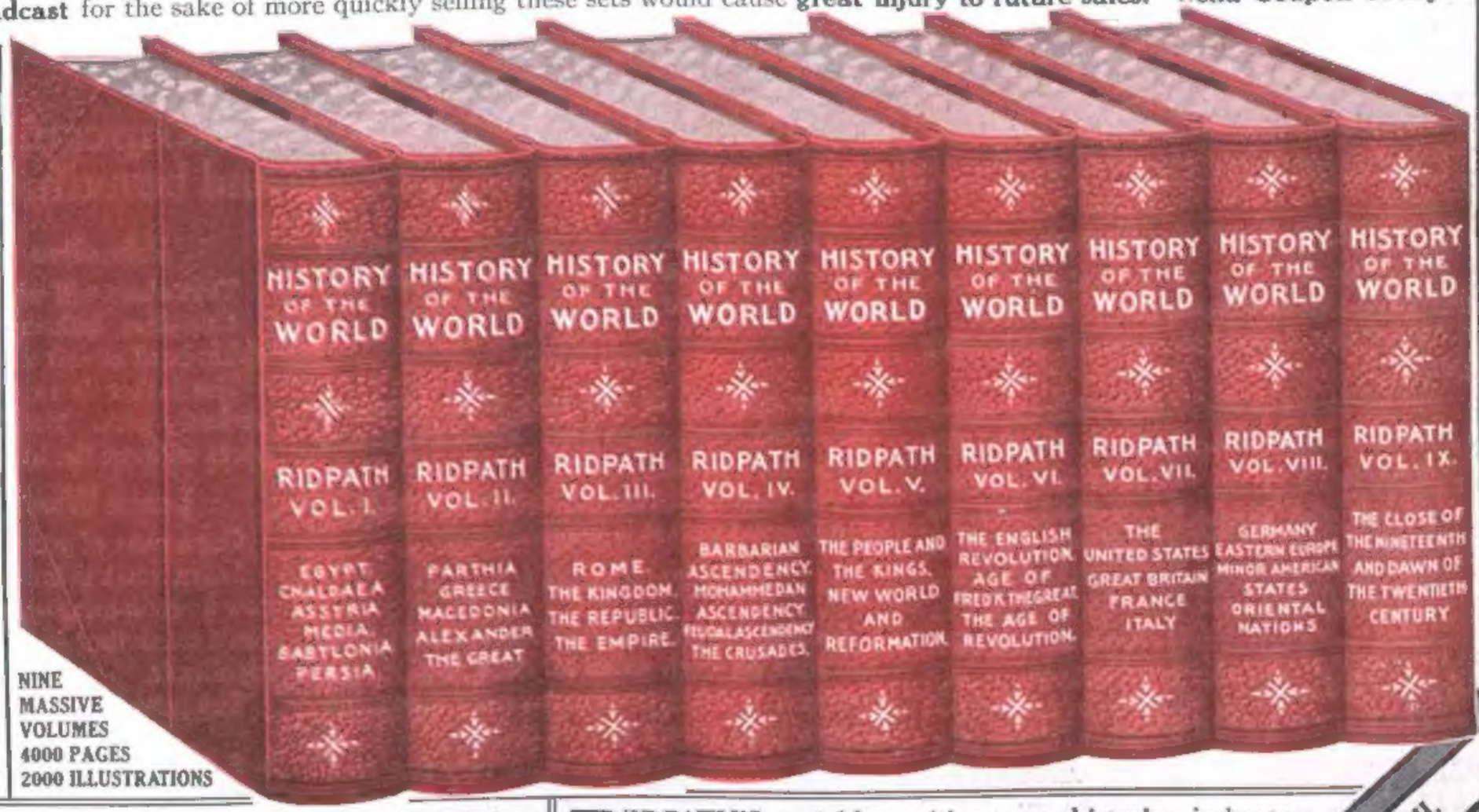
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The Orientals proved the value of Olive and Palm Oils as natural beautifiers.

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But we increase their value with our scientific blend—the result of hundreds of tests and experiments carried through 36 years.

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During our process we bring to bear 30 tons pressure on each cake of Palmolive. This makes it last longer than ordinary soaps, for it gets more soap into each cake.

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Our perfume is the most faintly fragrant ever produced in a soap.

Yet it is well defined.

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Palmolive lathers quickly and freely in either hard or soft water.

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Penetrates and softens the skin, cleansing the deepest pores. Leaves the skin in the pink of condition.

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